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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

X.

Three years glided by with Richard Shackford as swiftly as those periods of time which are imagined to elapse between the acts of a play. They were eventless, untroubled years, and have no history. Nevertheless, certain changes had taken place. Little by little Mr. Slocum had relinquished the supervision of the workshops to Richard, until now the affairs of the yard rested chiefly on his shoulders. It was like a dream to him when he looked directly back to his humble beginning, though as he reflected upon it, and retraced his progress step by step, he saw there was nothing illogical or astonishing in his good fortune. He had won it by downright hard work and the faithful exercise of a sufficing talent.

In his relations with Margaret, Richard's attitude had undergone no appreciable change. Her chance visits to the studio through the week and those pleasant, half-idle Saturday afternoons had become to both Richard and Margaret a matter of course, like the sunlight, or the air they breathed.

To Richard, Margaret Slocum at nineteen was simply a charming, frank girl, — a type of gracious young womanhood. He was conscious of her influence; he was very fond of Margaret; but she had not yet taken on for him that magic individuality which makes a woman the one woman in the world to her lover. Though Richard had scant experience in such matters, he was not wrong in accepting Margaret as the type of a class of New England girls, which, fortunately for New England, is not a small class. These young women for the most part lead quiet and restricted lives so far as the actualities are concerned, but very deep and full lives in the world of books and imagination, to which they make early escapes. They have the high instincts that come of good blood, the physique that naturally fits fine manners; and when chance takes one of these maidens from her inland country home or from some sleepy town on the sea-board, and sets her amid the complications of city existence, she is an unabashed and unassuming lady. If in Paris, she differs from the Parisiennes only in the greater delicacy of her lithe beauty, her innocence which is not ignorance, and her French pronunciation; if in London, she differs from English girls only in the matter of rosy cheeks and the rising inflection. Should none of these fortunate transplantings befall her, she always merits them by adorning with grace and industry and intelligence the narrower sphere to which destiny has assigned her.

Destiny had assigned Margaret Slocum

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to a very narrow sphere; it had shut her up in an obscure New England manufacturing village, with no society, strictly speaking, and no outlets whatever to large experiences. To her father's affection, Richard's friendship, and her household duties she was forced to look for her happiness. If life held wider possibilities for her, she had not dreamed of them. She looked up to Richard with respect, — perhaps with a dash of sentiment in the respect; there was something at once gentle and virile in his character which she admired and leaned upon; in his presence the small housekeeping troubles always slipped from her; but her heart, to use a pretty French phrase, had not consciously spoken, — possibly it had murmured a little, incoherently, to itself, but it had not spoken out aloud, as perhaps it would have done long ago if an impediment had been placed in the way of their intimacy. With all her subtler intuitions, Margaret was as far as Richard from suspecting the strength and direction of the current with which they were drifting. Freedom, habit, and the nature of their environment conspired to prolong this mutual lack of perception. The hour had sounded, however, when these two were to see each other in a different light.

One Monday morning in March, at the close of the three years in question, as Richard mounted the outside staircase leading to his studio in the extension, the servant-maid beckoned to him from the kitchen window.

Margaret had failed to come to the studio the previous Saturday afternoon. Richard had worked at cross-purposes and returned to his boarding-house vaguely dissatisfied, as always happened to him on those rare occasions when she missed the appointment; but he had thought little of the circumstance. Nor had he been disturbed on Sunday at seeing the Slocum pew vacant during both services. The heavy snow-storm which had begun the night before accounted for at least Margaret's absence.

"Mr. Slocum told me to tell you that he should n't be in the yard to-day," said the girl. "Miss Margaret is very sick."

"Sick!" Richard repeated, and the smile with which he had leaned over the rail towards the window went out instantly on his lip.

"Dr. Weld was up with her until five o'clock this morning," said the girl, fingering the corner of her apron. "She 's that low."

"What is the matter?"

"It 's a fever."

"What kind of fever?"

"I don't mind me what the doctor called it. He thinks it come from something wrong with the drains."

"He did n't say typhoid?"

"Yes, that 's the name of it."

Richard ascended the stairs with a slow step, and a moment afterwards stood stupidly in the middle of the workshop. "Margaret is going to die," he said to himself, giving voice to the dark foreboding that had instantly seized upon him, and in a swift vision he saw the end of all that simple, fortunate existence which he had lived without once reflecting it could ever end. He mechanically picked up a tool from the table, and laid it down again. Then he seated himself on the low bench between the windows. It was Margaret's favorite place; it was not four days since she sat there reading to him. Already it appeared long ago, — years and years ago. He could hardly remember when he did not have this heavy weight on his heart. His life of yesterday abruptly presented itself to him as a reminiscence; he saw now how happy that life had been, and how lightly he had accepted it. It took to itself all that precious quality of things irrevocably lost.

The clamor of the bell in the South Church striking noon, and the shrilling of the steam whistles softened by the

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thick-falling snow, roused Richard from his abstraction. He was surprised that it was noon. He rose from the bench and went home through the storm, scarcely heeding the sleet that snapped in his face like whip-lashes. Margaret was going to die!

For four or five weeks the world was nearly a blank to Richard Shackford. The insidious fever that came and went, bringing alternate despair and hope to the watchers in the hushed room, was in his veins also. He passed the days between his lonely lodgings in Lime Street and the studio, doing nothing, restless and apathetic by turns, but with always a poignant sense of anxiety. He ceased to take any distinct measurement of time further than to note that an interval of months seemed to separate Monday from Monday. Meanwhile, if new patterns had been required by the men, the work in the carving departments would have come to a dead lock.

At length the shadow lifted, and there fell a day of soft May weather when Margaret, muffled in shawls and as white as death, was seated once more in her accustomed corner by the west window. She had insisted on being brought there the first practicable moment; nowhere else in the house was such sunshine, and Mr Slocum himself had brought her in his arms. She leaned back against the pillows, smiling faintly. Her fingers lay locked on her lap, and the sunlight showed through the narrow transparent palms. It was as if her hands were full of blush-roses.

Richard breathed again, but not with so free a heart as before. What if she had died? He felt an immense pity for himself when he thought of that, and he thought of it continually as the days wore on.

Either a great alteration had wrought itself in Margaret, or Richard beheld her through a clearer medium during the weeks of convalescence that followed. Was this the slight, sharp-faced girl he used to know? The eyes and the hair were the same; but the smile was deeper, and the pliant figure had lost its extreme slimness without a sacrifice to its delicacy. The spring air was filling her veins with abundant health, and mantling her cheeks with a richer duskiness than they had ever worn. Margaret was positively handsome. Her beauty had come all in a single morning, like the crocuses. This beauty began to awe Richard; it had the effect of seeming to remove her further and further from him. He grew moody and restless when they were together, and was wretched alone. His constraint did not escape Margaret. She watched him, and wondered at his inexplicable depression when every one in the household was rejoicing in her recovery. By and by this depression wounded her, but she was too spirited to show the hurt. She always brought a book with her now, in her visits to the studio; it was less awkward to read than to sit silent and unspoken to over a piece of needlework.

"How very odd you are!" said Margaret, one afternoon, closing the volume which she had held mutely for several minutes, waiting for Richard to grasp the fact that she had ceased reading aloud.

"I odd!" protested Richard, breaking with a jerk from one of his long reveries. "In what way?"

"As if I could explain — when you put the question suddenly, like that."

"I did n't intend to be abrupt. I was curious to know. And then the charge itself was a trifle unexpected, if you will look at it. But never mind," he added with a smile; "think it over, and tell me to-morrow."

"No, I will tell you now, since you are willing to wait."

"I was n't really willing to wait, but I knew if I did n't pretend to be I should never get it out of you."

"Very well, then; your duplicity is

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successful. Richard, I am puzzled where to begin with your oddities."

"Begin at the beginning."

"No, I will take the nearest. When a young lady is affable enough to read aloud to you, the least you can do is to listen to her. That is a deference you owe to the author, when it happens to be Hawthorne, to say nothing of the young lady."

"But I *have* been listening, Margaret. Every word!"

"Where did I leave off?"

"It was where — where the" — and Richard knitted his brows in the vain effort to remember — "where the young daguerreotypist, what's-his-name, took up his residence in the House of the Seven Gables."

"No, sir! You stand convicted. It was ten pages further on. The last words were," — and Margaret read from the book, —

"'Good-night, cousin,' said Phœbe, strangely affected by Hepzibah's manner. 'If you begin to love me, I am glad.'"

"There, sir! what do you say to that?"

Richard did not say anything, but he gave a guilty start, and shot a rapid glance at Margaret coolly enjoying her triumph.

"In the next place," she continued soberly, after a pause, "I think it very odd in you not to reply to me, — oh, not now, for of course you are without a word of justification; but at other times. Frequently, when I speak to you, you look at me so," making a vacant little face, "and then suddenly disappear, — I don't mean bodily, but mentally."

"I am no great talker at best," said Richard with a helpless air. "I seldom speak unless I have something to say."

"But other people do. I, for instance."

"Oh, you, Margaret; that is different. When you talk I don't much mind what you are talking about."

"I like a neat, delicate compliment like that!"

"What a perverse girl you are to-day!" cried Richard. "You won't understand me. I mean that your words and your voice are so pleasant they make anything interesting, whether it's important or not."

"If no one were to speak until he had something important to communicate," observed Margaret, "conversation in this world would come to a general stop." Then she added, with a little ironical smile, "Even you, Richard, would n't be talking all the time."

Formerly Margaret's light sarcasms, even when they struck him point-blank, used to amuse Richard; but now he winced at being merely grazed.

Margaret went on: "But it's not a bit necessary to be oracular or instructive — with me. I am interested in trivial matters, — in the weather, in my spring hat, in what you are going to do next, and the like. One must occupy one's self with something. But you, Richard, nowadays you seem interested in nothing, and have nothing whatever to say."

Poor Richard! He had a great deal to say, but he did not know how, nor if it were wise to breathe it. Just three little words, murmured or whispered, and the whole conditions would be changed. With those fateful words uttered, what would be Margaret's probable attitude, and what Mr. Slocum's? Though the line which formerly drew itself between employer and employee had grown faint with time, it still existed in Richard's mind, and now came to the surface with great distinctness, like a word written in sympathetic ink. If he spoke, and Margaret was startled or offended, then there was an end to their free, unembarrassed intercourse, — perhaps an end to all intercourse. By keeping his secret locked in his breast he at least secured the present. But that was to risk everything. Any day somebody might come and carry Margaret off under his very eyes. As he

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reflected on this, the shadow of John Dana, the son of the rich iron-manufacturer, etched itself sharply upon Richard's imagination. Within the week young Dana had declared in the presence of Richard that "Margaret Slocum was an awfully nice little thing," and the Othello in Richard's blood had been set seething. Then his thought glanced from John Dana to Mr. Pinkham and the Rev. Arthur Langly, both of whom were assiduous visitors at the house. The former had lately taken to accompanying Margaret on the piano with his dismal little flute, and the latter was perpetually making a moth of himself about her class at Sunday-school.

Richard stood with the edge of his chisel resting idly upon the plaster mold in front of him, pondering these things. Presently he heard Margaret's voice, as if somewhere in the distance, saying, —

"I have not finished yet, Richard."

"Go on," said Richard, falling to work again with a kind of galvanic action. "Go on, please."

"I have a serious grievance. Frankly, I am hurt by your preoccupation and indifference, your want of openness or cordiality, — I don't know how to name it. You are the only person who seems to be unaware that I escaped a great danger a month ago. I am obliged to remember all the agreeable hours I have spent in the studio to keep off the impression that during my illness you got used to not seeing me, and that now my presence somehow obstructs your work and annoys you."

Richard threw his chisel on the bench, and crossed over to the window where Margaret sat.

"You are as wrong as you can be," he said, looking down on her half-lifted face, from which a quick wave of color was subsiding; for the abruptness of Richard's movement had startled her.

"I am glad if I am wrong."

"It is nearly an unforgivable thing to be as wide of the mark as you are. Oh, Margaret, if you had died that time!"

"You would have been very sorry?"

"Sorry? No. That does n't express it; one outlives mere sorrow. If anything had happened to you, I should never have got over it. You don't know what those five weeks were to me. It was a kind of death to come to this room day after day, and not find you."

Margaret rested her eyes thoughtfully on the space occupied by Richard rather than on Richard himself, seeming to look through and beyond him, as if he were incorporeal.

"You missed me like that?" she said slowly.

"I missed you like that."

Margaret meditated a moment. "In the first days of my illness I wondered if you did n't miss me a little; afterwards everything was confused in my mind. When I tried to think, I seemed to be somebody else, — I seemed to be *you* waiting for me here in the studio. Was n't that singular? But when I recovered, and returned to my old place, I began to suspect I had been bearing your anxiety, — that I had been distressed by the absence to which you had grown accustomed."

"I never got used to it, Margaret. It became more and more unendurable. This workshop was full of — of your absence. There was n't a sketch or a cast or an object in the room that did n't remind me of you, and seem to mock at me for having let the most precious moments of my life slip away unheeded. That bit of geranium in the glass yonder seemed to say with its dying breath, 'You have cared for neither of us as you ought to have cared; my scent and her goodness have been all one to you, — things to take or to leave. It was for no merit of yours that she was always planning something to make life smoother and brighter for you. What had you done to deserve it? How unselfish and generous and good she has been to you

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for years and years! What would have become of you without her? She left me here on purpose,' — it's the geranium leaf that is speaking all the while, Margaret, — 'to say this to you, and to tell you that she was not half appreciated; and now you have lost her!'"

As she leaned forward listening, with her lips slightly parted, Margaret gave an unconscious little approbative nod of the head. Richard's fanciful accusation of himself caused her a singular thrill of pleasure. He had never before spoken to her in just this fashion; the subterfuge which his tenderness had employed, the little detour it had made in order to get at her, was a novel species of flattery. She recognized the ring of a distinctly new note in his voice; but, strangely enough, the note lost its unfamiliarity in an instant. Margaret recognized that fact also, and as she swiftly speculated on the phenomenon her pulse went one or two strokes faster.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she said, looking up with a laugh and a flush so interfused that they seemed one, "that geranium took a great deal upon itself. It went quite beyond its instructions, which were simply to remind you of me now and then. One day, while you were out, — the day before I was taken ill, — I placed the flowers on the desk there, perhaps with a kind of premonition that I was going away from you for a time."

"What if you had never come back!"

"I would n't think of that if I were you," said Margaret softly.

"But it haunts me, — that thought. Sometimes of a morning, after I unlock the workshop door, I stand hesitating, with my hand on the latch, as one might hesitate a few seconds before stepping into a tomb. There were days last month, Margaret, when this chamber did appear to me like a tomb. All that was happy in my past seemed to lie buried here; it was something visible and tangible; I used to steal in and look upon it."

"Oh, Richard!"

"If you only knew what a life I led as a boy in my cousin's house, and what a doleful existence for years afterwards, until I found you, perhaps you would understand my despair when I saw everything suddenly slipping away from me. Margaret! the day your father brought you in here, I had all I could do not to kneel down at your feet" — Richard stopped short. "I did n't mean to tell you that," he added, turning towards the work-table. Then he checked himself, and came and stood in front of her again. He had gone too far not to go further. "While you were ill I made a great discovery."

"What was that, Richard?"

"I discovered that I had been blind for two or three years."

"Blind?" repeated Margaret.

"Stone-blind. I discovered it by suddenly seeing — by seeing that I had loved you all the while, Margaret! — Are you offended?"

"No," said Margaret, slowly; she was a moment finding her voice to say it. "I — ought I to be offended?"

"Not if you are not!" said Richard.

"Then I am not. I — I've made little discoveries myself," murmured Margaret, going into full mourning with her eyelashes.

But it was only for an instant. She refused to take her happiness shyly or insincerely; it was something too sacred. She was a trifle appalled by it, if the truth must be told. If Richard had scattered his love-making through the month of her convalescence, or if he had made his avowal in a different mood, perhaps Margaret might have met him with some natural coquetry. But Richard's tone and manner had been such as to suppress any instinct of the kind. His declaration, moreover, had amazed her. Margaret's own feelings had been more or less plain to her that past month,

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and she had diligently disciplined herself to accept Richard's friendship, since it seemed all he had to give. Indeed, it had seemed at times as if he had not even that.

When Margaret lifted her eyes to him, a second after her confession, they were full of a sweet seriousness, and she had no slightest thought of withdrawing the hands which Richard had taken, and was holding lightly, that she might withdraw them if she willed. She felt no impulse to do so, though as Margaret looked up she saw her father standing a few paces behind Richard.

With an occult sense of another presence in the room, Richard turned at the same instant.

Mr. Slocum had advanced two steps into the apartment, and had been brought to a dead halt by the surprising tableau in the embrasure of the window. He stood motionless, with an account-book under his arm, while a dozen expressions chased each other over his countenance.

"Mr. Slocum," said Richard, who saw that only one course lay open to him, "I love Margaret, and I have been telling her."

At that the flitting shadows on Mr. Slocum's face settled into one grave look. He did not reply immediately, but let his glance wander from Margaret to Richard, and back again to Margaret, slowly digesting the fact. It was evident he had not relished it. Meanwhile the girl had risen from the chair and was moving towards her father.

"This strikes me as very extraordinary," he said at last. "You have never given any intimation that such a feeling existed. How long has this been going on?"

"I have always been fond of Margaret, sir; but I was not aware of the strength of the attachment until the time of her illness, when I — that is, we — came so near losing her."

"And you, Margaret?"

As Mr. Slocum spoke he instinctively put one arm around Margaret, who had crept closely to his side.

"I don't know when I began to love Richard," said Margaret simply.

"You don't know!"

"Perhaps it was while I was ill; perhaps it was long before that; may be my liking for him commenced as far back as the time he made the cast of my hand. How can I tell, papa? I don't know."

"There appears to be an amazing diffusion of ignorance here!"

Margaret bit her lip, and kept still. Her father was taking it a great deal more seriously than she had expected. A long, awkward silence ensued. Richard broke it at length by remarking timidly, "Nothing has been or was to be concealed from you, sir. Before going to sleep to-night Margaret would have told you all I've said to her."

"You should have consulted with me before saying anything."

"I intended to do so, but my words got away from me. I hope you will overlook it, sir, and not oppose my loving Margaret, though I see as plainly as you do that I am not worthy of her."

"I have not said that. I base my disapproval on entirely different ground. Margaret is too young. A girl of seventeen or eighteen" —

"Nineteen," said Margaret, parenthetically.

"Of nineteen, then, — has no business to bother her head with such matters. Only yesterday she was a child!"

Richard glanced across at Margaret, and endeavored to recall her as she impressed him that first afternoon, when she knocked defiantly at the workshop door to inquire if he wanted any pans and pails; but he was totally unable to reconstruct that crude little figure with the glossy black head, all eyes and beak, like a young hawk's.

"My objection is impersonal," continued Mr. Slocum. "I object to the idea. I wish this had not happened.

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I might not have disliked it — years hence; I don't say; but I dislike it now."

Richard's face brightened. "It will be years hence in a few years!"

Mr. Slocum replied with a slow, grave smile, "I am not going to be unreasonable in a matter where I find Margaret's happiness concerned; and yours, Richard, I care for that, too; but I'll have no entanglements. You and she are to be good friends, and nothing beyond. I prefer that Margaret should not come to the studio so often; you shall see her whenever you like at our fireside, of an evening. I don't think the conditions hard."

Mr. Slocum had dictated terms, but it was virtually a surrender. Margaret listened to him with her cheek resting against his arm, and a warm light nestled down deep under her eyelids.

Mr. Slocum drew a half-pathetic sigh. "I presume I have not done wisely. Every one bullies me. The Marble Workers Association runs my yard for me, and now my daughter is taken off my hands. By the way, Richard," he said, interrupting himself brusquely, and with an air of dismissing the subject, "I forgot what I came for. I've been thinking over Torrini's case, and have concluded that you had better make up his account and discharge him."

"Certainly, sir," replied Richard, with a shadow of dissent in his manner, "if you wish it."

"He causes a deal of trouble in the yard."

"I am afraid he does. Such a clean workman when he's sober!"

"But he is never sober."

"He has been in a bad way lately, I admit."

"His example demoralizes the men. I can see it day by day."

"I wish he were not so necessary at this moment," observed Richard. "I don't know who else could be trusted with the frieze for the soldiers' monument. I'd like to keep him on a week or ten days longer. Suppose I have a plain talk with Torrini?"

"Surely we have enough good hands to stand the loss of one."

"For a special kind of work there is nobody in the yard like Torrini. That is one reason why I want to hold on to him for a while, and there are other reasons."

"Such as what?"

"Well, I think it would not be wholly politic to break with him just now."

"Why not now as well as any time?"

"He has lately been elected secretary of the Association."

"What of that?"

"He has a great deal of influence there."

"If we put him out of the works it seems to me he would lose his importance, if he really has any to speak of."

"You are mistaken if you doubt it. His position gives him a chance to do much mischief, and he would avail himself of it very adroitly, if he had a personal grievance."

"I believe you are actually afraid of the fellow."

Richard smiled. "No, I am not afraid of him, but I don't underrate him. The men look up to Torrini as a sort of leader; he's an effective speaker, and knows very well how to fan a dissatisfaction. Either he or some other disturbing element has recently been at work among the men. There's considerable grumbling in the yard."

"They are always grumbling, are n't they?"

"Most always, but this is more serious than usual; there appears to be a general stir among the trades in the village. I don't understand it clearly. The marble workers have been holding secret meetings."

"They mean business, you think?"

"They mean increased wages, perhaps."

"But we are now paying from five to

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ten per cent. more than any trade in the place. What are they after?"

"So far as I can gather, sir, the finishers and the slab-sawers want an advance, — I don't know how much. Then there's some talk about having the yard closed an hour earlier on Saturdays. All this is merely rumor; but I am sure there is something in it."

"Confound the whole lot! If we can't discharge a drunken hand without raising the pay of all the rest, we had better turn over the entire business to the Association. But do as you like, Richard. You see how I am bullied, Margaret. He runs everything! Come, dear."

And Mr. Slocum quitted the workshop, taking Margaret with him. Richard remained standing awhile by the table, in a deep study, with his eyes fixed on the floor. He thought of his early days in the sepulchral house in Welch's Court, of his wanderings abroad, his long years of toil since then, of this sudden blissful love that had come to him, and Mr. Slocum's generosity. Then he thought of Torrini, and went down into the yard gently to admonish the man, for Richard's heart that hour was full of kindness for all the world.

XI.

In spite of Mr. Slocum's stipulations respecting the frequency of Margaret's visits to the studio, she was free to come and go as she liked. It was easy for him to say, Be good friends, and nothing beyond; but after that day in the workshop it was impossible for Richard and Margaret to be anything but lovers. The hollowness of pretending otherwise was clear even to Mr. Slocum. In the love of a father for a daughter there is always a vague jealousy which refuses to render an account of itself. Mr. Slocum did not escape this, but he managed, nevertheless, to accept the inevitable with very fair grace, and presently to confess to himself that the occurrence which had at first taken him aback was the most natural in the world. That Margaret and Richard, thrown together as they had been, should end by falling in love with each other was not a result to justify much surprise. Indeed, there was a special propriety in their doing so. The Shackfords had always been reputable people in the village, — down to Lemuel Shackford, who of course was an old musk-rat. The family attributes of amiability and honesty had skipped him, but they had reappeared in Richard. It was through his foresight and personal energy that the most lucrative branch of the trade had been established. His services entitled him to a future interest in the business, and Mr. Slocum had intended he should have it. Mr. Slocum had not dreamed of throwing in Margaret also; but since that addition had suggested itself, it seemed to him one of the happy features of the arrangement. Richard would thus be doubly identified with the yard, to which, in fact, he had become more necessary than Mr. Slocum himself.

"He has more backbone with the men than I have," acknowledged Mr. Slocum. "He knows how to manage them, and I don't."

As soft as Slocum was a Stillwater proverb. Richard certainly had plenty of backbone; it was his only capital. In Mr. Slocum's estimation it was sufficient capital. But Lemuel Shackford was a very rich man, and Mr. Slocum could not help seeing that it would be decent in Richard's only surviving relative if, at this juncture, he were to display a little interest in the young fellow's welfare.

"If he would only offer to advance a few thousand dollars for Richard," said Mr. Slocum, one evening, to Margaret, with whom he had been talking over the future, — "the property must all come to him some time, — it would be

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a vast satisfaction to me to tell the old man that we can get along without any of his ill-gotten gains. He made the bulk of his fortune during the war, you know. The old sea-serpent," continued Mr. Slocum, with hopeless confusion of metaphor, "had a hand in fitting out more than one blockade-runner. They used to talk of a ship that got away from Charleston with a cargo of cotton that netted the share-holders upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. He denies it now, but everybody knows Shackford. He 'd betray his country for fifty cents in postage-stamps."

"Oh, papa! you are too hard on him."

In words dropped cursorily from time to time, Margaret imparted to Richard the substance of her father's speech, and it set Richard reflecting. It was not among the probabilities that Lemuel Shackford would advance a dollar to establish Richard, but if he could induce his cousin even to take the matter into consideration, Richard felt that it would be a kind of moral support to him under the circumstances. His pride revolted at the idea of coming quite unbacked and disowned, as well as empty-handed, to Mr. Slocum.

For the last twelve months there had been a cessation of ordinary courtesies between the two cousins. They now passed each other on the street without recognition. A year previously Mr. Shackford had fallen ill, and Richard, aware of the inefficient domestic arrangements in Welch's Court, had gone to the house out of sheer pity. The old man was in bed, and weak with fever, but at seeing Richard he managed to raise himself on one elbow.

"Oh, it 's you!" he exclaimed, mockingly. "When a rich man is sick the anxious heirs crowd around him; but they 're twice as honestly anxious when he is perfectly well."

"I came to see if I could do anything for you!" cried Richard, with a ferocious glare, and in a tone that went curiously with his words, and shook to the foundations his character of Good Samaritan.

"The only thing you can do for me is to go away."

"I 'll do that with pleasure," retorted Richard bitterly.

And Richard went, vowing he would never set foot across the threshold again. He could not help having ugly thoughts. Why should all the efforts to bring about a reconciliation and all the forbearance be on his side? Thenceforth the crabbed old man might go to perdition if he wanted to.

And now here was Richard meditating a visit to that same house to beg a favor!

Nothing but his love for Margaret could have dragged him to such a banquet of humble-pie as he knew was spread for his delectation, the morning he passed up the main street of Stillwater and turned into Welch's Court.

As Richard laid his hand on the latch of the gate, Mr. Shackford, who was digging in the front garden, looked up and saw him. Without paying any heed to Richard's amicable salutation, the old man left the shovel sticking in the sod, and walked stiffly into the house. At another moment this would have amused Richard, but now he gravely followed his kinsman, and overtook him at the foot of the staircase.

"Cousin Shackford, can you spare me five or ten minutes?"

"Don't know as I can," said Mr. Shackford, with one foot on the lower stair. "Time is valuable. What do you want? You want something."

"Certainly, or I would n't think of trespassing on your time."

"Has Slocum thrown you over?" inquired the old man, turning quickly. A straw which he held between his thin lips helped to give him a singularly alert expression.

"No; Mr. Slocum and I agree the

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best in the world. I want to talk with you briefly on certain matters; I want to be on decent terms with you, if you will let me."

"Decent terms means money, does n't it?" asked Mr. Shackford, with a face as wary and lean as a shark's.

"I do wish to talk about money, among other things," returned Richard, whom this brutal directness disconcerted a little, — "money on satisfactory security."

"You can get it anywhere with that."

"So I might, and be asking no favor; but I would rather get it of you, and consider it an obligation."

"I would rather you would n't."

"Please listen to me a moment."

"Well, I 'm listening."

Mr. Shackford stood in an attitude of attention, with his head canted on one side, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and the straw between his teeth tilted up at an angle of forty degrees.

"I have, as you know, worked my way in the marble yard to the position of general manager," began Richard.

"I did n't know," said Mr. Shackford, "but I understand. You 're a sort of head grave-stone maker."

"That is taking rather a gloomy view of it," said Richard, smiling, "but no matter. The point is, I hold a responsible position, and I now have a chance to purchase a share in the works."

"Slocum is willing to take you in, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then the concern is hit."

"Hit?"

"Slocum is going into bankruptcy."

"You are wrong there. The yard was never so prosperous; the coming year we shall coin money like a mint."

"You ought to know," said Mr. Shackford, ruminatively. "A thing as good as a mint must be a good thing."

"If I were a partner in the business, I could marry Margaret."

"Who 's Margaret?"

"Mr. Slocum's daughter."

"That 's where the wind is! Now how much capital would it take to do all that?" inquired Mr. Shackford, with an air of affable speculation.

"Three or four thousand dollars, — perhaps less."

"Well, I would n't give three or four cents to have you marry Slocum's daughter. Richard, you can't pull any chestnuts out of the fire with my paw."

Mr. Shackford's interrogations and his more than usual conciliatory manner had lighted a hope which Richard had not brought with him. Its sudden extinguishment was in consequence doubly aggravating.

"Slocum's daughter!" repeated Mr. Shackford. "I 'd as soon you would marry Crazy Nan up at the work-house."

The association of Crazy Nan with Margaret sent a red flush into Richard's cheek. He turned angrily towards the door, and then halted, recollecting the resolves he had made not to lose his temper, come what would. If the interview was to end there it had better not have taken place.

"I had no expectation that you would assist me pecuniarily," said Richard, after a moment. "Let us drop the money question; it should n't have come up between us. I want you to aid me, not by lending me money, but by giving me your countenance as the head of the family, — by showing a natural interest in my affairs, and seeming disposed to promote them."

"By just seeming?"

"That is really all I desire. If you were to propose to put capital into the concern, Mr. Slocum would refuse it."

"Slocum would refuse it! Why in the devil should he refuse it?"

"Because" — Richard hesitated, finding himself unexpectedly on delicate ground — "because he would not care to enter into business relations with you, under the circumstances."

Mr. Shackford removed the straw

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from his mouth, and holding it between his thumb and forefinger peered steadily through his half-closed eyelids at Richard.

"I don't understand you."

"The dispute you had long ago, over the piece of meadow land behind the marble yard. Mr. Slocum felt that you bore down on him rather heavily in that matter, and has not quite forgiven you for forcing him to rebuild the sheds."

"Bother Slocum and his sheds! I understand him. What I don't understand is *you*. I am to offer Slocum three or four thousand dollars to set you up, and he is to decline to take it. Is that it?"

"That is not it at all," returned Richard. "My statement was this: If you were to propose purchasing a share for me in the works, Mr. Slocum would not entertain the proposition, thinking — as I don't think — that he would mortify you by the refusal of your money."

"The only way Slocum could mortify me would be by getting hold of it. But what are you driving at, anyhow? In one breath you demand several thousand dollars, and in the next breath you tell me that nobody expects it, or wants it, or could be induced to have it on any terms. Perhaps you will inform me what you are here for."

"That is what you will never discover!" cried Richard. "It is not in you to comprehend the ties of sympathy that ought to hold between two persons situated as we are. In most families this sympathy binds closely at times, — at christenings, or burials, or when some member is about to take an important step in life. Generally speaking, blood is thicker than water; but your blood, cousin Shackford, seems to be a good deal thinner. I came here to consult with you as my sole remaining kinsman, as one authorized by years and position to give me wise counsel and kindly encouragement at the turning-point in my fortune. I did n't wish to go among those people like a tramp, with neither kith nor kin to say a word for me. Of course you don't understand that. How should you? A sentiment of that kind is something quite beyond your conception."

Richard's words went into one ear and out the other, without seeming for an instant to arrest Mr. Shackford's attention. The idea of Slocum not accepting money — anybody's money — presented itself to Mr. Shackford in so facetious a light as nearly to throw him into good humor. His foot was on the first step of the staircase, which he now began slowly to mount, giving vent, as he ascended, to a series of indescribable chuckles. At the top of the landing he halted, and leaned over the rail.

"To think of Slocum refusing, — that 's a good one!"

In the midst of his jocularity a sudden thought seemed to strike Mr. Shackford; his features underwent a swift transformation, and as he grasped the rail in front of him with both hands a malicious cunning writhed and squirmed in every wrinkle of his face.

"Sir!" he shrieked, "it was a trap! Slocum would have taken it! If I had been ass enough to make any such offer, he would have jumped at it. What do you and Slocum take me for? You 're a pair of rascals!"

Richard staggered back, bewildered and blinded, as if he had received a blow in the eyes.

"No," continued Mr. Shackford, with a gesture of intense contempt, "you are less than rascals. You are fools. A rascal has to have brains!"

"You shameless old man!" cried Richard, as soon as he could get his voice.

To do Mr. Shackford justice, he was thoroughly convinced that Richard had lent himself to a preposterous attempt to obtain money from him. The absence of ordinary shrewdness in the method stamped it at once as belonging

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to Slocum, of whose mental calibre Mr. Shackford entertained no flattering estimate.

"Slocum!" he muttered, grinding the word between his teeth. "Family ties!" he cried, hurling the words scornfully over the banister as he disappeared into one of the upper chambers.

Richard stood with one hand on the newel-post, white at the lip with rage. For a second he had a wild impulse to spring up the staircase, but, controlling this, he turned and hurried out of the house.

At the gate he brushed roughly against a girl, who halted and stared. It was a strange thing to see Mr. Richard Shackford, who always had a pleasant word for a body, go by in that blind, excited fashion, striking one fist into the palm of the other hand, and talking to his own self! Mary Hennessey watched him until he wheeled out of Welch's Court, and then picking up her basket, which she had rested on the fence, went her way.

XII.

At the main entrance to the marble works Richard nearly walked over a man who was coming out, intently mopping his forehead with a very dirty calico handkerchief. It was an English stone-dresser named Denyven. Richard did not recognize him at first.

"That you, Denyven! . . . what has happened?"

"I 've 'ad a bit of a scrimmage, sir."

"A scrimmage in the yard, in work hours!"

The man nodded.

"With whom?"

"Torrini, sir, — he 's awful bad this day."

"Torrini, — it is always Torrini! It seems odd that one man should be everlastingly at the bottom of everything wrong. How did it happen? Give it to me straight, Denyven; I don't want a crooked story. This thing has got to stop in Slocum's yard."

"The way of it was this, sir: Torrini was n't at the shop the morning. He 'd a day off."

"I know."

"But about one o'clock, sir, he come in the yard. He 'ad been at the public 'ouse, sir, and he was hummin'. First he went among the carvers, talking Hitalian to 'em and making 'em laugh, though he was in a precious bad humor hisself. By and by he come over to where me and my mates was, and began chaffin' us, which we did n't mind it, seeing he was 'eavy in the 'ead. He was as clear as a fog-'orn all the same. But when he took to banging the tools on the blocks, I sings out ''Ands off!' and then he fetched me a clip. I was never looking for nothing less than that he 'd hit me. I was a smiling at the hinstant."

"He must be drunker than usual."

"Hevidently, sir. I went down between two slabs as soft as you please. When I got on my pins, I was for choking him a bit, but my mates hauled us apart. That 's the 'ole of it, sir. They 'll tell you the same within."

"Are you hurt, Denyven?"

"Only a bit of a scratch over the heye, sir, — and the nose," and the man began mopping his brow tenderly. "I 'd like to 'ave that Hitalian for about ten minutes, some day when he 's sober, over yonder on the green."

"I 'm afraid he would make the ten minutes seem long to you."

"Well, sir, I 'd willingly let him try his 'and."

"How is it, Denyven," inquired Richard, seeing an opportunity to sow some good seed, "that you, and sensible workingmen like you, have permitted such a quarrelsome and irresponsible fellow to become a leader in the Association? He 's secretary, or something, is n't he?"

"Well, sir, he writes an uncommonly

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clean fist, and then he's a born horator. He's up to all the parli'mentary dodges. Must 'ave 'ad no end of hexperience in them sort of things on the other side."

"No doubt, — and that accounts for him being over here."

"As for horganizing a meeting, sir" —

"I know. Torrini has a great deal of that kind of ability; perhaps a trifle too much, for his own good or anybody else's. There was never any trouble to speak of among the trades in Stillwater till he and two or three others came here with foreign grievances. These men get three times the pay they ever received in their own land, and are treated like human beings for the first time in their lives. But what do they do? They squander a quarter of their week's wages at the tavern, — no rich man could afford to put a fourth of his income into drink, — and make windy speeches at the Union. I don't say all of them, but too many of them. The other night, I understand, Torrini compared Mr. Slocum to Nero, — Mr. Slocum, the fairest and gentlest man that ever breathed! What rubbish!"

"It was n't just that way, sir. His words was, — and I 'eard him, — 'from Nero down to Slocum.'"

"It amounts to the same thing, and is enough to make one laugh, if it did n't make one want to swear. I hear that that was a very lively meeting the other night. What was that nonsense about 'the privileged class'?"

"Well, there is a privileged class in the States."

"So there is, but it's a large class, Denyven. Every soul of us has the privilege of bettering our condition if we have the brain and the industry to do it. Energy and intelligence come to the front, and have the right to be there. A skillful workman gets double the pay of a bungler, and deserves it. Of course there will always be rich and poor, and sick and sound, and I don't see how that can be changed. But no door is shut against ability, black or white. Before the year 2400 we shall have a chrome-yellow president and a black-and-tan secretary of the treasury. But, seriously, Denyven, whoever talks about privileged classes here does it to make mischief. There are certain small politicians who reap their harvest in times of public confusion, just as pickpockets do. Nobody can play the tyrant or the bully in this country, — not even a workingman. Here's the Association dead against an employer who, two years ago, ran his yard full-handed for a twelvemonth at a loss, rather than shut down, as every other mill and factory in Stillwater did. For years and years the Association has prevented this employer from training more than two apprentices annually. The result is, eighty hands find work, instead of a hundred and eighty. Now, that can't last."

"It keeps wages fixed in Stillwater, sir."

"It keeps out a hundred workmen. It sends away capital."

"Torrini says, sir" —

"Steer clear of Torrini and what he says. He's a dangerous fellow — for his friends. It is handsome in you, Denyven, to speak up for him — with that eye of yours."

"Oh, I don't love the man, when it comes to that; but there's no denying he's right smart," replied Denyven, who occasionally marred his vernacular with Americanisms. "The Association could n't do without him."

"But Slocum's yard can," said Richard, irritated to observe the influence Torrini exerted on even such men as Denyven.

"That's between you and him, sir, of course, but" —

"But what?"

"Well, sir, I can't say hexactly; but if I was you I would bide a bit."

"No, I think Torrini's time has come."

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"I don't make bold to advise you, sir. I merely throws out the hobservation."

With that Denyven departed to apply to his bruises such herbs and simples as a long experience had taught him to be efficacious.

He had gone only a few rods, however, when it occurred to him that there were probabilities of a stormy scene in the yard; so he turned on his tracks, and followed Richard Shackford.

Torrini was a Neapolitan, who had come to this country seven or eight years before. He was a man above the average intelligence of his class; a marble worker by trade, but he had been a fisherman, a mountain guide among the Abruzzi, a soldier in the papal guard, and what not, and had contrived to pick up two or three languages, among the rest English, which he spoke with purity. His lingual gift was one of his misfortunes.

Among the exotics in Stillwater, which even boasted a featureless Celestial, who had unobtrusively extinguished himself with a stove-pipe hat, Torrini was the only figure that approached picturesqueness. With his swarthy complexion and large, indolent eyes, in which a southern ferocity slept lightly, he seemed to Richard a piece out of his own foreign experience. To him Torrini was the crystallization of Italy, or so much of that Italy as Richard had caught a glimpse of at Genoa. To the town-folks Torrini perhaps vaguely suggested hand-organs and eleemosynary pennies; but Richard never looked at the straight-limbed, handsome fellow without recalling the Phrygian-capped sailors of the Mediterranean. On this account, and for other reasons, Richard had taken a great fancy to the man. Torrini had worked in the ornamental department from the first, and was a rapid and expert carver when he chose. He had carried himself steadily enough in the beginning, but in these later days, as Mr. Slocum had stated, he was scarcely ever sober. Richard had stood between him and his discharge on several occasions, partly because he was so skillful a workman, and partly through pity for his wife and children, who were unable to speak a word of English. But Torrini's influence on the men in the yard, — especially on the younger hands, who needed quite other influences, — and his intemperate speeches at the trades-union, where he had recently gained a kind of ascendency by his daring, were producing the worst effects.

At another hour Richard might have been inclined to condone this last offense, as he had condoned others; but when he parted from Denyven, Richard's heart was still hot with his cousin's insult. As he turned into the yard, not with his usual swinging gait, but with a quick, wide step, there was an unpleasant dilation about young Shackford's nostrils.

Torrini was seated on a block of granite in front of the upper sheds, flourishing a small chisel in one hand and addressing the men, a number of whom had stopped work to listen to him. At sight of Richard they made a show of handling their tools, but it was so clear something grave was going to happen that the pretense fell through. They remained motionless, resting on their mallets, with their eyes turned towards Richard. Torrini followed the general glance, and paused in his harangue.

"Talk of the devil!" he muttered, and then, apparently continuing the thread of his discourse, broke into a strain of noisy declamation.

Richard walked up to him quietly.

"Torrini," he said, "you can't be allowed to speak here, you know."

"I can speak where I like," replied Torrini gravely. He was drunk, but the intoxication was not in his tongue. His head, as Denyven had asserted, was as clear as a fog-horn.

"When you are sober, you can come

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to the desk and get your pay and your kit. You are discharged from the yard."

Richard was standing within two paces of the man, who looked up with an uncertain smile, as if he had not quite taken in the sense of the words. Then, suddenly straightening himself, he exclaimed, —

"Slocum don't dare do it!"

"But I do."

"*You!*"

"When I do a thing Mr. Slocum backs me."

"But who backs Slocum, — the Association, may be?"

"Certainly the Association ought to. I want you to leave the yard now."

"He backs Slocum," said Torrini, settling himself on the block again, "and Slocum backs down," at which there was a laugh among the men.

Richard made a step forward.

"Hands off!" cried a voice from under the sheds.

"Who said that?" demanded Richard, wheeling around. No one answered, but Richard had recognized Durgin's voice. "Torrini, if you don't quit the yard in two minutes by the clock yonder, I shall put you out by the neck. Do you understand?"

Torrini glared about him confusedly for a moment, and broke into voluble Italian; then, without a warning gesture, sprung to his feet and struck at Richard. A straight red line, running vertically the length of his cheek, showed where the chisel had grazed him. The shops were instantly in a tumult, the men dropping their tools and stumbling over the blocks, with cries of "Keep them apart!" "Shame on you!" "Look out, Mr. Shackford!"

"Is it mad ye are, Torrany!" cried Michael Hennessey, hurrying from the saw-bench. Durgin held him back by the shoulders.

"Let them alone," said Durgin.

The flat steel flashed again in the sunlight, but fell harmlessly, and before the blow could be repeated Richard had knitted his fingers in Torrini's neckerchief and twisted it so tightly that the man gasped. Holding him by this, Richard dragged Torrini across the yard, and let him drop on the sidewalk outside the gate, where he lay in a heap, inert.

"That was nate," said Michael Hennessey, sententiously.

Richard stood leaning on the gatepost to recover his breath. His face was colorless, and the crimson line defined itself sharply against the pallor; but the rage was dead within him. It had been one of his own kind of rages, — like lightning out of a blue sky. As he stood there a smile was slowly gathering on his lip.

A score or two of the men had followed him, and now lounged in a half-circle a few paces in the rear. When Richard was aware of their presence, the glow came into his eyes again.

"Who ordered you to knock off work?"

"That was a foul blow of Torrini's, sir," said Stevens, stepping forward, "and I for one come to see fair play."

"Give us your 'and, mate!" cried Denyven; "there 's a pair of us."

"Thanks," said Richard, softening at once, "but there 's no need. Every man can go to his job. Denyven may stay, if he likes."

The men lingered a moment, irresolute, and returned to the sheds in silence.

Presently Torrini stretched out one leg, then the other, and slowly rose to his feet, giving a stupid glance at his empty hands as he did so.

"Here 's your tool," said Richard, stirring the chisel with the toe of his boot, "if that 's what you 're looking for."

Torrini advanced a step as if to pick it up, then appeared to alter his mind, hesitated perhaps a dozen seconds, and turning abruptly on his heel walked down the street without a stagger.

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"I think his legs is shut off from the rest of his body by water-tight compartments," remarked Denyven, regarding Torrini's steady gait with mingled amusement and envy. "Are you hurt, sir?"

"Only a bit of a scratch over the heye," replied Richard, with a laugh.

"As I hobserved just now to Mr. Stevens, sir, there's a pair of us!"

XIII.

After a turn through the shops to assure himself that order was restored, Richard withdrew in the direction of his studio. Margaret was standing at the head of the stairs, half hidden by the scarlet creeper which draped that end of the veranda.

"What are you doing there?" said Richard, looking up with a bright smile.

"Oh, Richard, I saw it all!"

"You did n't see anything worth having white cheeks about."

"But he struck you . . . with the knife, did he not?" said Margaret, clinging to his arm anxiously.

"He did n't have a knife, dear; only a small chisel, which could n't hurt any one. See for yourself; it is merely a cat-scratch."

Margaret satisfied herself that it was nothing more; but she nevertheless insisted on leading Richard into the workshop, and soothing the slight inflammation with her handkerchief dipped in arnica and water. The elusive faint fragrance of Margaret's hair as she busied herself about him would of itself have consoled Richard for a deep wound. All this pretty solicitude and ministration was new and sweet to him, and when the arnica turned out to be cologne, and scorched his cheek, Margaret's remorse was so delicious that Richard half wished the mixture had been aquafortis.

"You should n't have been looking into the yard," he said. "If I had known that you were watching us it would have distracted me. When I am thinking of you I cannot think of anything else, and I had need of my wits for a moment."

"I happened to be on the veranda, and was too frightened to go away. Why did you quarrel?"

In giving Margaret an account of the matter, Richard refrained from any mention of his humiliating visit to Welch's Court that morning. He could neither speak of it nor reflect upon it with composure. The cloud which shadowed his features from time to time was attributed by Margaret to the affair in the yard.

"But this is the end of it, is it not?" she asked, with troubled eyes. "You will not have any further words with him?"

"You need n't worry. If Torrini had not been drinking he would never have lifted his hand against me. When he comes out of his present state, he will be heartily ashamed of himself. His tongue is the only malicious part of him. If he had n't a taste for drink and oratory, — if he was not 'a born horator,' as Denyven calls him, — he would do well enough."

"No, Richard, he's a dreadful man. I shall never forget his face, — it was some wild animal's. And you, Richard," added Margaret softly, "it grieved me to see you look like that."

"I was wolfish for a moment, I suppose. Things had gone wrong generally. But if you are going to scold me, Margaret, I would rather have some more — arnica."

"I am not going to scold; but while you stood there, so white and terrible, — so unlike yourself, — I felt that I did not know you, Richard. Of course you had to defend yourself when the man attacked you, but I thought for an instant you would kill him."

"Not I," said Richard uneasily, dread-

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ing anything like a rebuke from Margaret. "I am mortified that I gave up to my anger. There was no occasion."

"If an intoxicated person were to wander into the yard, papa would not fight him. Picture papa 'squaring off,' — is that what you call it? He would send for a constable, and have the person removed."

"Your father is an elderly man," returned Richard, not relishing this oblique criticism of his own simpler method. "What would be proper in his case would be considered cowardly in mine. It was my duty to discharge the fellow, and not let him dispute my authority. I ought to have been cooler, of course. But I should have lost caste and influence with the men if I had shown the least personal fear of Torrini, — if, for example, I had summoned somebody else to do what I did n't dare do myself. I was brought up in the yard, remember, and to a certain extent I have to submit to being weighed in the yard's own scales."

"But a thing cannot be weighed in a scale incapable of containing it," answered Margaret quickly. "The judgment of these rough, uninstructed men is too narrow for such as you. They quarrel and fight among themselves, and have their ideas of daring; but there is a higher sort of bravery, the bravery of self-control, which I fancy they do not understand very well; so their opinion of it is not worth considering. However, you know better than I."

"No, I do not," said Richard. "Your instinct is finer than my reason. But you *are* scolding me, Margaret."

"No, I am loving you," she said softly. "How can I do that more faithfully than by being dissatisfied with anything but the best in you?"

"I was n't at my best a while ago?"

"No, Richard."

"I can never hope to be worthy of you."

But Margaret protested against that. Having forced him to look at his action through her eyes, she outdid him in humility, and then the conversation drifted off into half-breathed nothings, which, though they were satisfactory enough to these two, would have made a third person yawn.

The occurrence at Slocum's yard was hotly discussed that night at the Stillwater hotel. Discussions in that long, low bar-room, where the latest village scandal always came to receive the finishing gloss, were apt to be hot. In their criticism of outside men and measures, as well as in their mutual vivisections, there was an unflinching directness among Mr. Snelling's guests which is not to be found in more artificial grades of society. The popular verdict on young Shackford's conduct was, as might not have been predicted, strongly in his favor. He had displayed pluck, and pluck of the tougher fibre was a quality held in so high esteem in Stillwater that any manifestation of it commanded respect. And young Shackford had shown a great deal; he had made short work of the most formidable man in the yard, and given the rest to understand that he was not to be tampered with. This had taken many by surprise, for hitherto an imperturbable amiability had been the leading characteristic of Slocum's manager.

"I did n't think he had it in him," declared Dexter.

"Well, yer might," replied Michael Hennessey. "Look at the lad's eye, and the muscles of him. He stands on his two legs like a monumint, so he does."

"Never saw a monument with two legs, Mike."

"Did n't ye? Wait till y 're layin' at the foot of one. But ye 'll wait many a day, me boy. Ye 'll be lucky if y 're supploid with a head-stone made out of a dale-board."

"Could n't get a wooden head-stone short of Ireland, Mike," retorted Dex-

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ter, with a laugh. "You 'd have to import it."

"An' so I will; but it won't be got over in time, if ye go on interruptin' gintlemen when they 're discoorsin'. What was I sayin', any way, when the blackguard chipped in?" said Mr. Hennessey, appealing to the company.

"You was talking of Dick Shackford's muscle," said Durgin, "and you never talked wider of the mark. It does n't take much muscle, or much courage either, to knock a man about when he 's in liquor. The two was n't fairly matched."

"You are right there, Durgin," said Stevens, laying down his newspaper. "They were n't fairly matched. Both men have the same pounds and inches, but Torrini had a weapon and that mad strength that comes to some folks with drink. If Shackford had n't taken a neat twist on the neckcloth, he would n't have got off with a scratch."

"Shackford had no call to lay hands on him."

"There you are wrong, Durgin," replied Stevens. "Torrini had no call in the yard; he was making a nuisance of himself. Shackford spoke to him fair, and told him to go, and when he did n't go Shackford put him out; and he put him out handsomely, — 'with neatness and dispatch,' as Slocum's prospectuses has it."

"He was right all the time," said Piggott. "He did n't strike Torrini before or after he was down, and stood at the gate like a gentleman, ready to give Torrini his change if he wanted it."

"Torrini did n't want it," observed Jemmy Willson. "Ther' is n't nothing mean about Torrini."

"But he 'ad a dozen minds about coming back," said Denyven.

"We ought to have got him out of the place quietly," said Jeff Stavers; "that was our end of the mistake. He is not a bad fellow, but he should n't drink."

"He 's mighty fond of the root," remarked Michael Hennessey, emptying the ashes from his pipe by knocking the bowl on the side of his chair.

"The root?" repeated Dexter, lifting his eyebrows.

"What 's that the school-masther wrote in me girl's copy-book? — 'Intoxication is the root of all evil.' Begorra, but Torrany is fond of it."

"He was crazy to come to the yard."

"When a man 'as a day off," observed Denyven, "and the beer is n't narsty, he 'ad better stick to the public 'ouse."

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Durgin. "Your opinion don't weigh. You took a black eye of him."

"Yes, I took a black heye, — and I can give one, in a hemergency. Yes, I gives and takes."

"That 's where we differ," returned Durgin. "I do a more genteel business; I give, and don't take."

"Unless you 're uncommon careful," said Denyven, pulling away at his pipe, "you 'll find yourself some day henlarging your business."

Durgin pushed back his stool.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" interposed Mr. Snelling, appearing from behind the bar with a lemon-squeezer in his hand, "we 'll have no black eyes here that was n't born so. I am partial to them myself when nature gives them, and I propose the health of Miss Molly Hennessey," with a sly glance at Durgin, who colored, "to be drank at the expense of the house. Name your taps, gentlemen."

"Snelling, me boy, ye 'd win the bird from the bush with yer beguilin' ways. Ye 've brought proud tears to the eyes of an aged parent, and I 'll take a sup out of that high-showldered bottle which you kape under the counter for the gentle-folks in the other room."

A general laugh greeted Mr. Hennessey's selection, and peace was restored; but the majority of those present were workmen from Slocum's, and the event

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of the afternoon remained the uppermost theme.

"Shackford is a different build from Slocum," said Piggott.

"I guess the yard will find that out when he gets to be proprietor," rejoined Durgin, clicking his spoon against the empty glass to attract Snelling's attention.

"Going to be proprietor, is he?"

"Some day or other," answered Durgin. "First he 'll step into the business, and then into the family. He 's had his eye on Slocum's girl these four or five years. Got a cast of her fist up in his workshop. Leave Dick Shackford alone for lining his nest and making it soft all round."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Stevens. "He deserves a good girl, and there 's none better. If sickness or any sort of trouble comes to a poor man's door, she 's never far off with her kind words and them things the rich have when they are laid up."

"Oh, the girl is well enough."

"You couldn't say less. Before your mother died," — Mrs. Durgin had died the previous autumn, — "I see that angil going to your house many a day with a little basket of comforts tucked under her wing. But she 's too good to be praised in such a place as this," added Stevens. After a pause he inquired, "What makes you down on Shackford? He has always been a friend to you."

"One of those friends who walk over your head," replied Durgin. "I was in the yard two years before him, and see where he is."

"Lord love you," said Stevens, leaning back in his chair and contemplating Durgin thoughtfully, "there is marble and marble; some is Carrara marble, and some is n't. The fine grain takes a polish you can't get on to the other."

"Of course, he is statuary marble, and I 'm full of seams and feldspar."

"You are like the most of us, — not the kind that can be worked up into anything very ornamental."

"Thank you for nothing," said Durgin, turning away. "I came from as good a quarry as ever Dick Shackford. Where 's Torrini to-night?"

"Nobody has seen him since the difficulty," said Dexter, "except Peters. Torrini sent for him after supper."

As Dexter spoke, the door opened and Peters entered. He went directly to the group composed chiefly of Slocum's men, and without making any remark began to distribute among them certain small blue tickets, which they pocketed in silence. Glancing carelessly at his piece of card-board, Durgin said to Peters, —

"Then it 's decided?"

Peters nodded.

"How 's Torrini?"

"He 's all right."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing in perticular," responded Peters, "and nothing at all about his little skylark with Shackford."

"He 's a cool one!" exclaimed Durgin.

Though the slips of blue pasteboard had been delivered and accepted without comment, it was known in a second through the bar-room that a special meeting had been convened for the next night by the officers of The Marble Workers Association.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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THE LOST GODS.

WANDERING in dreamland once, I found
A woman weeping on the Ægean shore,
Who answered, when I asked, "Why weepest thou?"
"Great is our grief; the Gods are here no more."

"Dost thou lack bread," I said, "or anything
Held precious or in high esteem before?"
"Ah, no! with wealth our garners overflow.
Didst thou not hear? The Gods have left our shore."

Then, half in anger, I did make reply,
"The Gods! what have they ever done for thee?
Hast thou not suffered sickness, hunger, cold,
And every ill? Rejoice that thou art free."

But still she wept and wrung her hands, her eyes
Upraised in grief my pity to implore,
And answered, "Yes; we count it all as naught.
Alas! alas! the Gods, they are no more.

"What have we now to reverence, worship, love,
Or what for us can ever fill their place?
Not corn, nor wine, nor friends, nor gleaming gold;
The Gods alone can fill the earth with grace.

"They dwelt upon the mountains, in the vales,
They haunted all the groves and running streams;
We labored in their presence through the day,
At night they gave us counsel in our dreams.

"We saw them not, yet all the great wide world
Bear proof and impress of their skill and care.
We hoped the good among us could not die;
What loss is ours, no life but beasts' to share!"

In vain I strove to comfort her, — to prove
The Gods were not, nor ever had been there;
Yet while I spoke, a voice in me arose
And cried, "Thou liest! the Gods are everywhere."

Frances L. Gardner.

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THE UNLEARNED PROFESSIONS.

In the discussion of the labor question we hear much of what are called the claims of labor. These claims are often presented as if a natural antagonism existed between labor and capital, or between laborers and capitalists. It does not appear that any such antagonism is alleged to exist between laborers and doctors, ministers, or lawyers, members of the learned professions; but only as to manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, railway owners, and the like, members of the unlearned professions, who have necessarily grown rich in the conduct of their business, and who are capitalists.

It is often asserted or implied that their wealth has been gained at the cost of the laborers; hence in order to assure a clear understanding of the problem at issue under the name of "the labor question" it is necessary to present the claims of the capitalists, by whose efforts the great commerce and manufactures of the world are kept in motion, and by whose skill the ample products of the field, the mill, the mine, and the workshop have been brought forth and distributed; who have caused abundance to rule where want and famine would else have spread misery among nations. It is necessary to assert the standing of those whose work in life has made them *rich;* whose honest dollars saved and now enjoyed are not only the measure of their own reward, but the evidence of the services they have rendered to their fellow-men.

It may be said that the pursuit of wealth needs no incentive, it will always have its votaries, but yet may often be an utterly ignoble calling. Too true may be this answer, and for that very reason the more should the real function of the capitalist be defined, the public necessity for the accumulation of wealth be mastered, and the profession of manufacturer and merchant be provided for in our method of education as a profession of equal dignity, equal rank, and equal usefulness with the profession of the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, or the scientist.

Men must work, and some must become manufacturers and merchants; under the incentive of self-interest they must accumulate capital; it is their most useful function. This capital will constitute not only a part of their own wealth, but a part of the national wealth on which the national welfare greatly depends. Can these be in their nature ignoble pursuits?

It is very true that these pursuits may be ignobly followed, but not more so than many others. The man who spends his life in the pursuit of gain for its own sake, irrespective of the service that he renders, and even ignorant of it, yet saves substance that must be used in order to give it value to him, and in its use others are aided who might else have suffered; but the student who passes his life in the mere pursuit of knowledge for its own sake only, making no effort to spend his work for the good of humanity, leaves naught behind, and has been supported by others, rendering no service in return; the yet more selfish person whose sole care is to look after his own salvation in a future life may so wholly ignore his right service in this one as to become a less useful member of society, a less righteous force, than another, whose hasty impulses make him often a sinner, but whose great, unselfish heart, good-will to his fellow-men, and kindly words and deeds more than atone for his errors.

The capitalist who applies inventions and saves men from noxious or arduous drudgery is the true labor reformer.

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The words spoken about the dignity of labor are not apt to be very sincere. The work of the scavenger or the scrub, of the coal-heaver or the mule-spinner, is not dignified, and cannot be made so. Much of the work still requisite to be done is depressing both in a moral and material sense, and it is a proof of the dignity of manhood rather than of labor that men who are forced to toil, as many now are, in noxious, dangerous, and unsavory pursuits are not entirely bad.

Science, invention, and capital combined are gradually but surely removing many of the evils that have beset the common sorts of labor; and one of the inducements that may rightly be considered, in the choice of the profession to be entered upon by educated men, is to be found in the undoubted fact that the more a man has gained in the production or distribution of wholesome goods or wares the more comfort he has assured to his fellow-men, and the more opportunity he has given them to surmount the arduous struggle for existence.

The object aimed at by him who is becoming a capitalist may be only "to make money," as the pursuit of gain is called, but in the process the gain is not confined to him who makes it. In almost every branch of industry the surest road to profit consists in the best conditions of life for those who do the actual work, and the largest gains of capital are best assured when wages are highest and laborers fully employed.

In common speech, money, by which wealth is measured, is used as the synonym for wealth itself; and how often do we hear that "money is the root of all evil;" how seldom do we admit, even to ourselves, that it is the source of most of our blessings in this world, and that there is more danger to our moral and spiritual welfare from its want than from its possession! It has been well said that it gives comfort to our homes, education to our children, opportunity for our friends; it builds our churches, our school-houses, and our dwellings; it saves us from sordid drudgery; it enures to health; it endows the present, which is our only absolute possession, with better means for righteous living, and thus lends hope to the future both here and hereafter. All this it may do. All this it does accomplish in many happy homes. That money may be potent for evil may not be denied; the more fit is the claim that I shall make in behalf of those who must pursue it, and whose lives it is to make or to mar, — the more need that they should learn its true secret.

Life in this world rests upon a material basis; even the process of intellection itself can only be continued if the waste of the material substance of the brain is constantly resupplied by the assimilation of the food that we eat. In life we must meet life's conditions, and they demand the best material conditions for humanity, in order that the development of the highest mental and spiritual life may become even possible.

It has been said in common words, "It is no great use to preach to men with empty stomachs." Asceticism may have been consistent with a high but one-sided development of life in individual cases; even the urgency of extreme poverty may have been the only means by which some forms of genius could have been brought into light, and made to find their perfect work; but the average man can be kept in a condition of even decent morality only by being sustained in the enjoyment of, or at least the expectation of, a tolerable condition of material welfare.

The false philosophy that pronounces the world, the flesh, and the devil as of necessity synonymous terms; that stigmatizes the pursuit of wealth as in its essence a merely selfish pursuit; that finds in the work that rich men must do to become rich no gain to any but themselves, and declares that gain to be mere dust, is a shallow system of dogmas

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that are really but half truths; and half truths are often more mischievous than absolute falsehoods, because they are urged with sincerity by honest men, and cause those who listen to and accept them to look beyond the necessary daily work of their lives for a satisfaction that their present work might give them now and here. For what is wealth? Is it not a little more than enough for present wants? The richest state in the world is always within one year of starvation; the capital of the richest nation or state, its mills, works, ware-houses, dwellings, its tools and implements, its goods and wares of every kind, are but the measure of one, two, or at most three years' production. Nothing is so fleeting as what we name fixed capital; only by constant effort can it be maintained. Neglect the farm for two short years, and weeds will take the place of crops. Leave the house a little longer unattended and uncared for, and it will only be a fit dwelling for bats and owls. Let the fire go down in the mill or workshop for a few nights and the dampness enter, and the vast fabric of machinery with its mighty engine can never again spin and weave the cloth that yields comfort to thousands. Neglect the road-bed a single year, or even a single month, and never can the railway train again pass in safety until the way has been reconstructed. Yet more destructive than all the forces of nature is the busy brain of the inventor. In all the arts nothing is constant but change: the machinery that to the boy is a marvel of power and of productive capacity has been broken up for old metal almost before he has become an adult.

Continual effort marks the accumulation; more constant effort is needed to maintain; and yet all the capital of the community for which a price can be charged, or for the use of which any payment can be claimed, is but the sum of one, two, or three years' production.

Is there no intellectual standing required for this vast work? Is not he a master of arts who masters forces? Is not he a doctor of laws who masters the complex rules that control the relations of men to each other, and who brings the work of the day laborer on the far-off Western prairie to the subsistence of the weary cotton spinner in yet more distant England? Is not he the true physician by whom humanity is kept in health, in vigor, and in strength? Is not he the true minister of spiritual life who feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and shelters the homeless, without debasing them by alms-giving?

It is impossible to think of modern society existing without the services of capital; modern life cannot be conceived of without it. If it were not for the service rendered to the present generation by capital that has been saved from the work of the past, cities would be depopulated, famine would stalk throughout broad lands, and pestilence would work a blessing in removing from the earth those who could not be subsisted upon it.

What are the forces that keep thousands from starving in England to-day? Are they not the forces of capital and commerce? Who are the men that thus feed the hungry? Are they only the philanthropists, the reformers, the advocates of this or that panacea for the ills that afflict humanity? Far from it; they are the Garretts, the Scotts, and the Vanderbilts, the Cunards, the Allans, and the Leylands, and all the less known members of the unlearned professions, who, perhaps aware of, or more or less ignorant of, their true function, are yet the agents by whose work nations are sustained. No benevolence, no alms-giving, could possibly reach the need; and if it could it would pauperize those who received and ruin those who gave; it would work both moral, mental, and material degradation. It is by the use of capital that the vast crops of the great West are produced; it is by the use of

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capital that they are moved, and it is the work of commerce, conducted by business men seeking wealth for themselves only, that distributes these vast stores over wider and wider areas, and thus renders the struggle for existence less arduous for each succeeding generation of men. We *are* more nearly a nation of shop-keepers than any other, and we may well be thankful for the distinction.

Some one has well said that the first question a young man should put to himself when entering upon the chosen business of his life should be, "Whose labor do I propose to share?" But to this he must add another question, What service do I propose to render in requital for that labor? He cannot permanently succeed unless he renders service equal to the share of labor that he receives.

The law of commerce, whether between nations or persons, is product for product, and the principle which controls it is service for service; the measure of payment in money is but the term in which both the service rendered and the service received are defined and stated. It therefore follows that the man who chooses to enter upon the business of production will be sustained, if he is successful at all, only in virtue of the fact that he can save those who buy his goods a part of the labor that they would otherwise have been compelled to exert. If in the work of production he employs others beside himself, they serve him because the wages he pays them give them better subsistence than they could otherwise obtain. He who becomes a merchant and enters upon the business of distribution is controlled by the same law: those who buy his wares make the purchase only because it benefits themselves, — because they are saved an effort, — not in order to benefit him. He who becomes a railway manager is sustained only because he moves the crops and manufactures of the country over the widest area at the least cost to the consumer. The measure of the fortune of each, the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the railway owner, is but the measure of the labor he has saved men from doing, — not a share of their work that he has compelled them to do for him. He has not profited by their loss, but his own gain has been obtained only because they have gained also.

In a free state, governed by just laws, the more the few increase in wealth the more the many gain in welfare. The two words become truly synonymous, and conflict is impossible. Of course bad men will cheat and ignorant men will be defrauded; immoral men will engage in nefarious traffic, and noxious goods will be bought and sold; but this does not impair the rule, and these aberrations are but exceptions even in the common practice. Some one has said, "The integrity of the many makes the opportunity for the fraud of the few." Society itself could not exist, unless the natural laws which govern the transactions of men accorded in the long run with morality and justice. I do not say that these laws assert themselves, or that these principles control the work of every individual or even of every generation. Their action may be impaired by special circumstances. The issue of irredeemable paper money will promote a vast increase of crime, — will cause fraud and breach of trust to pervade the land, and make men almost hopeless of integrity ever again appearing to be the rule. If the nation legislates a lie, and forces its promise of a dollar under a legal-tender act into use in place of the coined metal that carries its own value in its own substance, the people will follow the example; fraud will prevail more and yet more among them, until bankruptcy or anarchy forces a return to right methods of legislation, and to an honest standard of value by which each man may again truly measure the service that he renders by the service that he receives.

The resumption of specie payments by this nation is not only the greatest

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material triumph, but the greatest moral triumph as well. It has been reserved for a democratic republic to be the first among nations to redeem its notes, that had been issued under the force of an act making them a legal tender, without repudiation of any part of the promise. But continued redemption cannot be assured if these notes are reissued. They are bad in their very essence, and are a continual cause of danger to the welfare of the nation.

If the government limits its functions, or rather is limited, to the enforcement of justice, the promotion of education, and the protection of persons and property; if intelligent men are left free in their action, unaffected by vicious legislation, the work of production, distribution, and consumption will proceed under laws that are more potent than any mere statutes can ever be in assuring abundance in the production and equity in the distribution of wealth, and those laws bring moral and material welfare into truest harmony.

But it is said by some of the sincere but misguided advocates of the various sophistries that have of late been rife, Our quarrel is not with capital, but with capitalists. We oppose the "money power;" we affirm that certain changes must be made, because capitalists, by the control of the money power, are enabled to obtain an undue share of the wealth produced, and hence they grow richer, while the poor for that very reason grow poorer.

It is not intended to enter upon a discussion of the currency question, but it is cited as an example of what an enormous factor in moral and spiritual questions the mere instrument used in the distribution of wealth may become. Statutes prescribing the kind and quality of the money that shall be lawful are great forces, upon the right direction of which the very structure of society depends, — that may cause anarchy and confusion, or that may be directed toward peace, order, and prosperity; that are more potent for good or evil than all the words that can be spoken from the pulpit; more capable of causing disease or health to prevail than all the prescriptions of the physician, and more replete with justice or with wrong than all the decisions of the courts. The most pernicious of all wrong is the decision of a court by which a false statute is sustained.

Pelatiah Webster, a great merchant of Philadelphia, who opposed the issue of continental currency, predicted its malignant effect, and witnessed the disaster and distress that it caused, in 1780 used these words: "Our finances have for five years past been under the management of fifty men of the best abilities and most spotless integrity that could be elected out of the thirteen States; yet they are in a ruined condition. We have suffered more from this than from every other cause of calamity; it has killed more men, perverted and corrupted the choicest interests of our country more, and done more injustice than even the arts and artifices of our enemies."

And when, later, he witnessed the final collapse of this corrupting agency he wrote, —

"Thus fell, ended, and died the continental currency, aged six years. Its circulation was never more brisk and quick than when its exchange was five hundred to one, yet it expired without one groan or struggle; and I believe, of all things that ever suffered dissolution since life was first given to the creation, this mighty monster died the least lamented. If it saved the state, it also polluted the equity of our laws, and turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had most confidence in it; enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of our country, and went far to destroy the morality of our whole people."

Who are to control, guide, and direct forces such as these, — forces whose ef-

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fects are as malignant as their action is subtle and concealed?

Yet this continental currency, like our legal-tender note, was but an instrument of distribution. If a fault in distribution could work such adverse effects as Webster pictured and such as we ourselves have lately seen, and may yet see again, because our legal tender notes, although redeemed, are still bad money and are still working evil results, does it not prove the need of a right comprehension of the whole subject? When bad money has such power for evil, no wonder that those who have not mastered the subject should speak of the money power, and impute to money itself and to its possession the evils that ensue from its bad quality or from its misuse. Good money can work no wrong; it is but an instrument, by means of which property is exchanged.

What these men blindly aim at, when they prate of the money power, is the power of capital and the power that accompanies the possession of property. The issue is the issue between communism and property, and the men of property must justify their possession, not merely by statute, but by proving that the possession of property gives the highest power of service, prevents waste, and assures the community against the prevalence of want.

May it not be stated as a scientific proposition, easily demonstrated from the experience of the past, that, while communism can never be reached by the destruction of the institution of property, there is yet a communism that will surely come to which no one can take exception? Not a communism in accumulation and in the possession of capital, but a communism in a substantially equal distribution of the means of subsistence that are the joint product of labor and capital.

Through competition among capitalists, capital itself is every year more effective in production, and tends ever to increasing abundance. Under its working the commodities that have been the luxuries of one generation become the comforts of the next and the necessities of the third; and with each year the amount of labor required to procure an equitable share of this ever-increasing product is diminished. With the growth of the intelligence of the laborers, both the drudgery and the more arduous or noxious conditions of their work are also more and more abated. The plane of what constitutes a comfortable subsistence is constantly rising, and as the years go by greater and greater numbers attain this plane. Even in Great Britain to-day, despite bad harvests and adverse conditions on every side, subsistence is easier to obtain, and pauperism is less, than at the time of the great agitation for the repeal of the corn laws. The distress of to-day is striking higher up in the social scale than it did then, and is likely to cause more far-reaching changes than the mere repeal of an obnoxious statute.

The railroads of the United States have so reduced the cost of moving the great staple products of corn and meat that little or no rent can hereafter be paid in Great Britain for land devoted to them. For the smaller crops which yield the better profit to the laborer the land must be free. The present system of land tenure is tottering to its fall, and changes have been promoted by the application of capital in the United States to the distribution of food that may cause a greater Britain to arise than we have yet seen, and that shall bring the English-speaking people on the two sides of the great ocean into much closer relations than they ever were before.

The ruling class who would have sustained slavery, and who would have divided this nation had they dared, are now meeting their reward; we have attacked them with the subtle weapons of peace, that could not have been forged had this nation not maintained its life.

We have combined labor and capital with such success that the ship-loads of

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food that we ourselves cannot consume have affected the very fabric of English society, and will cause it to be relaid on a more stable and righteous foundation.

Our capital is truly the result of labor saved; our possessions are the wilderness redeemed from waste; our rights to property are based on ability to preserve and capacity to use.

Let us be thankful that no vested wrongs beset us; that we have no class who claim supremacy because of inherited position; more than all, that we have no military caste. Far better a Congress composed, even as ours is now for a little while, so largely of Confederate brigadiers than a Parliament, one half of whose upper and one third of whose lower house are made up of men who are or have been officers in an army.

Property must be held by him who can himself use it, if it is to work its most perfect results.

Liberty to earn, liberty to save, liberty to spend, the utmost freedom to engage in any pursuit that does not harm society, must be the rule. Under this rule the true place of capitalists must become manifest to the commonest understanding; and it is upon the determination of this question of the beneficent function of capital, and of capitalists also, that the welfare of nations for the next century depends.

Are we passing out of the era of war, and entering upon the century of commerce? It surely seems to be so on this continent. If capitalists abuse their power and do not find in wealth an opportunity for service, the worse not only for them, but for the community. If rights are asserted and duties are not fulfilled, the rights may become wrongs, and cannot be maintained.

There is one law that has had freer scope in this land than in any other. It is a rule formulated by Frederick Bastiat in the following terms: "In proportion to the increase of capital, the absolute share of the total product falling to the capitalist is augmented, but his relative share is diminished; while, on the contrary, the laborer's share is increased both absolutely and relatively." This is a necessary law, that once fully comprehended would cause every laborer to do his utmost, not only to save a portion of his own earnings, and to begin to be a capitalist himself, but to take every possible measure to promote the accumulation of capital by others, even by those who already had the most.

Before capital had taken the form of the modern railroad, the men of Massachusetts worked long and arduously to force a scanty subsistence from her sterile soil. Before capital took the form of the modern textile factory, the women of Massachusetts worked yet more arduously in spinning and weaving the insufficient clothing of the family. Now one day's labor will pay the cost of moving a year's supply of meat and flour from the fertile prairies of the West. A thousand miles of distance and a dollar are convertible terms, and a dollar a day is almost the lowest wage of the commonest laborer. Now one woman operating her portion of the machinery in a great factory will clothe many hundreds in comfort.

It has been proved by the admirable census of Massachusetts, taken in 1875 by Carroll D. Wright, that the capital invested in manufactures in the State is equal in value to just one half the value of the annual product of the works in which it is invested. Capital thus applied has of late been able to earn as the share of its owners a proportion not exceeding six per cent. per annum. Assuming this as an average, it follows that where the product is double the capital, three parts of the annual result constitute the share of the capitalist and ninety-seven parts are the share of others. Who are these others? Are they not the laborers who do the work in the

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mills and the workshops, or the laborers who produce the commodities that are converted from the crude form of what are called raw materials into the finished forms that are ready for consumption? Trace any art from its inception to the present day, and apply the rule of Bastiat. The cotton manufacture is only a century old; forty years since the product of a cotton-mill was less than one third what it is now, and the value of each spindle and loom was greater; it took three or four times as large a portion of the annual result to compensate capital as it does now. But as capital in cotton-mills has increased, that is, as men have become rich, as the mills have become larger, more numerous, more effective, the annual share of the product of the mills that capital could secure to its own use has diminished year by year. Where forty years since it could secure at least one fifth, it can now take to itself but one fifteenth, or less, of the product; labor receives the rest. Yet the smaller share from the larger product measured in money would come to a vastly greater sum than the larger share of the lesser product used to constitute. The absolute share of capital is greater; its relative share is less.

The laborers, on the other hand, receive from ninety-four to ninety-seven per cent. of the larger product, where they used to receive but eighty per cent. of a much smaller one; their share is far greater both absolutely and relatively. The rule is clearly demonstrated in the history of the cotton factory, and its beneficent working can be traced in every other branch of industry.

This is only the title of one of the chapters that ought to be a part of the instruction of the members of the Unlearned Professions. Would it not help, and not harm, a man to know that the harder and more intelligently he worked in his chosen business, and the more success he achieved in adding to the capital in it, the more drudgery he would save his fellow-men, and the more leisure he would ultimately give them in their struggle for subsistence? Let it, then, be asked of the college men, professors, instructors, graduates, and members of boards of alumni and of trustees, by whom our institutions of learning are now and are to be hereafter guided and controlled, What have you provided for the instruction of this young man, who is perhaps to be one of the capitalists by whom these great enterprises in manufacturing and in commerce are to be carried on in the next generation? We do not mean, What technical instruction do you intend to give him? (even that was wanting only a few short years ago; but our Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Sheffield School at Yale, the Scientific School at Dartmouth, and many other schools are more or less adequately meeting this need) but, What are you doing for the instruction of this young man, who is to become rich and to furnish the means and direct the employment of those who have been trained in the technical schools and those who labor under them?

Let us take hold of one end of the cotton thread and follow the clue to the other end; perhaps by this method we may indicate what seems to be the need and method of instruction for those who are now or are to become rich. As we untwist the strand it will carry us back to prehistoric times, — to the land in Central Asia, where the woman who first gathered the lint from the boll and learned to spin it upon the distaff laid the foundation of the modern factory. In the records of Assyria upon the stones of Nineveh, and on the walls of the pyramids, one may see the pictures of the loom, of which our finest modern examples are but modifications. Let us follow the strand down through the ages, and before we have untwisted all that is held among its fibres we may have learned a lesson in physical geography and geology, in the chemistry of soils and in mechanics;

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have studied how plants grow; have mastered many of the most important chapters in the history of nations; have sounded the depths of moral and political science; and when our own time is reached we shall find the most potent factor in the renewed prosperity upon which we are now congratulating ourselves.

The mechanician who invented the cotton-gin perpetuated slavery for nearly a century, and the despised negro has been the financial power by whom specie payment has now been restored. The last ten free crops of cotton have exceeded the last ten slave crops by six and a half million bales. These last six crops of cotton have been worth nearly or quite three billion dollars in gold coin. With them we have paid our foreign debt and turned the tide of gold this way.

Our success in resuming our place among nations and in taking the lead in paying our debts has been due to our merchants, our men of affairs, to our railway managers and our capitalists, — far more than to our statesmen. While Congress has been vacillating and uncertain in its purpose, and our ministers of finance have been and still are tampering with the currency, great industrial forces have been directed by able men, and most of the obstructions that legislators or administrations could interpose have been surmounted.

It is the work of those who have produced and distributed our great crops of cotton and of corn that has achieved results. It is the instinct of the people rather than the statesmanship of its financial leaders that has kept the nation true; their common sense has been proof against the plausible fraud of the demagogue and the specious sophistries of the sentimentalist and the rhetorician. To them we owe the honorable record of our last few years of financial struggle that will be inscribed in the history of this time.

When the merchant studies history to find the place that men of affairs have held in its course, he soon perceives that even in war itself, which constitutes so much of the narrative of history, it is the man of affairs that has been the chief actor; without the able commissary the greatest general would have failed.

If he seeks to know the real event that occurred at a given time, or in a given age, he will find it only in a supplementary chapter that seems to be of the least interest. When the enthusiasm for the crusades roused the lords of the land to muster their men at arms and proceed upon their hopeless enterprise, the real event was the sale of their lands to the merchants and men of affairs, from whom the possession of land had before been most jealously guarded; and when these knights and seigneurs died in battle and from disease in the far lands of the East their grand crusade seemed all a failure; but the men at arms, the followers, and the serfs who escaped with life carried back the arts of making steel, of weaving silk, and the seed of maize, and in these and other ways worked a vast change in the industry of Western Europe. When the Moors were driven out of Spain, and there seemed to be a great triumph for Christianity, literature and art and industry went with them; the pursuits of peace, in many of which the Moors far exceeded any other race in Southern Europe, were put back a century, and the greed of gold, as the only kind of wealth worth possessing, became the ruling principle in the Spanish mind, and has since been the chief cause of the ruin of the great empire of Spain.

How many of those who read history as it is taught in the schools and colleges perceive the true force of gunpowder? Who, except the one who finds in commerce and industry the great forces that move society and sooner or later control events, ever thinks that the invention of gunpowder was one of the greatest events, not only in its effect on

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the industrial arts, but in the equalization of wealth, — that it destroyed the power of sword and armor, and ultimately changed the entire distribution of wealth, from the ancient mode according to status or condition to the modern method by contract and agreement? What events in the great religious wars were equal in their ultimate effect on the history of the world to the banishment of the Flemish weavers to England and the scattering of the French Huguenots in other lands, to which they carried the industrial arts they had learned at home?

If we would bring this lesson home to our own times and country, witness the great industrial revolution that has occurred in our own land. I have spoken of our great crop of cotton and its value, — what does it mean more than has yet been indicated? The enfranchisement of the negro and his endowment with the right of suffrage of necessity brought many evil results. States were misgoverned for the time being, and much disaster has ensued from this misgovernment. Now, a reaction has occurred which has brought again into temporary power the representatives of a dead past, and for a little time galvanized corpses, who in their life-time attempted to harness pestilence to do the evil work of slavery, may even take their places in the governor's chair of great States, and appear to rule; but let us have patience and look deeper. The organic laws of these States have been mostly framed in accordance with the best constitutions of the Northern States. Under their action the very fabric of society is being changed: old things have partly passed away; new men and new measures are forcing their way into action; the production of wealth is rapidly increasing, and for its opportunity it demands and will have justice and fair treatment for those who do the work. Identity of material interests is riveting the bonds of the union of the States more surely than any constitution or organic law, — more firmly than any force of arms could rivet it. The war for the Union neither saved nor made it; it removed the cause of disunion that for a century had kept the separate members of an aggregate of States in a condition of passive war with one another, and the slave-stricken sections in passive civil war within their own boundaries. The centrifugal force has been destroyed and the centripetal force is as certain in its action as the law of gravitation. The men who stand in its way will be crushed, and the Southern men soon to represent the forces at present in action are those who now have the sagacity to perceive their nature, and who are setting themselves at work to remove the obstacles that still in some degree prevent their perfect work.

Analyze these new forces, and what is their source? Simply the effort of free men to secure wealth; simply the self-interest of individuals, each more or less blindly struggling to improve his own condition. The illiterate and uninstructed freedman and the yet more illiterate and badly instructed poor white, with more or less of violence, more rather than less of fraud, and under almost hopeless difficulty are yet laying the foundations of order and stability. To him who can look beneath the surface of the political froth that obscures the deep-moving currents it is the opportunity that liberty has given to achieve widely distributed wealth which is the real power destined soon to control events, and once more give to these great States of the South an influence in the councils of the nation that no one need ever dread again.

Witness once more the great industrial revolution that is moving over England with resistless force, and trace its cause. Again you will find a righteous change worked out by the pursuit of wealth under free conditions. Under the feudal system the possession of land,

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which constituted the chief element of property, carried with it duties as well as rights; it had grown out of the conditions of a society in which strength gave the power which science has since developed in mechanism.

The orders of knighthood and of nobility were more or less deserved, and in some degree were recognitions of service rendered to society; but when the titles have come down to spendthrifts and imbeciles, and the possessions can only be maintained by bailiffs and trustees, — when the land is covered with restrictions and settlements in favor of those whose lives are passed in luxury or worse, and who perform no service in return for the share of other men's labor which they enjoy, — then, the end cannot be far away. Has it not come? The near future will answer this question. If it has come, what has been the motive? The hardy immigrants seeking to escape the blood tax of compulsory military service in Germany and other continental countries, or seeking to avoid the almost serf-like conditions of Ireland and Scotland, soon to be followed by an unnumbered multitude from England itself, have sought subsistence on our fertile land. Their aim is to accumulate wealth. The railway magnate seconds their attempt, the great merchant promotes it, and by their success each achieves his own special end. The weary toilers of England are sustained, while the power of the privileged classes is being shattered to its foundation. The low cost of our grain and meat forbid the payment of rent to the English landlords.

It is the merchant, the manufacturer, the railway owner, and the other members of the unlearned professions by whom all this work is concentrated and directed. Shall they work blindly on, moved by forces of which they themselves are ignorant? Shall they undervalue their own pursuits? Shall they any longer be held unworthy of the highest rank among men? Rather let us take a lesson from the Chinese, who have not permitted titles of nobility to pass down from brave and worthy ancestors to a posterity that may have become idle, vicious, and unworthy, but who, in virtue of noble deeds and useful services performed in the present time, grant titles of nobility to the ancestors of him who does the work of to-day.

What kind of instruction would best serve the purpose of him who is to become a man of affairs? Perhaps one who has missed it may hardly dare to answer. May not the ancient languages cease to be taught as classics, but instead be made a part of the teaching of the English language in which they still live? May not history become replete with light and interest if we work *back* from the events of to-day to their source in the distant past? May not every science become pleasant toil when the motive of its study is the right understanding of the cotton, the wool, the leather, and the other commodities in which the merchant is to deal and the manufacturer is to work? And may not all this labor of preparation for what are now untaught and unlearned professions be elevated and dignified when the abstract training of the mind which ought to form a part of every system of instruction is sought in what has been named the most metaphysical of all the sciences, — the science of political economy? We need take no exception to the pursuit of the highest scholarship, to the most abstract training in the classics, the most thorough work in scientific study and research; but how few can spend time and money, — how few have the mental capacity that make it worth their while to attempt these courses of instruction!

Would it not be better to accept the necessary conditions of material life, and not deem ignoble that system of instruction which makes "bread and butter" more abundant? There is a demand for such work, and if the true institutions of learning do not meet it, the commu-

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nity will spend their money on the superficial instruction of what are called "business colleges."

When the department of commercial and political instruction is established as a part of the curriculum of our colleges; when our universities offer not merely a miscellaneous list of elective studies, but a carefully prepared system of elective *courses of instruction* for the merchant and the manufacturer, as fitly planned as those which have been provided for the students of law, medicine, and theology, a need will have been met that has become urgent since steam and the telegraph have brought commerce and manufactures within the domain of science, and more and more eliminated the element of chance in their pursuit. In Austria, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scotland, either in the universities or in separate schools, this need has been admirably and adequately met. Shall New England lag behind? Every man who has been in any manner connected with the use of capital, even though not himself a capitalist, has witnessed a waste of money from misdirection in the last twenty years counted by untold millions. In Massachusetts only, there has been a waste of capital that would not have occurred had even the elementary principles of physical and social science been taught in the schools and universities a generation since, to those who were to become the men of affairs, sufficient to have founded a commercial, technical, and industrial school upon the broadest foundation in every county and city, if not in every town, in the State.

But while the men of affairs may thus present the claims of those who must be fitted for their work in order that all may live, and while their title to rank and dignity proportioned to the importance of their work may rightly be asserted, no one will defer more fully than they to the higher claim of those to whom it is given to add to the immaterial capital, to increase the sum of knowledge, — not sought for its own sake, but that he who has striven to gain it might add to the priceless treasure which moth and rust cannot corrupt, and which no thief can steal, because it is the common wealth of generations.

It may well be considered by those who guide and control our institutions of learning that the same rule will obtain in this matter as in all the other affairs of life, — service for service. The more fitly the colleges provide for the instruction of those who now constitute the unlearned professions and bring them up to the true dignity of their calling, the more will they sustain the colleges and the learned professions, to the end that all may join together in promoting the material welfare of humanity, thus assuring that mental and spiritual progress that alone makes life worth living.

Edward Atkinson.

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

III.

Mr. Hunt was one of the most patient men when patience was really necessary; yet the exercise of this virtue was not pleasant to him. It wore upon his nervous strength and exhausted him. His patience was admirable, but it was costly, and when all outward manifestations bespoke submission and harmony he was often most restive. The delays incident to the acceptance of the contract for the Albany work, and the subsequent waiting for the room to be got

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into condition for him to begin painting, were severely felt. Some extracts from letters dated at his studio and addressed to his assistant, while the latter was at Niagara, will show this: —

"I am glad that everything goes on so well at the Falls; for, among other reasons, it enables me to be patient with my work here, and also to bear with patience the delays necessary where many are interested. Both Mr. Eidlitz and Mr. Dorsheimer have written me that they were unable to be here to meet me to-day, as we had agreed. Eidlitz is to come the last of the week, and Mr. D. on Sunday. In the mean time I have enough to busy myself about. I feel that even in the event of my not undertaking the work it will not have been entirely lost time, as I am thinking over a good many things which I would have slept over, had not an occasion called them up. I regret much not being able to be at the Falls to complete the work there before hot weather. But I don't think it would be well to growl much at my luck. I am pleased that Tom is doing well. Remember me to him, and ask him to write and tell me how the brown mare's legs and feet are. Also, he must be sure not to let the horses go too long without having their feet looked to and shoes placed."

In another note at this time he says, "I am quite as anxious to be in N. F. as you are to have me, and the time lost in questioning and doubt is very perplexing; but I suppose we must look at it as a good thing. I have been trying some experiments in throwing up large figures in my room from small drawings, and they work pretty well. Will write soon and often, and like to hear from you."

This letter was sent off without either date or signature. He rarely dated his letters, but usually affixed his signature.

Mr. Hunt was, perhaps, more than most artists impatient of the ordinary incompetent criticism, and being by reason of his temperament an ardent hater for cause naturally disliked a class of talking or writing people who, he felt, misunderstood and misrepresented him. His enmity was notably excited by the kind of simplicity that marched up to a picture painted to be seen at a distance of ten feet, and, putting its nose against the canvas, prated of brush marks and roughness and the lack of finish. I remember hearing Mr. Hunt and Mr. Joseph Jefferson compare opinions upon the effect of looking at pictures from wrong distances. Mr. Jefferson remarked that it was necessary to modify one's representations to suit the distance of the actor from the audience; that good acting in a small auditorium might not be effective in a larger room.

Mr. Hunt was a believer in solid masculine work. He had been a painter long enough to appreciate, in his own productions, the worth of time in mellowing the tone and smoothing the surface of paintings in oil. No complaint was ever heard of a want of finish or smoothness in the painting called The Prodigal Son, recently on exhibition at the Art Museum. It appears, indeed, more "finished" or smooth than many a Holbein or a Ribera; yet, two years after it was painted, in 1853, its surface was so coarse and rough that the texture of the sheep-skin on the back of the smaller figure could not be distinguished from the flesh painting except by its color. Mr. Hunt recognized a certain crudeness and roughness as valuable qualities in fresh work, and did not choose to be forced into a way of painting that he did not approve.

Mr. Hunt disliked also a set of admirers who were pleased to praise his early work at the expense of his present, and who spoke of his latest pictures as crude and hurried in execution. I could see, or thought I could see, that, averaging his work, he was painting, on the whole, better and better every year. I once remarked to him that I thought

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he had never painted so well as now, and asked him to tell me frankly his own opinion about it. He said, "I think I am painting now better than at any period of my life. I should certainly be very much discouraged if I thought that, with all my trying, I had made no progress for twenty years. Of this I am sure: the things that I did many years ago with difficulty look very easy to me at the present time."

Since Mr. Hunt's death, but never before within my knowledge, he has been spoken of as lacking in originality, and his earlier paintings, done under the supervision of Couture or Millet, or soon after leaving their ateliers, are instanced in supporting this view. But to dispose of this accusation we have only to look at the things done after he had emancipated himself from his pupillary surroundings. I think one finds in his later work a rather aggressive and striking originality both in conception and style. Certainly one would never speak of any of the old masters as lacking in originality because their early works resembled those of their teachers. Such fidelity to teaching is creditable to the pupil. The only thing that gives very early work any value whatever is its close resemblance to that of some artist of reputation.

In the spring of 1877, Mr. Hunt was especially disturbed by an article published in one of the newspapers of New York. It purported to be a notice of the spring exhibition of the Academy of that city, but a chief object of the communication was, apparently, to give vent to some splenetic views concerning Mr. Hunt and his pupils and friends in Boston. As Mr. Hunt had no pictures on exhibition in the New York Academy at this time, one might have supposed it difficult to introduce him and his local surroundings into such an article; but the writer was equal to the occasion. Mr. Duveneck had some pictures there, and these paintings, the writer went on to say, were "not needed here so much as in Boston;" but they were particularly needed in the latter place "to break up the stagnation that follows monopoly in the art world no less inexorably than it does in the market. We are fortunately free, now, from the one-man power that until a little while ago in Boston had ground down all the young women artists', and many of the young men artists', bones to a pale unanimity, and which, if it had not been checked in time, would have swamped art in our sister city in monotony and mannerism. Mr. Duveneck's appearance in Boston fluttered the dove-cotes there to some purpose, and nothing that we know of in the recent history of our art world seems to me as interesting as the cordial enthusiasm his pictures excited among the younger members of the Art Club, — an enthusiasm which took the practical shape of an invitation to the artist to come and settle in Boston, where, it was hoped, he might give efficient help in the opposition that was making itself felt to certain arrogant and dogmatic claims beginning to be unbearable. Mr. Duveneck did not accept the invitation, but his pictures worked powerfully in the desired direction, and greatly strengthened the hands of the rising school. In Boston the presence of a strong man was needed to temper, not to destroy, the rule of one artist, who, immensely more through social and personal influences, — among them a streaming eloquence of dogmatic assertion, headstrong opinions, and blustering scorn of all opposition, — immensely more through such influences than through his art, had imposed his theories and his practice on a crowd of blind adorers. Of course some good has come of this autocratic rule. It has not enlarged people; that can only be done by teaching them to think for themselves. It has not made them love art; that can only be done by showing them art in its various manifestations; and

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Boston people have been crammed, in these later years, with the belief that there is no art but French art, and that Couture and Mr. Wm. Hunt are its prophets. . . . No man in Boston, with any strength of his own, could, however, long endure this state of things. Those who could escape fled to Europe or New York; those who could not escape made the best of it; and we can imagine their delight when, at a certain exhibition of the Art Club, they saw their deliverance dawn in Mr. Duveneck's pictures."

This article Mr. Hunt regarded as a malicious as well as an ignorant representation of his position in Boston, and felt that, in justice to his pupils and friends, and to the status of art here, some correcting statement should be made. He therefore wrote and sent the following reply, which was refused publication. It was addressed to the writer of the criticism. "I am not surprised," writes Mr. Hunt, "at your disgust at the character which you describe; but when one considers that it is your own manufacture, the disgust turns naturally towards the machine which incubates such a production. You present the picture of a being so weak and stupid that he cannot even teach people to 'think for themselves,' and one who has not taught any one to love art; 'for that can only be done by showing them art in its various manifestations.' This weak creature at the same time holds 'autocratic rule' over a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants for years, grinds everybody to pieces, and those who can escape fly to Europe, — or to New York! To cap the climax, a deliverer arrives, who, by the bye, had been invited by me to share my studio; and in another moment, if it had not been checked in time, this 'one-man power' would have 'swamped art in our sister city in monotony and mannerism.'

"Now, your motive in all this is to create animosity between me and other artists; but you will be unsuccessful. The sister city, over which I am described as holding such autocratic rule, has always been the first to accept most cordially fresh examples of art. Boston was the first to recognize Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and of our own non-resident artists, Inness, Lafarge, Vedder, Duveneck, and others.

"You tell us that Boston people have been crammed with French art, and that Couture and William Hunt are its prophets. Now it may surprise the reader to learn that you have written the history of my teachings and creed without even asking me an opinion, or being present at any lesson of my class; furthermore, to learn that I have never undertaken to teach M. Couture's method, or any other method, and have endeavored, as all my scholars will say, to develop in each one his individual manner. I would as soon think of teaching a method of writing poetry.

"The words 'French art,' which you put in my mouth, I do not remember ever to have used in my class; for they convey no meaning to the art student further than being suggestive of a class of skillfully painted pictures imported into New York, and sold to amateurs and dealers all over the country. The term is used here generally by what are called 'dealers' assistants,' who drum up purchasers, rope in friends, and pocket commissions.

"Among modern painters I admire Hogarth, Géricault, Constable, Turner, Delacroix, Ingres, Flandrin, Corot, Millet, and others. I have pointed these artists out to my scholars as admirable; and I shall not forget that Géricault, one of the greatest of modern French painters (mind you, not a stickler for French art), went over to England, and wrote to Delacroix to come over, saying that the English had at that time the best painters.

"And when we see the admiration of the French for Bonnington, of Troyon for Constable, artists of each nation

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studying and admiring the works of the other; and in visiting the studios of some of the best men in England to-day find on their walls sketches by Daubigny, Diaz, Corot, and Millet, it shows that those who have succeeded in art have always loved and respected one another's work.

"Please to remark that these are not the names whose monograms decorate the corners of pictures generally peddled about this country, or talked of as belonging to 'French art,' or any other art. They are the names of individuals, and as different from one another as are Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière, and Browning; and, moreover, they are names that would never have survived if contemporaneous art criticism could have killed them.

"The idea that fine art was ever confined to a school, or a people, is too idiotic to speak of. To accuse me of upholding such a sentiment is as silly in you as it would be for me to publish that you believe that art criticism can only be written with a quill of the great bald-headed American eagle."

Since Mr. Hunt's death the same critic again writes: "Mr. Hunt was essentially the apostle of a school, and cried aloud in the desert of our American art culture the name of a master. He worshiped the name of the late Thomas Couture, and he taught hundreds of his countrymen to worship it." It would be interesting to learn how this writer obtained his singular knowledge of Mr. Hunt's opinions and teachings. I never heard Mr. Hunt mention the name of Couture but once, and on that occasion he humorously alluded to the circumstance of some young American artists being in Couture's studio, for the purpose of learning his method. "Having got the proper method," said Mr. Hunt, "they can come right home and go to painting."

As an example of Mr. Hunt's manner of teaching by words, the following outlines of a lecture are interesting. It is elementary, but not too elementary to be of interest.

"To make a copy of an object, and to imitate, if you will, as closely as possible, is an elementary process in learning to paint or draw. Therefore, make the most earnest endeavor, as you do when you first try to copy the letters and words in learning to write. But in order to *say* anything in art, to express as well as may be the impression or emotion which you have felt when you have seen something that has impressed you, or when your imagination has made a combination, and you desire to express this picture to another, — in order to do this, you will find not only that it is not necessary to say all that you can discover in the objects necessary to give the impression, but it will tax your ingenuity and patience to the utmost to keep the different objects needed to make your statement or picture each in its relative position to the other, and to the point you desire to make in your argument or representation.

"The manner of using all objects will necessarily differ in every new subject or statement, and you will find that to paint a plate, or a flower, or a drapery, is a very easy matter in comparison with making these objects sing the desired note in the harmony of a composition.

"To have something worth saying is a good deal; to be able to say it is not given to every one. To be eloquent is rare; to have the power to move and convince all hearers requires something more than courage, conviction, and independence. The possibility of this power is inborn, and is developed only through intense love, earnestness, desire unlimited, and the sacrifice of everything to one purpose.

"You cannot be too plain or too direct. You must believe and you must affirm, and let your qualifications and your doubts follow in the baggage train

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to look after the wounded; and when in your descriptions you speak of a leaden sky or a golden river, neither be surprised nor discouraged when the scientific realist, the expert, or the critic gravely informs you that even by the test of specific gravity your statement can be proved erroneous. Remember that weights and measures are as much his business as perception and feeling are yours.

"When a spectator, after looking at your work, remarks that he never saw this or that in nature, remember that this may be true; and, moreover, that if he had seen it, it might have said nothing to him. Listen rather to those who have expressed to you clearly something which they *have* seen, and which enables you to see something which you never before thought worth noticing. You may be sure of getting more satisfaction in showing what you have observed to a man like Sir Isaac Newton, who saw the apple fall, than you would from all the apple gatherers from the time of Adam down to the present.

"Why should we feel hurt by the complaints or criticisms of those whose opinions on art, were they for sale, we would not give a cent for? On general rules, should not their praise be discouraging? Let us suppose, now, that we have become capable of drawing and painting various familiar objects, — of rendering the idea of space in the sky, and the distance extending between objects as they recede from one another; that we have learned to give the idea of substance and weight to the objects which we have endeavored to copy, — let us suppose that we have arrived thus far, and can give the general characteristic appearance of these forms and distances. Now it remains to be seen how we are to use this power in the formation of pictures, for it is, thus far, but the power of writing and spelling and learning the definition of the words of a language, — a part, in fact, of the grammar and the dictionary; we have still to say something which will interest mankind, and to do this we must dare to leave the province of literal imitation to the parrot and the monkey. We are now to *express*, with the little we have learned, the ideas and emotions in which the mind and perceptions and heart of the artist abound."

A young man learning to paint asked Mr. Hunt if he did not think it time that he exhibited something. "Oh, yes, yes," was the reply, "it 's quite time you began to exhibit your pictures. You 'll never think as much of them as you do now."

Mr. Hunt himself was rarely very eager to exhibit his own productions to the public. I remember that, being urged to send pictures to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, he said, "I don't know why I should take the time and trouble to go about and collect my pictures, and send them off at my own risk. I have nothing in my studio that I care to send. If those who own pictures of mine would send them, I should not object to it, but I don't care enough about the matter to waste time over it." In answer to a letter begging him to exhibit some of his pictures on another occasion, in New York, he wrote:

"My dear Mr. ——: I have not any picture at present which I care about sending to the exhibition. Exhibitions are generally, I find, anything but encouraging to production, and I believe the healthy habit of production will, in the end, do more for a man than all the praise or blame elicited from the public or the press.

"I would n't paint a picture for an exhibition with any more freedom than I would talk with any freedom in society or at a tea-party. I don't feel inclined to hang myself up, voluntarily, either as a lunatic or an idiot; one of which places being always awarded to one who chooses to think or act for himself. I have peculiar notions about painting, and al-

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though I never succeed in doing what I undertake, yet I go on, if I don't exhibit. I always feel like answering invitations to exhibit like invitations to parties, — that I regret that a previous engagement will prevent, etc."

This little anecdote of an occurrence at one of his last public exhibitions in his studio in Park Square Mr. Hunt told one evening with most hearty enjoyment. The exhibition was a large one; there were a good many oil-paintings beside a great number of charcoals, the latter reaching to the ceiling and covering one side of the great studio. A stranger was observed to look the things over earnestly, and finally to make a broad sweep of the eye over the collection as a whole. He then turned to his companion, and asked, "Is the man that did all these pictures here?"

"Yes," said his friend; "that's the artist, there," pointing to Mr. Hunt.

"What! you don't mean to say that old feller in the corner, there, did all these pictures?"

"Yes, that's the artist."

"Wal," said the stranger, giving Mr. Hunt another good look, "he's had time enough to do 'em in."

Mr. Hunt was at this time about fifty-four years old, but looked nearly twenty years older. This aged appearance was due chiefly to his long gray beard, that made him resemble the portraits of Leonardo and Cellini taken when they were very old men.

Mr. Hunt was very amusing about his growing old sight, for which he had permitted me to prescribe proper eye-glasses, that he bought at Thaxter's. One evening, proposing to read us a letter that he had received, he took from his pocket an unpleasantly common-looking pair of glasses, and, anticipating my inquiry, said, "These eye-glasses I bought in the street for twenty-five cents. They seem to be about as good as those you prescribed. The fact is those were a little too good. I broke the spring, and carried them to be mended. They were to be done the next day, which was a week ago, but I don't think I shall call for 'em. I might break 'em if I had 'em, and Thaxter will take good care of 'em." He then, as usual for some weeks at this period, hung the eye-glasses on the end of his prominent nose, wrong side up, so that the spring lay over his mustache, and gravely began to read.

He carried at this time a cheap silver watch. It was "hermetically sealed," as he called it. You could, if you wished, put it in a tub of water over night. There could never be any necessity for opening it, as it was wound and its hands set by the stem. It made a noise in winding like a watchman's rattle, and if the stem were turned the wrong way it made just as much noise, and did the machinery no harm. He was constantly taking this remarkable watch out of his pocket, swinging it around by its chain, and winding it both ways as noisily as possible, remarking that it was "the most amusing watch he ever had; very companionable, too; worth more than its cost as a toy to play with."

Henry C. Angell.

HILLS OF ASHAM.

LIKE the glare of a blood-red furnace the August sun went down
Over the hills of Asham, with the drouth's long-wasting brown,
And, shorn of the grace of twilight, at one step plunged the night
Into the purple vapor that had drunk the day's last light.

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Dread fell with the dark on Asham, where teachings, mocked at first,
The slow and cruel summer into ripe belief had nursed;
The trump of Judgment to-morrow was to thrill with its solemn sound
The living amid their labors, the dead in their graves profound!

And so, as the night rushed downward, in his door sat Jasper Lee,
And, borne on its lurid bosom, beheld Eternity.
"'T is thus," to himself he muttered, "that the earth her Judge should meet,
With the clouds of heaven upgathered, to make a path for his feet."

But the calm on his musing forehead broke into an angry flame,
When his fair-haired daughter Alice o'er the threshold faltering came.
Was it Reuben Moore beside her, — her lover of long ago,
At his stern command relinquished, — the son of his bitter foe?

From his chair old Jasper started. "What brings you here?" he cried.
"Be off, ere my patience fails me! And you, girl, there at his side, —
Do you stand in the great doom's shadow, forgetful, undismayed?
There's a curse denounced upon children who have schemed and disobeyed!"

"Oh, father, be kind!" said Alice. "If it be indeed as you say,
And this night, so black and awful, presage the last dread day,
Shall we carry our pride and passions alive to the Judge's bar?
Is there anything unforgiven where the saints and the angels are?

"Oh, father, dear father, tell me that to-night the old grudge dies!"
She clung to his arm, and pleaded with her sweet dead mother's eyes.
But the heart of Jasper was hardened; he put her roughly by.
"There's a just and right resentment that never was meant to die!

"His father cheated me basely, — I swear it! Moreover, I know
He slandered me basely to hide it. What if it were years ago?
A wrong is a wrong forever." Then quietly Reuben said,
"I come from him with a message for you, sir, — and he is dead.

"Does a penitent God has pardoned remain the same in your eyes?
Untouched, can you hear him speaking from the far-off grave where he lies?
He bade me entreat you to measure, by your hope of a final grace,
His sin, as your conscience should answer what you would have done in his place."

The face of Jasper was troubled, and thrice his hard lips stirred
To thrust back the dead man's challenge; but ere he could choose a word
The wrath of the brooding tempest a readier voice had found,
And the mighty heart of the darkness was cloven with flame and sound.

Muttering and menacing harshly, the thunder jarred to rest
In a deep, dead hollow of silence, low down in the shrouded west.
The night seemed listening breathless; and Jasper his gray head bent,
As if he feared to be dazzled by the light of the Lord's descent.

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At last, like one awakened from the spell of a dreamful sleep,
He faced his daughter and Reuben, with utterance broken and deep:
"Be ye two witnesses for me, I take back the words I said!
The warning of God is between me and the sin of him who is dead.

"Out of the clouds he has spoken; in yon brief moment's space,
As plain as the lighted hill-sides, I looked my soul in the face;
And the dead years rose to judge it, as it stood in its stains alone.
I have done with the deeds of others, I go to plead for my own."

The hand of Reuben a moment he held in a pressure strong, —
How Alice had prayed to behold it, that clasp deferred so long!
He turned from the porch in silence; and, under a gray old oak,
They saw him stand like a shadow, as the wind with a wail outbroke,

And the crash of the thunder, bursting in a wide, blue, blinding track!
"Father, oh, father!" cried Alice, "come out of the storm, — come back!"
But only an echo answered, for the lips of Jasper were mute.
With the lightning's seal on his forehead, he lay at the seared oak's foot.

The morrow dawned upon Asham in a heaven of pearl and blue,
And the heart of the hills vibrated, as the great sun smote it through;
The brooks in their channels quivered, the little leaves laughed their fill,
And the sins and sorrows of mortals were rip'ning for Judgment still.

Jean Scofield.

AN OLD WAR HORSE TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

My dear Nephew, — I was seventy years old yesterday, and although I feel as young as I ever did, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in spite of my feelings I really am an old man. So, since I must soon pass off the stage on which — if I say it who should n't — I have long been a prominent figure, it is only natural that I should desire, in the absence of a son of my own, that my mantle should fall to a son of one of my blood. I believe you have good stuff in you. Your valedictory when you graduated, last summer, although containing too little that was practical to suit my taste, would have done credit to the average cong— I was going to write congressman; but I can justly go further than that. It would have done credit to the Washington journalists, who sometimes compose — that is to say, revise — speeches for some of us congressmen. This, however, like the rest of my communication, is strictly between ourselves.

When I left you on Commencement Day I urged you to lose no time in getting into politics, promising that I would help you push your fortunes as occasion offered. Since then I have received a letter from you, in which you write that you have read Story on the Constitution, Benton's Thirty Years in the United States Senate, Greeley's American Conflict, two or three works on Political Economy, and De Tocqueville on America. I suppose there can be no objection to such reading. Likely enough

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it has its value. But what I particularly desire, my dear nephew, is that you should become a practical politician, — a thoroughly practical politician. I never remember reading any of the works you have mentioned, or any like them, unless, indeed, you call Barnum's How to Make Money a treatise on finance. And yet, cast your eyes over the salient points of my career. I have been alderman, supervisor, mayor, state representative, state senator, and congressman. For many years I have been chairman of our state and county committees. I can hardly remember the time when I did n't carry the vote of my own ward in my vest pocket and of my own city in my trousers pocket, and I 've got them there yet. For going on half a century I have had things pretty much my own way in caucuses and primaries, and the like. What has been the secret of my unusual success? I will try — in strict confidence, as you will understand — to give you some plain, blunt, non-partisan hints for your guidance in politics which may serve to answer the question.

I. Never allow yourself to lose sight of the fact that politics, and not poker, is our great American game. If this could be beaten into the heads of some presumably well-meaning but glaringly unpractical people, we should hear less idiotic talk about reform in connection with politics. Nobody ever dreams of organizing a reform movement in poker. How droll it would sound to read that "Hon. John Oakhurst, Hon. William Nye, and Hon. Ah Sin, in connection with other well-known citizens of California, are engaged in endeavoring to reform poker from the inside!" And yet political reform clubs, designed to reform politics from the inside or the outside, are springing up on all sides. Of course, it is just as well not to attempt to argue the masses out of their deeply rooted notion that politics is what Noah Webster defines it to be, "that part of *ethics* which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state." Ethics is very good in connection with politics. But then Webster, it must be remembered, was simply a learned lexicographer, and not a practical politician. No, no. Don't try to reason with the masses in this matter. The public has no head for such things. It will not understand.

II. Mr. Lincoln, a very estimable and justly popular, but in some respects an impracticable man, formulated another widely diffused error in regard to politics. He held that ours is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. I maintain, on the contrary, that it is a government of politicians, by politicians, for politicians. If your political career is to be a success, you must understand and respect this distinction with a difference.

III. Not a few capable but unpractical people, when they fall to discussing our governmental system, argue that the existence of parties is necessary to the welfare of our country. But long experience has taught me that the more sensible way for a practical politician to look at it is that the existence of the country is necessary to the welfare of parties. Thank Heaven, my dear nephew, that we have a country!

IV. You have received your commission as postmaster of your village. A post-office is a capital political opening for a young man who has sense enough to discover how to make the right use of it. You will of course leave all matters touching the postal service to your deputy. Never forget that your pivotal duty as postmaster will be to nurse the party in your section. As a practical man, you must see, if you reflect a moment, that postmaster and local partymaster must be convertible terms with you if you expect to be approved by the great party leaders, and to become a great leader yourself, some day. To be sure, if you find leisure, there can be nothing indelicate in your appearing

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at the post-office now and then and doing a few strokes of purely postal work. But take care that such service does not encroach upon the hours when you ought to be fostering the party boom. In your selection of clerks you will be guided primarily by a determination to have only such men around you as will register your will every time at caucuses and conventions. Should it turn out in any instance that you have been deceived in your man, be nice about the phrase with which you discharge him. I submit a formula which has been repeatedly tried, and generally found to work well. We will suppose the clerk who won't answer is named John Doe. You will call him into your private office and address him substantially as follows: "Mr. Doe, I am compelled with all reluctance, at the call of duty, to dissever our relations, and must request you to file your resignation forthwith. During your connection with this office as letter-carrier you have displayed an ability and a fidelity, a grace of manner and a strength of character, that have endeared you to all your associates and done not a little to elevate the tone of the entire American postal service. If I have brought myself to part with you, it is solely to the end that there may be greater homogeneousness of view, so to speak, in the office." One of your predecessors used this formula with great satisfaction to himself, and apparently to those whom he decapitated. He always found, he told me, that the first part of it put the clerk to whom it was addressed in capital humor, while the "homogeneousness" dazed him to that extent that he walked out of the office minus his head, not appreciating what had been the matter, but having a nebulous impression that he had been killed by kindness.

V. I sincerely hope it is not necessary that I should counsel you always to vote the regular ticket, the whole regular ticket, and nothing but the regular ticket. Hold fast, I beseech of you, to the doctrine of the infallibility of your party in convention assembled. Delegates, like kings, "can do no wrong." The voters who scratch ballots or bolt nominations are to be regarded as the bane of politics, just as certain other reformers have been the bane of religion. They all belong in the same category, and all are equally deserving of the execration of every practical man, as exponents of the pestiferous doctrine of the right of private judgment. And just here a word in reply to the familiar question, Would you vote for the devil if he received the party's regular nomination? I have no hesitation in affirming that I certainly would. Let 's look at it. If the day ever comes when the devil is nominated, the other side will be pretty sure to run Gabriel against him. Of the two, my choice would be the devil. To be sure, it would not be an ideal nomination, — but then, neither is ours an ideal world. I am aware that the devil has split hoofs, pronounced horns, and a bifurcated tail. But do we choose candidates for their good looks? As to his moral character, I frankly admit it is not all I could desire; but after criticism has exhausted itself, the fact remains, conceded by both parties, that he is not as black as he is painted. On the other hand, he has many qualities that ought to commend him to practical men. He is self-made, he is thoroughly in earnest in all he undertakes, he is an untiring worker, he is one of the shrewdest of wire-pullers, he possesses vast and versatile accomplishments, he is unsurpassed in ability to find and manipulate the springs that move men, he has a positive genius for making friends. Gifted, popular, magnetic, at home in all circles, from the highest to the lowest, he would be certain to make a splendid run. As for Gabriel, I have only to say that, while his intellectual and moral endowments are undoubtedly of the highest order,

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there is great reason to fear that he would not succeed in the realm of practical politics. If elected to office, it is more than likely that he would prove more of a botheration than a boon to his party. He would be living up to the promises made during the canvass; he would resolutely decline to let well enough alone. Let me not be misunderstood. I yield to no one in my regard for Gabriel. But, as a practical man, I would feel called upon to vote against him, and do all I could for his opponent. In my own ward, where my influence is most potent and my political theories most approved of, I feel convinced that the devil would have a very large majority. This hypothetical case is of course an extreme one, and is never likely to occur. I have dealt with it simply for the sake of showing you that the position of those who insist upon the invariable support of regular nominations is sound in the last analysis.

VI. How are scratchers and bolters to be dealt with? It is an exceedingly difficult question. I myself am at a loss to determine whether it is better to be extremely tender or awfully rough with them. Each policy is good at times, and in making a choice you must be guided by circumstances. In a sterner age than ours, an age that had less stomach for nonsense, gentlemen who were convicted of the crime of private judgment were burned at the stake. It is not permitted us in these latter, laxer days to make it as warm for scratchers and bolters as it was once made for John Huss; still we can show that we possess the sturdy practical views of those who flung Huss to the fagots, by pelting the scratchers and bolters with jeers, sneers, and innuendoes, by crediting them with the meanest of motives, and insisting that they are either traitorous, inconsequential knaves, or silly, inconsequential fools. As for those upon whom such treatment is lost (and I confess that I suspect it fails with the majority of scratchers and bolters), try what is known to practical politicians as the postponement treatment. By the skillful use of this treatment I kept Vandyke Podgers from scratching or bolting for thirty-six consecutive years, and then just before the state election he died, and there was an end of that embarrassment. When I began to reason with him there was a presidential canvass on. "Podgers," said I, "as you love your country, do not scratch this year. Consider the far-reaching and vital importance of the issues involved." Podgers concluded to postpone. The following year I accomplished my purpose by reminding him that "this is the first and therefore the most critical year of an administration which upon the whole you indorse, Podgers, and which it is incumbent upon you to make some sacrifices heartily to sustain." He concluded to postpone. The next year my argument took the shape of, "My dear Podgers, let me beg of you to vote a straight ticket this year. Do you realize what year it is, Podgers? Of course you do. I need not remind a gentleman of your exceptional intelligence that this election is but the prelude to the presidential election of next year, with its issues of far-reaching and vital importance." Podgers concluded to postpone. The next year was the presidential year, when I repeated the argument first mentioned. The others in turn again did service, and so on for thirty-six years. And that's the way I kept persuading Podgers to postpone. He never was, but always to be, a scratcher or a bolter. At the elections at which no national or state ticket was run, and only minor local offices were to be filled, I pointed out to Podgers the necessity of keeping the party organization intact; and when all other arguments failed I insisted that of two evils he should always choose the least and that, admitting that our ticket was evil, it was the least of the

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two. Even this brief and inadequate account of its application will make sufficiently clear to you, I think, the true inwardness of the postponement treatment. Just one word more about it. Those who employ it with the most gratifying results allow the impression to be produced in the patient's mind at the outset that, although they have never happened to find an election at which scratching or bolting could be indulged in without perfectly harrowing injury to public interests of colossal moment, yet, nevertheless, they heartily and unreservedly approve of scratching and bolting in the abstract. Such an attitude on my part toward poor Podgers won his confidence at our first political conference on this subject, and produced in him a mood hospitable to all my subsequent arguments and admonitions.

This communication has already exceeded reasonable limits, and yet I have only touched upon a few points. But perhaps I have written enough to start you right, to make you understand the nature of our great American game, and to put you in possession of the clue to the secret of playing it successfully. Be it yours to consult the expedient, leaving it to the purists of the party to consult the highly proper. Beware of those who take sentimental views of unsentimental matters. A man who would "rather be right than be president" by all means ought to decline a presidential nomination, and run for a position in a theological seminary, a Sunday-school, or Vassar College; while he who holds that "one with God is a majority" antagonizes the system of reckoning which has come down to us from the fathers, and which has the approval of every practical inspector of American elections. Be practical in your politics, be practical, ever more be practical.

With fervent hopes and high anticipations of your future, I subscribe myself your affectionate uncle,

—— ——.

To —— ——, Esq.

[For obvious reasons these names are withheld from publication. — Ed. Atlantic.]

FUTURE OF PRECIOUS METAL MINING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The quickest attained, if not the most permanent, source of national wealth is doubtless to be found in the development of the precious metals of a country where they exist in profitable quantities. All the other exchangeable results of labor have their value much reduced by costs of transportation, or by the state of the markets where they must be sold. If the labor yield corn or cloth, it must bear the tax of distance, the impost of foreign duties, and the variation of demand; if it yield gold beyond the cost of production, none of these drawbacks weigh upon it in an appreciable way. It is therefore natural and fit that among all the resources of a new country men should first attend to the precious metals, and that the gold and silver hunter should have been the pioneer of civilization, — the greed of gold the very wind in the sails of the explorers who have broken down all the barriers of distance and difficulty that the earth sets against commerce. The nature of his work, giving as it does neither food nor clothing, draws in his train all the firmer elements of society, and so brings about the rapid subjugation of wildernesses. Moreover, as the explorer for gold must com-

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bine skill, judgment, and courage with a strong body and determined will, he makes the best possible beginning for civilization. With all his faults he is necessarily the manliest of rough men, — the fittest material to face the difficulties of a wilderness, and to lay therein the strong foundations of states to be.

So the future of the precious metals in this country is interesting not only with reference to the sources of quick and stimulating wealth, but also from the point of view of political development. The immense area of our Cordilleras of North America, nearly one third of the national domain, a region greater than the empire of Germany, is to be shaped into the uses of society by the power of this peculiar branch of human industry. Left to all the other impulses that lead men into infertile lands, this section would have waited for centuries, an untenanted desert, and would have become a refuge for outcast populations, such as tend always to regions where subsistence is too scanty to make the basis of an agricultural community. We have but to see the actual effect of this search for precious metals in this region to become convinced of its great political importance. It is therefore a worthy task to try to foresee the future of the precious-metal production of the United States, and to determine, as far as such determinations are possible, the probable importance of this form of industry in the various parts of the country.

The fields of the precious metals in the United States may be generally divided into two principal areas, that of the Appalachian and that of the Cordilleran range. Besides these there are the smaller regions, which may be termed, in a similar fashion, from their neighboring mountains, the Laurentian, including the region about Lake Superior, and the Ozark region about the mountains of that name in Arkansas and Missouri. There are lead ores in several of the States of the Mississippi Valley, at great distances from these mountain ranges, that contain a small proportion of silver, but in few cases does this silver exceed about the four or five thousandth part of the ore; nor is there any chance that they will ever produce this metal in quantities of the least commercial importance. The whole of the rich agricultural region of the Mississippi; the whole of the Western plains, through all their extent to the one hundred and second meridian west from Greenwich, and on their northern section to the one hundred and tenth meridian; the whole of the low-lying plains of the Southern States, in all containing a little over one half the total area of the United States, but at least nine tenths of its arable land, is sure never to prove productive of any of the metals now known to the arts, save iron, lead, and aluminium; and of these lead will never be again economically produced there, until the mining industry of the Cordilleran region begins to wane.

This rejection of the larger part of our national area from the list of regions where gold and silver may be found in profitable quantities is based upon actual experience of the generations grown up within the area, as well as the general fact that the experience of other countries shows us that such rocks as underlie this region are always marked by the absence of gold and silver in profitable quantities.

Of late years there has been a great advance towards a clear understanding of the natural processes by which metallic deposits are brought into the shape in which the miner finds them. All the old notions about the outburst of mineral veins, by fiery ejection from the deep interior of the earth, have been cast aside. Geologists now pretty generally recognize the fact that all our metals are deposited in our stratified rocks as they are laid down on the sea-floor, having been separated from the sea-water, as a great part of all the rocks are, by

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the action of sea-weeds and marine animals. In this disseminated form, but in varying degrees of richness, all our metals may be said to exist in all our rocks, but in a state so diffused that nothing but the most careful analysis by concentration of a great mass of the rock would enable the chemist to recognize their presence. In the larger laboratory of nature, where work is done more patiently than man can do it, this concentration is readily accomplished. It needs only the application on a large scale, and for a long time, of the same much-heated waters the chemist uses in his processes to strip a bed of limestone of its gold, silver, or other ores, and to bear them to some other part of the neighboring earth crust. In the machinery of our hot springs and geysers, we have at once the whole of the mechanism necessary to remove the metals from their original positions in the rocks, and fill fissures with the material. Recent investigations have shown that the hot springs of the Rocky Mountain region are to-day making deposits of gold-bearing vein-stones in their fissures. The rain-water passes downwards through the rocks of the hills, until it is heated in its course and compressed under the weight of the water above; restrained from passing into steam by this pressure, its heat often becomes much greater than that of boiling water, as is proved by the behavior of the geyser. As it creeps through the rocks it takes up the metallic substances with which it comes in contact, but as its power of holding them depends mainly upon its high temperature, the water must perforce lay them down as soon as in its upward course it has lost a large share of its heat; and this loss of temperature occurs as the water rises through the fissure towards its point of discharge. Some part of its transporting power is given to the water by the various gases it takes up in its course, — gases produced by the decompositions it brings about. These gases are held in the water by pressure, and escape as it comes to the open air, and to a great extent leave it as soon as it approaches the surface. Thus we see that there are peculiar conditions that limit not only the occurrence of gold and silver in rocks, but the concentration of that which is thus contained into such a shape that it may be profitably won. These conditions are, essentially, that the metals shall first be deposited in the rocks; then that more or less heated waters shall penetrate the rocks for a sufficient time to dissolve out the disseminated minerals and accumulate them in fissures.

The degree of heat necessary to effect this work differs widely in the case of different substances. Water at the ordinary temperature will effect the concentration of lime, and give us veins of calcite or gypsum. At the same or a very little higher temperature, we will have lead carried into fissures, or into the porous parts of rocks. Silver begins, in small quantities, to move towards the veins along with lead in waters that are but slightly thermal. Gold appears to require a higher temperature for its transportation, or at least some conditions that are rather less often presented than those that bring about the concentration of the baser metals.

The result of these conditions is that the area over which we find lead ores in profitable quantities is very much greater than that of silver-bearing rocks, and the area occupied by silver lodes is larger than that of gold ores, — in part, at least; for the reason that the conditions necessary to the concentration of these substances are less and less favorable in the order in which they are named. There is no doubt, also, that the aggregate amount of these substances separated from the sea differs widely, and that the amount of lead obtained by the heated waters in passing through rocks is greater than silver, and the silver is greater in quantity than the gold. This

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latter is the most widely distributed of these metals, though the quantity present in rocks is usually very small. Almost any sea-beach or clay bank will probably give a chemical trace of gold, at least on a little concentration; but silver and lead are not so widely distributed, in the metallic form. This more general presence of gold is due to the fact that it is not easily oxidized, and so endures the wear of time that reduces the other ores to atoms and bears them away to the sea.

Another noteworthy feature connected with the distribution of the precious metals is that while they are generally found together in the same districts their relative abundance differs very widely in different regions. As yet there have been few attempts to determine the laws fixing the respective quantities of these substances, and it is likely that they are to a great extent involved in facts that have yet to be ascertained. There are, however, some very general conclusions to which we may come, from overlooking the whole field, which will aid us a good deal in forecasting the future of the mining industries of the different sections of this country. First, as regards the occurrence of gold, we may say that, leaving aside for the moment the gold that occurs in recent deposits of sand and gravel near river-courses, gold deposits are generally found in our older slates, schists, and granitic rocks, while silver more frequently occurs in close relation to limestones, especially when they have been brought in contact with masses of lavas. From this it comes about that the especially gold areas of the United States are separated from the areas that are peculiarly rich in silver. On the eastern side of the continent, in the Appalachian Mountain system, we have an almost uninterrupted gold field from Nova Scotia to Alabama; on the western face of the continent, separated at certain points from the coast by a range of mountains, but yet essentially bordering on the sea, we have another similar but much richer field. In the middle part of the great Cordilleran system, from the Sierra Nevada eastward to the plains, lies the wonderful silver belt whose stores of wealth are beginning to pour their tide into our markets.

The Eastern field has very little silver mixed with its gold, and this little is grouped in a small region in New England lying between Boston on the south and Mount Desert on the north. In all the rest of the field, though there has often been a clamor about silver-bearing veins, no considerable deposits of this metal have yet been found, or are likely to be discovered hereafter. On the other hand, deposits of gold are wide-spread, and have yielded largely to the most shiftless methods of work at half a dozen local districts within this belt.

In the California coast region the silver element is perhaps more conspicuous; the gold itself is more mingled with silver than in the Atlantic district, but there have never been any profitable silver mines in the region west of the Sierra Nevada, nor are there likely to be. As we come east from California the gold element persists, though in diminished quantity, in the veins, but a larger share of silver is evident as soon as we get east of the Sierra Nevada. The Comstock lode, the most famous mine of the century, and perhaps the most wonderful of all mines, shares equally in the two precious metals. Yet further to the east the silver element in the mines seems steadily to increase in importance, and although the gold maintains its place it is relatively of much less value, and is probably on the whole of less richness, than in the California district. When we come to consider the detrital deposits or placer gold mines of this district, we will have a better basis for conjecturing the future of the gold industry in this region.

The gold mines of North America and the smaller deposits of silver-bear-

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ing ores, like those in the Appalachian field, do not differ in any important way from similar deposits in other countries; but when we come to consider the great silver lodes of the Rocky Mountains, we find some conditions that, while they are not without precedent in other lands, are at least so far peculiar that they deserve a place quite by themselves. It was long ago remarked that certain silver lodes were formed near where masses of igneous rocks had been thrown through fissures in the earth in the form usually termed dykes. This was especially the case where ancient lavas were driven through limestone rocks, but in all European experience such veins are of exceptional character and not peculiarly remarkable for their richness or magnitude. When, however, the fields of the Cordilleras began to be studied they gave evidence of the existence of numerous deposits of this character, but on a scale far more gigantic than anything that had been observed on the other side of the sea. The first of them to be discovered was the Comstock lode, a great ore deposit formed at the point of junction or contact of several different kinds of lavas. But none of these lavas are in contact with limestones, as in the case of some of the great lodes we have next to notice. Within three years there have been half a dozen or more similar lodes discovered, of less but still of remarkable richness. At Leadville, after men had mined placer gold about it for nearly twenty years, it was suddenly found that the rusty-looking lumps that had been a well-cursed nuisance in their sluice-boxes were rich silver ore, and that the great lode they came from was on the hill-side just above the stream. A few months' work was sufficient to reveal the most extensive and easily accessible mass of silver ores ever opened on the continent. In the two subsequent years many thousands of shafts were opened in search of the lode, and somewhere between fifty and one hundred of these found their way to the ore. From these workings it is easy to make a general determination of the character of the lode. Although it presents us with an amazing variety of detail, it is pretty clear that we had here, in the first place, a wide, sloping field of bare limestone rock, such as may now be found on many a desert mountain side in this district. The surface of this rock was worn by running water and indented by atmospheric erosion, as is the way with such rocks when long exposed to the air. At length there came down the slope, on a sudden rush, a tide of lava, scores of feet in depth, that filled up all the irregularities of the rock and buried its surface deep beneath the fiery stream. After this flow of lava had ceased, or possibly during its movement, the adjacent surfaces of the limestone and lava moved on each other, so that the faces of both were scratched and scored by the attrition. This movement seems to have resulted in the formation of an irregular crevice separating the two rocks from each other to such an extent that percolating water could pass along the line of contact. There were chambers and fissures of various forms created, and into these cavities the heated waters carried their store of metals. At certain points the fissures were abundant, many great rents being formed in the trap rock; just such as we may now observe in the lavas on the flanks of existing volcanoes. At other points the limestone was penetrated by old cavities worn on its surface while it was in the open air, or excavated by heated water after its burial beneath the lava. Into these various pockets the filling of ore was laid, apparently with great slowness, some qualities of ore being put down at one time and some at another. While the actual point of contact between the limestone and the lava is the place where the most of the ore has been laid down, some of the richest "bonanzas" seem to have been formed at many feet away in the lava, in caverns made

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at the time of the eruption or at a later date. Not every part of the contact between the two rocks is mineralized, nor is there anything like a uniformity of the richness of the ore when found. Sometimes the lime rocks lie together, with no "pay ore" between; again, the the ore is nothing but an oxide of iron; again, there may be pockets of silver ore containing from ten to twenty thousand ounces of silver to the ton of ore. In this indescribable variety of materials we see the result of many geological periods, during which the heated water crept along this path; now favoring the deposition of one substance, and now another; sometimes taking away the deposits of a former period, and replacing them by other compounds. After all this work had been done, in the later stages of the country's history these rocks were thrown from their original attitudes and rent by rifts and folds; so that it is very hard to tell which way the old lava flowed, or the steepness of its original bed. Nor do we yet know the existing area of the deposit; but it is likely that much of its surface has not yet been discovered. So far, this is, I believe, the only case yet observed of a mine occurring where an extensive sheet of superficial limestone has been overflowed by a lava deposit; but there are a number of other cases in the Cordilleras of North America where limestones have been inclosed within very massive intrusions of lava, and in every such case I believe there have been found similar contact veins. At the Horn silver, the Bassick, the Silver Park, and other mines where lavas come in contact with limestone we find in the plane of contact similar deposits of silver-bearing ores. Mining experts are already using these facts as a basis for prediction of the value of *prospects*, and miners looking for *locations* are now searching along the lines of contact of this description. It is not too much to say that wherever the massive lava intrusions or overflows lie in contact with limestones we may expect in most cases to find a mineral-bearing lode.

This determination has an especial importance from the fact that the Rocky Mountains are peculiarly the seat of lava eruptions of this nature. For some reasons mountain ranges differ greatly in the amount of volcanic action that has taken place in them. The Alps and Apennines are almost destitute of lavas, and their continuation in the Caucasus are similarly wanting in these products of internal heat. There is some reason for believing that east and west mountains yield less lavas than those running in meridional directions. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the North American section of the Cordilleras singularly abounds in lavas, and is relatively rich in limestones; so that this combination, which experience has fairly proven to be favorable to the formation of lodes rich in silver, may be expected to occur very often in this vast field.

There is another circumstance that is likely to prove favorable to the rapid extension of the silver-producing industry of this region. Owing to the small rainfall which for geological ages has characterized the Rocky Mountains, the surface of the greater part of the region west of the Sierra Nevada is singularly destitute of soil; the different beds and veins of rock are disclosed almost as clearly as they would be in a stone quarry. In no other country has the prospector such a chance as is given him here; the earth lies open to his inspection; indeed, it invites his eye to its treasures. In other mineral-bearing countries the explorer has to work blindly, taking the chance exposures of the rocks that the streams may give him, or delving beneath the soil for the trace of the lodes. Here nature lays everything where he can easily find it. The result will be that the immediate future will give a very rapid extension of our knowledge of the ore-bearing lodes of the

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Rocky Mountains, and this combined with the great business and mechanical skill of the American miners will doubtless lead to a very swift development of their resources. It should also be considered that these lodes are in many cases exceedingly favorable for the rapid mining of their treasures. That at Leadville, for instance, is so nearly horizontal that it can be assailed from hundreds of shafts, and its treasures stripped within a few years; in many other cases the lodes run through high mountains, so that one or more thousand feet of their depth may be approached by a system of tunnels, without the need of hoisting or pumping machinery, those evils that beset most mining. Moreover, in the majority of these mines, the trouble from water is likely to be small. The low rate of rainfall throughout this area, though it is a damage to its best interests by making agriculture almost impossible, is helpful to the miner. There are countervailing evils in these conditions. Timber, which the miner must have for his underground works in large quantities and of the best quality, — for on it his life as well as the safety of his works depends, — is scarce and reproduces itself slowly if at all, so that eventually it will have to be brought from great distances at much cost. The fuel necessary for smelting ores has also to be carried from the world beyond the mountains. That now used at Leadville comes from Pennsylvania, and though there is a chance that coals fit for such uses will be found nearer, there will always be trouble from this cause. Moreover, the fact that this whole region is essentially unfit for agriculture is vastly to its disadvantage. Hay is now worth more than flour in a large part of Rocky Mountain camps; last winter it was sold at about one hundred and fifty dollars per ton in Leadville. The rapid extension of railways will do much to bring this region into connection with the food-raising lands of California and the Mississippi Valley; but there are now thousands of lodes known in this region which would be exceedingly productive in Europe or the Atlantic States that will not yield a profit, considering the cost of food and fuel on the barren fields where they lie.

We have not considered the vast body of so-called true "fissure" silver-bearing veins of this region, — those where the rents are not in contact with limestones, and thus do not possess the peculiarly favorable conditions that this contact seems to bring. Their name is legion; indeed, they are innumerable. Many of them have established themselves as productive mines, but none of them have yet won a fame comparable to that enjoyed by several of the great contact deposits; yet being much more numerous than the contact deposits, they will doubtless in time come to have at least an equal share in the production of silver. Only a very small part of them have proved profitable ventures for mining, and these probably do not as yet contribute more than ten millions of dollars per annum to the silver supply, despite the fact that they have been the objects of search for a score of years past.

There yet remains another and an obscurer class of veins which is even more peculiar to the Rocky Mountains than the contact deposits. This class includes several very extensive mineral deposits in limestones or limy beds, where the ores are lodged in caverns which have all the complications of structure proper to ordinary caves. So far these caverns containing ores have been found in but three or four localities. The most noteworthy are those at Eureka, Nevada, the Emma mine, of unhappy memory, and those in Southern Utah, near the town of Frisco. These mines have an exceedingly irregular character, and are in a certain respect the most untrustworthy of all mines; yet when, as in all these cases, the chambers are large, the deposits rich, and the bed of rock in which they are excavated is extensive,

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the miner may hope to find one after another of these depositaries of ore. There is, as might be expected, always a channel that connects the rooms of the cavern, and by following this the explorer, as in a superficial cavern, may hope to find his way from one enlargement of the cave to another, indefinitely. It is very often difficult to separate this class of mines from certain groups of fissure veins; yet there can be no doubt that it exists, and, though similar structures are found elsewhere, that it is essentially peculiar to the Cordilleras of North America. It is reasonable to suppose that these caverns owe their origin to the streams of heated water coming from the depths towards the surface. If we look about the mouths of many of the hot springs that abound in the Rocky Mountains, we perceive great masses of lime that have been brought up from below. Besides what the spring leaves at its mouth, it bears away a larger share of the same substances to the rivers. In this work it must excavate very extensive caverns. A slight change of conditions would probably lead to the filling of these excavations with ores brought in by the heated waters, and so give us caverns containing a store of gold or silver ores, or perhaps, as in the caves of Frisco, a mixture of the two metals.

If the Rocky Mountains had been worn down to their roots, as have the ridges of the old Appalachian chain, these caverns would have been to a great extent destroyed; for they can be formed only quite near the surface, owing to the pressure of the overlying rocks, which would force their walls together at great depths. To this relative freedom from erosion in the Rocky Mountains is due, also, much of the richness of the contact deposits. The caverning action of heated waters has probably aided in the formation of the great Leadville vein; and the whole deposit as far as yet explored lies so near the surface that a relatively small amount of wear would have destroyed it altogether. It is reasonable to suppose that there are other deposits of the same nature in this region which have owed their preservation to the small amount of wear that has occurred there.

Between the Sierra Nevada and the eastern front of the Rocky Mountains there are doubtless many gold-bearing lodes; but none of them have proved very remunerative save the exceptional Comstock lode. It is to be noticed, however, that the gold element seems to increase as we come further eastward, and in the Black Hills, a singular outlier of the Cordilleras, rising far out on the plains beyond the main range, there are more profitable gold mines than have yet been found in the great belt of country that makes up the central regions of the Rocky Mountains.

There is still another source of gold supply to which we have not yet turned our attention, namely, the deposits of surface gold formed during the wearing down of the rocks, and deposited in the soil or in the river gravels and sands.

It happens that gold is the least destructible of all our metals, unless its kindred metal, platina, be the more enduring against the agents of decay. So that while the gold-bearing hills have been sinking down under the action of the frost and rain, losing, perhaps, hundreds of feet in their height, the gold escapes the waste, and, being heavier as well as more enduring than all other substances, clings near by its original place, while the other elements of the rocks have traveled to the farthest seas. The gold that occupied the rocks that lay a thousand feet above the level of the present mountains in California and Colorado in greater part lies in the soil or in the river sands between the hills and the sea. To this immovability and imperishability of gold is due its early adoption as a precious metal; for all the gold of early days was obtained from

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alluvial deposits by processes of washing analogous to those of modern days.

Every region that has ever produced gold in considerable quantities has given a large share of this superficial gold; and many regions where the lodes have never yielded gold at a profit have produced placer gold in large quantities. A conspicuous case of this nature occurs at Leadville, in Colorado. In the California Gulch, where Leadville lies, over six millions of dollars were taken out in the early days of placer mining, but no one has ever found the lodes whence this treasure came. It is likely that here, as in many other regions, the gold is derived from a great number of small lodes, which individually would not pay for mining, but collectively suffice by their decay to furnish a large amount of gold to the river gravels.

It happens that human wit was never so turned to gold hunting as it has been in California; so we naturally enough have there the most skillful methods of robbing the earth of its gold. California now contributes more placer gold to the world's supply than any other district; we may say, perhaps, than all the others put together. But there are many other regions in the United States where in time the same destructive industry will come to do its work. There is reason to fear that there are some hundreds — if not thousands — of square miles of territory in the Appalachian gold field where the "giant" of the hydraulic miner will soon be making its havoc. The most innocent-looking heap of gravel, wherein the uninstructed may look for years without finding a trace of gold, may still contain the small amount of gold that pays the miner to sweep it away into the rivers. There has been as yet nothing like a search of the Appalachian gravels, and the hydraulic process is in use only at a few points in the Carolinas and Georgia. But there are half a dozen districts on the eastern flanks of that chain where there is sufficient proof of the existence of placer gold in profitable quantities. The valley of the Chaudière in Canada, and the valleys of the Dead and Sandy rivers in the adjoining district in Maine, and several of the tributaries of the Merrimac and Upper Connecticut, are likely fields for this form of work. Indeed, there would be a certainty of extensive workings in some parts of those districts, were it not for the difficulties which would come from the damage done to the streams by the gravel that would be thrown into their beds. But in time it will doubtless be found profitable to work these places, at the same time protecting the streams from the waste gravel, as can almost always be done.

When we get south of the Potomac, the regions promising the large production of gold by washing are very extensive. I am inclined to believe that a larger amount of gold will hereafter be obtained in this way than has ever been taken from ordinary mines in this Southern gold district. Not only along the borders of the streams may this Southern placer gold be found, but at many points the hill-sides in their slow decay have left the gold beneath the soil, while the rest of the wasted rocks have dissolved out and been carried to the sea. In the northern regions the ice of the last glacial period destroyed the results of this slow accumulation of earlier times, so that it is only near the rivers that we get any stores of superficial gold; but as this work did not extend below Washington, we have in this unglaciated country the slow concentration of gold where gold veins have decayed. Some of these masses of auriferous earths cover hundreds of acres of hill-sides, and are so rich that steam is being used to force up water to wash them away.

In the Rocky Mountains there are many river valleys that have shown a great abundance of placer gravels. All the rivers that head up about the source of the Arkansas are bordered by placer

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deposits, that await the systematic mining that large capital alone can give them. The prospectors report gold along the banks of scores of rivers within the Cordilleran chain; but the capital necessary to apply the costly Californian hydraulic system is large, — much larger in most cases than is necessary to open ordinary mines; and there are none of the speculative chances in the venture that lends such a charm to vein deposits. The yield is slow, sure, and definitely measurable; and though often large cannot compare with the chances of bonanza mines. It is only in California, where the conditions are perhaps not more favorable than in many other regions, that hydraulic mining has become a great industry, and has begun to carry the destruction to the rivers and the earth that it will, if unchecked, in time bring to many other lands. Not only are the vigilant gold hunters of the Pacific belt washing away and flooding with waste the borders of their streams, but they are following the beds of the ancient rivers beneath the sheets of lava that have blocked their courses, and finding great deposits of gold that have been stored away in what seemed perfect hiding-places.

Whoever looks over the whole field of American precious-metal mining will be convinced that this industry is certain to make a very rapid growth in what is left of this century. He will also come to the conclusion that the production of silver is destined to increase very rapidly for a score or so of years to come, provided the demand for this much slandered metal does not fall too far short of the supply. Beyond a brief term this yield of silver will surely diminish, especially if there is any considerable lowering in its price. The observant eye can also see that the production of gold is likely to be extended to many new fields, and that the yield of this metal is in the future likely to be rather more steady than that of its bulkier sharer in the greed of men. North America and the twin continent on the south are doubtless to be the great producers of precious metals in the future; their store of silver must be of greater value at the present price of this metal than their store of gold. If the world continues to use silver in the coming century as it has in the past thirty centuries, there is a fair prospect that our continent will win some thousands of millions from its silver-bearing lodes. Even if we make what seems to me the mistake of using gold alone as a basis of exchange, the production of this metal will no doubt give us a larger mining industry than any other country can expect to gain.

N. S. Shaler.

PRESAGE.

Amidst the vivid greenness of the spring
  I marked a leaf of deep, impurpled cast;
Tender, soft-cheeked, already this young thing
  Hinted of ripeness and the autumn blast.

The fabled Grææ from their birth were gray;
  And out of life's gay multitude there peer
Some fresh and childish faces that to-day
  Wear the strange presage of their latest year.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

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THE BIBLE IN THE NURSERY.

One need not go further than the nearest nursery to see *the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,* wielded with tremendous readiness and force.

The dragons of unbelief and the little foxes of curious inquiry rarely approach that sacred inclosure, but many a speculative philosopher and curious Christian has been put to rout by a child's sturdy faith. No beguiling queries about the priority of manuscripts or the authority of "various readings" and the accuracy of translation have as yet shorn these canonical Samsons of their strength, and the stoutest of Philistines, and even of faithful Israelites, has quailed before the mere shake of a curly little head with its *Thus saith the Lord.*

One of our most distinguished savans was amusing himself, years ago, with that most fascinating and dangerous of all sports, that is, religious skirmishing with a child. His little niece bore and parried his attacks with admirable spirit, until at last the professor fell back upon first principles, and demanded, "What are you made of, Kitty?" "I am made of dust, — and so are you and auntie and everybody," she replied, with orthodox promptness and simplicity. "Oh, no, Kitty, we are all made of water;" and as she disdained response he went on to affirm that everybody also had a big furnace always burning within him. This provoked her to remark, "Now I know you are n't telling the truth; for if we are made of water, it would put the fire right out." But then, not satisfied, apparently, with even this momentary descent to his level, she looked up into the face of the wise man, himself a devout believer, with the heavens, so soon to hide her from us, shining in her eyes, and said simply, "You may be a philos-o-pher, uncle, but I shall have to believe my Bible!"

The Westminster divines were content to declare that "the word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us," etc., but it remained for a Yankee boy of these last days to make the memory of a single text not merely the "rule" of Christian living, but the absolute test of Christian being. The son of a certain high official of our most Puritan State had the dangerous habit of jumping into the back of a tip-cart which frequently passed the house, and as the colored driver was of worse than doubtful character, very decided commands were issued that the offense should not be repeated. Doubtless the badness of the driver was more emphasized by the mother, in her prohibitions and threat, than was the peril to life and limb from the cart, for, to her amazement, she saw her child, the very next day, tumble himself over a "tail-board," and ride triumphantly down the street. When, at last, he returned, his mother met him with a grieved inquiry into his disobedience, preparatory to inflicting the threatened penalty, but found him not only clear in conscience, but able to argue his case irresistibly: "Why, mamma, I did n't disobey you at all! Don't you know, you told me I must n't ride on that cart with the *wicked black* man; but this driver was a *Christian white* man." "How do you know that he was a Christian?" "Why, I asked him was he a Christian, and he said, 'Yes;' and I said, '*Repeat me a text;*' and quick as a wink he said, 'Honor thy father and mother;' and I tell you, the way I jumped into that cart of his was a caution!"

Literal interpretation is of course to be expected from children, and many alas, find that *the letter killeth* long before they are able to comprehend the

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Pauline antithesis, *the Spirit giveth life.* They often, also, "animize the Bible" (to use the very expressive phrase of the child of one of the committee of revision: "My papa has gone to New York to animize the Bible") for their own purposes, with an ingenuity which is appalling when one considers what misconceptions of the simplest truths may be lurking in the soul of the most transparent nature in our households. This is one of the saddest and most inevitable facts of human existence. Who of us, remembering our own childish blunders, can feel sure that our most confiding child, whose clear eyes seem perfectly to reflect our own expression, as we tell the simplest Bible story, is not being warped for all time, if not for eternity, by some misapprehension of its meaning which the exchange of a few words would set right? Think of this possibility, overburdened mothers, when you are tempted to say, "You talk too much!" or, "Don't ask so many questions!" With all our watchfulness and painstaking, it must needs be that our best known child has an innermost heart hiding its own bitterness, and, let us hope, also, with some joy beyond our intermeddling, by way of compensation.

A favorite hymn with my father, versifying precious Scripture, always filled my childish soul with an unspeakable horror, which would seem absurd had it not been so real. As often as he stood in the old high pulpit and said, "Let us unite in singing" that fatal hymn, his loving face always turned toward his own little flock in the "minister's pew" below, in special benediction, so that escape was hopeless. Yet there I sat month after month, never betraying by the least sign, either to the father gazing tenderly down upon me, or the loving mother at my side, the horror of great darkness within me, until long years had passed.

The hymn was about the Good Shepherd, and the harrowing passage was its tenderest, and the only one I can to-day recall: —

> "*For in his arms the lambs he takes,*
> *And in his bosom* BEARS"!

This ante-millennial admixture of the types of innocence and cruelty was more than I could endure, though my beloved father and the Good Shepherd himself stood sponsors for their good behavior. That I was one of the lovingly-embraced "lambs" I of course understood thoroughly, but the too neighborly and terrible "bears" made even the "goats" attractive to my scared little spirit.

A volume of definitions honestly compiled from the authoritative utterances of our nurseries would, I venture to say, be as novel and incredible in its way as is that hitherto unique book, The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English.

One of our friends, who, after the custom of American fathers, was wont to devote the leisure of his Sundays to the summary dispatch of all the domestic duties of the round year, was putting his youngest through more pages of her "reader" than she quite liked for the day of rest. But the father knew his duty, and not only prolonged the reading, but bethought him that it would be well to make sure that his patient was benefiting by her privileges. The tale with which they happened to be wrestling at the moment was a thrilling snake story; but the reptile, it was stated, "escaped" before it could be killed. "Do you understand that, Jennie?" asked papa. "What does 'escape' mean?" "Escape? Escape? Lemmesee;" and after rolling her eyes about the room, in vain search of light, she threw her head back for a good refreshing yawn, and luckily caught sight of the chandelier, and exclaimed delightedly, "Oh, yes! Escape — gas escapes — smells bad — pah! Escape means 'smells bad,' papa."

It was from her catechism lesson that another little friend returned home and

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announced, "Oh, mamma, I did feel so sorry for Julia Jones, to-day, in Sunday-school! I should have thought that Miss Brewster would have skipped it." "Why so?" "Why, the lesson was about 'pomps,'" — sinking her voice to a curdling whisper, — "you know." "Yes; but what has poor Julia Jones to do with 'pomps and vanities' more than the rest of you?" "Why, mamma! how stupid of you! Why, POMPS, you know — and her father drinks awfully!" "But my dear child, what does 'pomps' mean?" "Why, *get drunk*, of course!"

I have just heard of a young literalist who had at last found courage openly to protest against what he declared he had always felt to be rank injustice ("real mean in the Bible" was his exact phraseology) toward those who had every reason to expect better things. "I can't see, mamma, what they did treat the prophets so awfully for, in the Bible, if they were such good men as it tells about!" "Why, what can the child mean?" "But they hung them all, you know, — every one of 'em! Why, we read it this very morning at prayers: *On this commandment hang all the law and the prophets.*"

"Grandmamma, aunt Maria has n't taken her india rubbers with her!" cried a child, after her aunt's departure for Boston. "Well, she did n't intend to take them; she wore her stout boots instead." "Yes, grandmamma," persisted the little girl, already careful and troubled about many things, — "yes, but what if she should die, while she is gone?" "What has that to do with wearing india rubbers?" asked the puzzled old lady. "Why, grandmamma, have you forgotten about it? She 'll have to have her rubbers in heaven, you know. She could n't get around there without them, because the Bible says the Lord always reigns [rains] there!"

A little kinswoman of our own, living on the shores of a beautiful lake, was found, one day, after listening to a perhaps too specific exposition of the ten commandments, crouching in a corner of the nursery, in an agony of fear and misery. After long petting and entreaty her mother succeeded in getting possession of her slate, which she was clutching frantically, and which seemed to be in some way accountable for her panic. The dots and scratches which covered it were without form, and void of meaning to the mother's eyes, until little Katie explained between her sobs, "Why — don't you see — mamma? I've — I've — *drawed* the lake!" Fortunately, her natural outspokenness and happy circumstances saved the child from long remorse over the broken commandment, and her mother speedily assured her that her graven image and likeness of the waters under the earth was neither in kind nor degree a breach of the Mosaic law.

It was Sir Isaac Newton, was it not? who, in his childhood, having been promised vaguely "a few apples," provided he learned his task speedily, proceeded to claim the reward in this wise: "I 'll take those eight apples now, if you please, father." When his father demurred at this unexpectedly ready reckoning, the boy seemed confounded by his ignorance, and said, "Why, that 's the way the Bible counts, any way." And turning to St. Peter's first epistle he read out triumphantly, "'*While the ark was a preparing, wherein few*, that is eight, *souls were saved;*'" and of course there was no appeal against apostolic arithmetic.

Children often "animize" the Bible, with startling effect upon their audiences; but rarely so felicitously as when a little Binghamton girl, rehearsing her Sunday-school lesson to her pretty, grown-up sister, who happened to be attired in the distracting glory of a new costume, introduced into her recitation of the Sermon on the Mount this "various reading" (all the happier from

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its entire innocence of purpose), "*For where your dressing-room is*, there will your heart be also."

One of my own first Bible scholars (who were committed to my guidance the moment I had attained the ripe wisdom and spiritual depth of fifteen years) electrified not only our special class, but the entire Sunday-school, when, having wrought us and herself up by her very realistic rendering of the parable of the vineyard, as she reached the point where the heir himself comes to the rebellious dressers, only to be rejected, with flaming face and clenched hands, she piped out the climax at the top of her shrill voice: "And they took him and — and — *s-h-o-o-k* him!" — probably the most violent mode of punishment within her range of experience.

A young friend often delights me with the report of her perilous escapes from utter discomfiture at the hands of one of her Sunday-school babes, whose sharpness and agility keep her perpetually on the *qui vive*. Nobody a whit less clever and magnetic in personal attraction than she could stand for one Sunday against this *enfant terrible*.

The latest bulletin related to the results of a critical cross-examination instituted by her in reference to the parable of the ungrateful lepers. She had found it unusually difficult to fix the boy's attention, and when he had answered several questions without meeting her eye she remonstrated, saying, "You should always look at me when I am talking to you."

"I hear every word you say, Miss Susie."

"Possibly; but it is rude not to look at one who addresses you."

"But I've been told it was very rude to stare."

This casuistry being disposed of satisfactorily, she returned to the lepers, and asked, "Don't you suppose that Christ expected all the ten would come back and thank him for having cured them?"

"Oh, no, of course not. He knew all about what they'd do beforehand."

Pretty Susie could only indorse the orthodoxy of this apt scholar. "That is true; but don't you think he must have been very much grieved that only one of them all was willing to thank him for what he had done?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" — this with a crushingly superior air, — "no, indeed! The Bible says you mustn't do things to be thanked for 'em, you know."

It was noticed at the outset that doubts of scriptural infallibility rarely invade the nursery, but, alas, rarely is not never.

A clergyman once related to me a childish experience of his own, which involved a total eclipse of faith and an inevitable hour of great darkness following, from which he emerged in later life only by a miracle as great as that which he had vainly attempted, to his own undoing.

His family were of the church of the old Broadway Tabernacle in New York, and were returning home one Sunday from service, having heard one of the lamented Dr. Thompson's most impressive discourses. The subject had been the Omnipotence of Faith, founded upon and frequently quoting the text, *Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*

As my informant, then "a babe of grace" of but a half dozen years' growth, was capering homeward, before, behind, or between his parents, as his fancy guided, his beloved pastor's fervid eloquence still rung in his ears and stirred his believing heart to its depths. Their way led through business streets, which looked strangely unfamiliar in their stillness, with great warehouses stretching themselves out in the welcome abandon of their long Sunday nap, and it suddenly occurred to our little Christian that

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then and there was a favorable opportunity for the exercise of his magical powers. It was not at all by way of experiment, for no shadow of doubt existed; it was simply a little private entertainment that he proposed. To be sure, there was no "mountain" at hand, but that was the poor city's infirmity, and he was no literalist to limit the true significance of the delightful Scripture; and, indeed, what could be more mountainous, to all needful intents and purposes, than these monstrous warehouses? Accordingly, stopping short on the pavement until his unsuspecting parents had gone on so far in advance of him as not to be endangered by the undoubted catastrophe he was about to achieve, he then fixed his faithful eyes upon the biggest block on the opposite side of the street, and solemnly waved his little paw at it, with the simple command, "*Remove*, and stand upside down on your chimneys!"

The issue, so far as the "mountain" was concerned, it is needless to state; but the poor little believer, after continuing his exhortation all the way home through a rapidly diminishing scale of weights and measures down to a final and crucial trial on the corporeal substance of a small dog on the very doorstep, which also declined to "remove" at his faith's behest (until backed by sundry "works" of his indignant foot), entered into his house a desperate skeptic.

Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.

MAIDENHAIR.

When deep in some dim glade we pause,
  Perchance we mark how winds caress
These lowly sprays of quivering gauze,
  Aerial in their slenderness.

The ruffled leaves of vapory green
  Fringe mimic branches, fine as thread,
Above slim stems whose ebon sheen
  Is always mellowing into red.

Near trees or bushes hardier born,
  They group as fragile, where you pass,
As though in shreds a mist of morn
  Yet lingered on the balmy grass.

Ah, shadowy ferns, in such frail ways
  Your lightsome, flexuous throngs are wrought,
I half am tempted, while I gaze,
  To question of my wondering thought

If silvery whispers of the breeze
  Have found, as through the woods they went,
In your phantasmal delicacies
  Ethereal embodiment!

Edgar Fawcett.

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THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XVIII.

THE next morning, while Ford sat, after breakfast, at his writing-table, trying to put his mind upon his work, one of the little Shaker boys came to say that Friend Boynton wished to see him. He obeyed the summons with a stricture at the heart. The boy could not say whether Boynton was better or worse, but Ford conceived that he was called in a final moment. He did not think of refusing to go, and could not have done so if the duty laid upon him had been indefinitely heavier. As it was, it was sore enough. He had never seen any one die, and all through his childhood and his earlier youth the thought of death had been agony to him, probably because it was related to fears of the life after death, which survived in his blood long after they ceased to be any part of his belief. The confirmed health of his adolescence, as well as his accepted theories of existence, had now for years quieted these fears. The sleep and the forgetting which the future had been reasoned so clearly to be could not be terrible to any man of good health, and in the rare moments in which he lifted his mind from the claims of duty here it reposed tranquilly enough in the logical refuge of nullity provided for it. Annihilation was not dreadful, but the instant preceding it, the last breath of consciousness in which his personality should be called to cease, to release its strong clutch upon reality, might contain an essential anguish, to which an eternity of theologically fancied pangs were nothing. He did not shrink from the consequences of his own mental position; there could be no consequences of belief or disbelief; but he was cold with the thought of confronting the image of his own dissolution in another. Life was not a good, he knew that; but he felt now that it was something, and beyond it there was not even evil. He touched first the swelling muscle of one arm, and then of the other; he laid his hand upon the trunk of a large maple as he passed; he swept the sky with a glance; he smiled to find himself behaving like a man on his way to execution; if he had himself been about to die, he could not have realized more intensely the preciousness of the substance which was slipping into shadow from the grasp of yonder stricken man.

If his face expressed anything of this dark sympathy when he entered the room where Boynton lay, the sick man did not see it. His doctor was there, seated at the bedside, and Boynton lifted one of the limp hands that lay upon the coverlet and gave it to Ford, saying, with his blandness diluted by physical debility, "You 'll excuse my sending for you, Mr. Ford; but I fancied that you would like to see that I was not in such bad case as I might be."

"You are very good," said Ford, touching his hand, and then taking the chair which the country doctor set for him. The exchange of civilities relieved the tension of his feelings, and he found it no longer possible to regard Boynton with the solemnity with which he had approached him.

"Dr. Wilson and I," Boynton continued, "are treating my case together. By that means we draw the sting of the old proverb about having a fool for one's patient, and we get the benefit of our combined experience. The doctor is inclined to take an optimistic view of my condition, which I don't find myself able to share. I have spent a summer — I may almost say a year — of intense excitements, and I am sure that an obscure affection of the heart with which I was

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once troubled has made rapid progress." He spoke of it with a courteous lightness and haste, as if not to annoy his listener, while Ford gazed at him dumbly. "I have been anxious to say that I regretted the expressions — the exasperation — into which I was betrayed on first meeting you, the other morning." Dr. Wilson rose. "Ah! Going, doctor?" asked Boynton. "Don't let me send you away. Mr. Ford and I have no confidences to make each other. I am only offering him the reparation which is due between gentlemen where there has been a misunderstanding."

"Thank you," said Dr. Wilson, "I must go, now. I will see you again tomorrow."

"And in the mean time we will continue the same treatment? Good-morning, doctor. Dr. Wilson," he added, when the latter had withdrawn, "is a man of uncommon qualifications for his profession. I have been much pleased with the manner in which he has taken hold of my case, though we could not agree in all points of our diagnosis." Boynton's voice was feeble, and from time to time he paused from weakness; but he was careful as ever to round his sentences and polish his diction. "As I was saying," he continued, "I used certain expressions for which I wish to apologize."

"There is no occasion for that," Ford began.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but there is!" retorted the other. "My language, even in view of your possible intention of antagonizing me, was ridiculous and unjustifiable; for I ought to have been only too glad of the solution of a painful mystery which your presence afforded me. The fact is," he explained, "I met you yesterday after the entire failure of an experiment in psychology which I had been making here under conditions more favorable than I could expect to recur if I should live a thousand years. The experiment was by no means of an advanced character; it was of the simplest character, — the exhibition of a few of the most ordinary phenomena of animal magnetism, in which mere tyros succeed. The failure dumfounded me. At sight of you, my theory of your opposite control, of the necessary antagonism of your sphere, rushed into my mind, and I yielded to an impulse to resent my failure, when I ought, logically, to have hailed your presence as relief, as rescue from an annihilating despair."

"I am very sorry," Ford began again.

"Not at all, not at all!" cried Boynton. "Was I right in supposing that you had spent the previous evening in this vicinity?"

"Mr. Phillips and I had slept at the office — you call it?"

"Is it possible!" Boynton lay quiet for a moment, before he added, musingly, "Yes, that might account for it, *if* my premises were correct. But," he continued sadly, "it is impossible to verify them now. Some one else must take up my work at the very point — You here, and under conditions favorable to the most complete and thorough investigation! This question of antagonization could be settled in a manner absolutely final; and here I lie, fettered and manacled!" He heaved a passionate sigh, and Ford, in spite of the fact that he knew himself regarded for the moment as a mere instrumentality, an impersonal force, felt a sharp regret for the overthrow of this absurd dreamer.

"Is there — is there any way in which I can be of use to you, Dr. Boynton?" he asked presently.

Boynton did not reply at once. He moved his head uneasily on the pillow, and weakly knotted his fingers together. Then he said, "Yes, there is. I would rather you transacted the business than any of our good friends here, for I am afraid that it might get from them to my daughter. In fact, I should not know

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how to communicate with them without alarming her."

He looked beseechingly at Ford, who said, "Well?"

"What are your religious beliefs?"

"I have none," said Ford.

"At your age I had none," rejoined Boynton. "Afterward, in circumstances of great sorrow, I embraced the philosophy of spiritualism, because it promised immediate communion and reunion with the wife I had lost. Neither before nor since that time has my theory admitted the necessity of certain — certain — formalities to which the Christian world attaches importance. But the influence of early teachings is very strong, and I cannot resist an inclination — It is entirely illogical, upon either hypothesis, I know! If there is no life hereafter, then it is of no consequence whatever whether any reconciliation takes place. If there is a life hereafter, and it is a mere continuation of this, a progress, a development, under certain new conditions, then the reconciliation can take place there as well as here. This is what my reason tells me, and yet I am not at rest. My dear friend, if you were about to die," — the hand which Boynton unexpectedly laid upon Ford's sent a thrill to his heart, — "and you had parted with some one upon terms of mutual injury, what should you wish?"

"I should wish to see him before I died," answered Ford, gravely.

"And make peace with him, — ask and offer forgiveness. Precisely. There is no doubt an element of superstition in the impulse; it seems childish and unreasonable; and yet I cannot help it. What is it? First, be reconciled to thy brother, . . . agree with thine adversary quickly — I don't remember. My adversary is the father of my child's mother. We quarreled very bitterly, about this — this philosophy of mine. I think he used me harshly; but he is an old man, and doubtless I grieved and thwarted him more than I understood. I don't justify myself. I would like to see him again, and ask him to forgive. I wish you would be so good, Mr. Ford, as to telegraph him — there 's an office at Vardley Station — that I am seriously sick, and would like to see him." Ford could not reply, and Boynton took his silence for reluctance. "I hope I have n't asked too much of you?"

"Oh, no! No. What," he contrived to ask, "is your father-in-law's name?" Boynton gave the name and that of the village in which he lived, and Ford mechanically took them down in his notebook. He remained with this in his hand, seated beside the bed, and not knowing what to do; but he rose at last, and murmured something about not losing time, when Egeria entered. He would have passed her with a bow, but the cheery voice of Boynton turned him motionless.

"Egeria," he said, as the girl went up to his bedside, "I have been asking a favor of Mr. Ford, — something that I intended for a surprise and pleasure to you. But I think that the surprise might be too much, — might alarm you, — and I had better not let it be a surprise. Don't you think that if your grandfather knew that I was so disposed he would like to make up our little quarrel? Mr. Ford is going to telegraph him to come here! There is no occasion for anxiety" —

Egeria turned upon Ford, with swift self-betrayal. "They telegraphed yesterday. Have n't they heard?" Ford glanced at her father in despair, and bent on her a look of compassion that he was conscious became an appeal for her pity. "Oh, what is it?" she cried, quivering under his imploring scrutiny. "Won't he come? Oh, he is harder than I ever believed! Yes, yes! You were right, father; I will never forgive him!"

"I think I had better tell you the truth," Ford said. "Some one must do it. Your grandfather is dead."

A light of relief, almost of joy, shone

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in her face. "Oh! I was afraid — I was afraid — Oh, poor grandfather! How could I think it!" She put up her hands to her face, like a child, and wept with sobs that shook the young man's heart.

"When did he die?" she asked at last.

"Two months ago. The telegram was from the minister. He promised to write."

"Do you hear?" cried Egeria. "He would have come, but — he is dead!"

"Oh!" breathed her father, speaking for the first time, "I am very sorry!"

"And now, *now* do you forgive him?" demanded the girl. "Now" —

"Oh, poor soul! I wanted him to forgive *me*," said Boynton. "Well, well! I must wait."

His daughter dropped on her knees beside his bed, and hid her face in the coverlet. "Poor grandfather! Poor grandfather!" she moaned. "How could you think he would n't come?" she said, lifting her face. "Do you think now that he was cruel?"

"We quarreled," answered her father. "I was to blame."

"No, you were not to blame," she retorted, with swift revulsion. "You believed you did right, and you never pretended that you did n't. Oh, if you could only have seen each other again!"

"Yes," answered the sick man; "the wish to see him has been heavy on my soul ever since I came to myself."

The word recalled her, and she looked fondly into her father's face. "Oh, father, have I made you feel badly? I am so sorry for grandfather" —

"No, my poor girl! I know better than that. I can sympathize with your feeling about him; I can understand, it." He smoothed her hair with his gentle, weak, small hand. "I can understand, and I can approve of your feeling. But don't be troubled. Your grandfather and I will be friends when we meet. It will make little difference *there* what theories or creeds we hold. They cannot separate us."

"Why, father!" exclaimed the girl. "What do you mean? You are not going to die! The doctor said" —

Boynton smiled in recovering himself. "We are all mortal. Dr. Wilson is very hopeful about me. I am not going to die at once."

He took one of her hands while she bent over him. "I had mentioned to our good friend here," he said, indicating Ford, "in requesting him to notify your grandfather, my special reasons for wishing to see him, and some little statement — explanation — was necessary in regard to the terms of our separation. I was saying that I wished they had been different. But in the light of this new fact, does my part really appear worse to you than it did before? You can speak freely; I can bear — I ought even to court — the truth."

The girl threw her arms about his neck. "Father! You never had one selfish thought in it. I know that, and I always knew it. I did n't mean to blame you; I only wanted you to excuse him. Oh, nobody needs excusing but me! I stood up before them all, that night, and denied you. I am the one to blame!"

"No, no," protested her father, "you were true to yourself. In the long run we could have succeeded upon no other conditions. You did right."

"Oh, I did long so to please you! You can't think how hard I tried! But something kept me" — She rose and looked at Ford, the obstruction of whose involuntary presence no effort of his had sufficed to remove, and panted, as if about to make some appeal to him. But her lips could not shape it; a piteous, formless, low cry broke from them, and she ran from the room, leaving him in a frowning daze.

"I hope, my dear sir," said Boynton, "that you will be able to make allowance for the excitement under which

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we have been laboring. My daughter's distress on my account, and her affection for her grandfather — But we don't intend to make you the victim of our unhappiness."

"Oh, not at all," said Ford, not knowing what else to say.

"You were very considerate, with regard to me," said Boynton gratefully. "I thank you for your good feeling relative to the telegram. But it is well that I should know the worst at once. In asking your patience for what has just occurred, I am sure that I am only anticipating my daughter's wish. I am by no means as confident as I have been," he added, "that I was correct in my theory of your influence. But you have somehow been strangely involved in our destiny. It is something that I hardly know how to apologize for."

"There is no necessity," said Ford.

"Thanks." The doctor lifted his hand in gratitude, and Ford took it. "Are you comfortable in your quarters? It was a place that I had sometimes thought, under happier auspices, of devoting to my investigations; but now — My dear sir, I appreciate your kindness, your delicacy, in staying!"

Ford made a murmur of civility, and Sister Frances came in. Then, with a parting pressure of the hand which Boynton had kept in his, he went out. He half dreaded to encounter Egeria again, at the outer threshold; but she was not there.

XIX.

They came to those last fervid days to which August often reverts after the shiver that passes over her at the beginning of her second fortnight. The noons were cloudless, and the nights were lit with a moon that hung lightly, like an airy ball, in the sky, whose unfathomable blue the vision must search for the faint stars. The unbroken splendor of these days and nights would be intolerably silent but for the hissing of the grasshoppers in the sun, and the hollow din in which the notes of the crickets sum themselves under the moon. While Ford was busy in the morning he could resist certain influences at work upon him, but at other times he was the prey of a wild restlessness, which he could not charge to his shaken health, for he had begun to grow strong again. He said to himself, as he lay under the sun-smitten pines, or when he walked beneath the maples that broke the glare of the moon on the village street, that he was waiting here for a man to die, and he tried to quell his restlessness with that cold fact. But he was not able to keep Boynton's danger in his thoughts. There was, indeed, a suspense in Boynton's condition for which neither he nor his fellow physician could account. His mind even grew more vivid under such peril as threatened his body, and in his immunity from pain he was more cheerfully speculative than ever. As the days passed, a curious sort of affectionate confidence grew up between Ford and the fantastic theorist, and the young man listened to his talk with a kindliness which he did not trouble himself to reason. He submitted patiently to the analysis which Boynton made of him and of his metaphysical condition, and heard without a smile certain analogies which he discovered. "Yes," Boynton said, one day, "I find a great similarity of mind and temperament in us. At your age, I thought and felt as you do. There is a fascination, which I can still recognize, in the clean surface which complete negation gives. The refusal of science to believe what it cannot subject to its chemic tests has its sublime side. It is at least absolute devotion to the truth, and it involves martyrdom, like the devotion to any other religion. For it *is* a religion, and you cannot get away from religion. Whether you say, I believe, or whether you say, I do not believe, still you formulate a creed. The question whether we came

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from the Clam or the Ancient of Days, whether we shall live forever, or rot forever, remains; you cannot put it aside by saying there is no such question. From this vantage-ground of mine — a sick-bed is a vantage-ground — I can see that when I stood where you are I occupied a position not essentially different from that which I assumed afterwards. Light shone on me from one side, and I cast a shadow in this direction; light shone on me from the other side, and I cast a shadow in that direction. My mistake was to fancy at both times that the shadow was I."

Ford evaded the issue as to the identity of their opinions. He admitted that faith in a second life might nerve a man to greater enterprises here; and that one might not so often flag in the pursuit of truth if the horizon did not shut down so close all round. But he said that we had the comfort of knowing that the work of each was delegated to the whole race, and that whoever failed his work could not fail.

"Ah, don't delude yourself!" cried Boynton. "There is *no* comfort in that. What is the race to you or me? You are the race; I am the race; and no one else of all the myriad atoms of humanity could take up our work and keep it the same work."

"You said just now," said Ford, with a smile, "that you and I were the same."

"I was wrong," promptly admitted Boynton. "We are not the same, and could not be, to all eternity. But if you admit the hypothesis of a second life, in which the objects of this shall remain dear to us, you establish an infrangible, a perpetual, continuity of endeavor. The man with whom a great idea has its inception becomes a disembodied spirit. By influx from the spirit world to which he goes, he becomes the partner of the man to whom his work falls here; and that man dying enlarges the partnership in his turn, and so on *ad infinitum.* It must be in this way that civilization is advanced, that the world-reforms are accomplished."

Boynton's eyes shone, and Ford listened with kindly neutrality. On some sides he was compelled to respect Boynton's extraordinary alertness. In many things he was grotesquely ignorant; he was a man of very small literature, and he had the limitations of a country-bred person in his conceptions of the world; but his mind, in the speculations on which it habitually dwelt, had a vast and bold sweep, and his theories sprang up fully formed, under his breath, like those plants which the Japanese conjurer fans to flower in the moment after he has put the seed in the ground.

He tossed his head upon the pillow impatiently. "When I think of those things," he said, "I can hardly wait for the slow process of decay to unfold the truth to me. Perhaps I approached the unseen world with too arrogant a confidence," he continued. "At any rate, I have been found unworthy, and my progress on earth has been arrested forever."

Ford could not withhold the expression of the senseless self-accusal in his heart. "I should be very sorry," he said, "if I had been the means of crossing your purposes."

"You never were willfully so," said Boynton. "Besides, as I told you, I have begun to have my misgivings as to my theory of you. I suspect that I may have exaggerated my daughter's powers; that they were of a limited nature, terminable by the lapse of time. What do you think," he asked, after a silence, as if willing to break away from these thoughts, "of our Shaker friends? Does their life strike you as the solution of the great difficulty?"

"No," said Ford; "it strikes me as begging the question."

"Yes, so it is," assented Boynton; "so it is, in some views. It is a life for women rather than men."

An indefinable pang seized Ford. "I

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don't quite understand you. Do you think it is a happy life for a woman?"

"There is *no* happy life for a woman — except as she is happy in suffering for those she loves, and in sacrificing herself to their pleasure, their pride and ambition. The advantage that the world offers her — and it does not always offer that — is her choice in self-sacrifice; the Shakers prescribe it for her."

Ford said nothing for a time, while the pain still rankled. Then he asked, "Don't you think the possible power of choosing is a great advantage? I don't know that as a man I expect to be happy; but I like to make my ventures in unhappiness. It saves me from the folly of accusing fate. If I surrendered myself to Shakerism, I should feel myself a prisoner; I should not run the risk of wounds, but I should have no chance of escape."

"A woman does n't like to fight," replied Boynton. "Besides, there are no irrevocable vows in Shakerism. When you do not like it you leave it. It is no bad fate for a woman. For most women it would be a beneficent fate."

An image of Egeria in the Shaker garb, with her soft young throat hidden to the chin, and the tight gauze cap imprisoning her beautiful hair, rose in the young man's thought, and would not pass at his willing. It was with something like the relief of waking from an odious dream that he saw the girl enter the room in her usual dress. He involuntarily rose.

She had a spray of sumac in her hand, and she put it lightly beside her father on the bed. The leaves were already deeply tinged with crimson. "Ah, yes," he said, taking it up and holding it before him, "I am glad you found it. I thought I saw it the last time I walked that way; but it was only partly red, then. I had intended to get it for you. After my daughter was sick here, this spring," he added, turning his eyes upon Ford, "she showed a singular predilection during her convalescence for wild flowers. They would n't come fast enough for her; all the family were set to looking for them. Do you remember, Egeria, the day when we got you out under the apple-blossoms? What is the apple-tree like, now? Some yellow leaves on it, here and there?"

"Yes, but the red apples burn like live coals among them," said Egeria.

"Fruition, fruition," murmured her father dreamily. "Not so sweet as hope. But autumn was always my favorite season, — my favorite season. I suppose the long grass is limp and the clover-heads are black in the alleys of the orchard. All those aspects of nature — The sumac is first to feel the fall. Have you seen any other red leaves, Egeria?"

"I saw a young maple in the swamp that was almost as red in places as this," said Egeria. "But they were too high for me to reach."

"Ah," returned her father, "they will soon be red enough everywhere."

"Could n't Miss Boynton tell me where her maple is?" Ford interposed. "I could get you the leaves."

"Oh, no, — no," began the doctor.

"I do a certain amount of walking every day. If Miss Boynton will tell me where the maple is, and begin with the swamp" —

"The swamp," said Egeria, "is just back of the south pasture; but I should have to look for the tree myself."

"Take me with you then," said the young man, with what he thought a great boldness.

"I could do that," returned Egeria, simply. "If Frances were here, I could go with you now. It is n't far."

"I don't need any one, now, my dear," said her father. "You can put the bell here by my pillow, and I can ring."

"Well," said Egeria to Ford. "We will stop at the office, and tell them, father," she added. Frances promised to listen for the bell, and stood at the

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office door watching them as they walked away together.

"I think you can easily bend the tree," Egeria said. "It's very slim, and I thought at first I could bend it myself. I should hate to have you break it."

"I will try not to break it," answered Ford.

They crossed the meadow in desultory talk, but before they reached the edge of the swamp she abruptly halted him, and said with a sort of fearful resolution, "Did you know that my father was here when you came?" She searched his face with a piercing intensity of gaze, her lips apart with eagerness and her breathing fluttered.

"No," said Ford, "my coming here was purely accidental." Her eyes studied his a moment longer; then she dropped them, and hurried on again as abruptly as she had stopped. "But I always hoped I might see you again," he continued, "and tell you — I went to tell your father in Boston — that I never dreamt it was you I hurt there, that night. I wanted to tell him that nothing in the world — But we quarreled" —

"I know, I know," interrupted the girl. "There is the tree," she said, hastily, pointing out a young maple with reddened boughs, that stood some yards beyond the wall. "Do you think you can get to it? Do you think you can bend it down?"

Every nerve in him thrilled with the wrench of having half said what had been long in his heart; but he must obey her will. "I think so," he replied, and he got over the wall. He stepped from one quaking bed of mossy decay to another, till he reached the tree. He caught it about the slender stem well up towards the limbs, and, bending it over, began to break them away and fling them on the ground.

"Oh, no!" cried Egeria from where she stood. "Don't!"

"Don't what?" asked Ford, turning half round, without releasing the tree.

"You seemed to tear it so. You have enough. That branch at the top" —

"Shall I break it off?"

"No — no. Let it stay."

"Would you like it?"

"Yes."

Ford took out his knife, and slitted the branch from the tree with a downward stroke, and drove the blade into the thick of the hand with which he held the tree. He gathered up the branches, and putting them into the wounded hand gripped it with the other, and returned to Egeria.

She started at sight of the blood. "I made you cut yourself."

"I don't see how that is," answered Ford. "But I cut myself." He stood holding his hand, while the blood dropped to the ground.

"I will tie it up for you," said Egeria, quelling a shudder. "You ought to have something wet next to it. That will keep it from inflaming."

"Yes?" said Ford.

She made search for her handkerchief, and drew forth the stout square of linen which the kindness of the community had provided for her. She shook out its tough expanse. "That is a Shaker handkerchief," she said.

"It looks rather grandiose for the purpose," Ford remarked. "If you will take mine" — He touched as nearly as he could the breast pocket of his coat with his elbow. She soberly obeyed his gesture, and pulled it out. "Can you tear it?"

"I need n't tear it," she answered, folding it into a narrow strip. "I can wet this end in the water, here, and wrap the rest round it."

She stooped to a little pool near the wall, and dipped the handkerchief into it; then she laid the wet corner over the cut, which he had washed in the same pool, and folded the dry part firmly around it. Her finger-tips, soft and warm, left the sensation of their touch upon his hand.

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They walked rapidly away. "Better hold it up," she said, seeing that he let his arm hang at his side.

"Oh," he answered stupidly, and obeyed for a moment, and then dropped his hand again.

"You 're forgetting," she said.

"Yes, I was," replied Ford, recollecting himself. "I was thinking that it must have seemed as if some savage beast had torn you."

He looked at the hand on which she wore her ring, and she hid the hand in the folds of her dress, and turned her head away. Then she glanced at him, as if about to answer, but she only said, "When you get home, you must wet the cloth again."

"Thanks," said Ford; "it will have to look after itself when it stops stinging."

She looked troubled. "Does it hurt you very badly?"

"I suppose it 's going through the usual formalities."

"You had better show it to father — Oh!" she cried, blushing, "I have forgotten the leaves for him." She almost ran in retracing her steps.

Ford pursued her. "Miss Boynton, let me go and get them."

"No, no, I can get them. You must n't come. I don't wish you to come." She looked over her shoulder, and saw him standing irresolute. "Don't wait for me; I can take them home."

He lingered a moment, looking after her, and then turned and walked away. He did not go back to the infirmary, but kept on towards his own house, and arrived with a vague smile on his lips, which he found had shaped them ever since he left her. He scarcely realized then that she had been quick to avail herself of a chance to be alone with him, and that once with him she had been willing to delay their parting. A jarring sensation of alternate abandon and reserve was what remained of the interview in his nerves.

XX.

In the morning, when he walked up into the village, he found her coming out of the office gate. She faltered at sight of him, and glanced anxiously towards him. He had meant to stop at the office, but now he had a senseless impulse to keep on his way. He hesitated, and then crossed to where she stood. She had a small basket in her hand, and she said that Elder Joseph had given her leave to look over his vines, and see if there were any grapes ripe enough yet for her father to eat. There was an indefinable intention in her manner to detain him, which he felt as inarticulately, and there was something more intangible still, — something between fearful question and utter trust of him; something that chiefly intimated itself in the appeal with which her eyes rested on his when she first looked up. He dropped his own eyes before the gaze which he knew to be unconscious on her part, and she said suddenly, as if recollecting herself, "Oh! Will you show your hand to father? How is it?"

"That 's all right," answered Ford, putting it into his pocket. She began to walk towards the garden, and he walked with her. "It is n't my work hand."

"Work?" she asked.

"I keep up my scribbling. I write for the papers," he explained further, at a glance of inquiry from her.

"Some of the brothers and sisters write, too," she said. "The Shakers have a paper."

"Yes, I have seen it," said Ford. "They write for pleasure and from duty. I am sorry to say that my work is mostly for the pay it brings. I 'm hoping to do something in another way by and by. In the mean time I write and sell my work. It 's what they call pot-boiling."

"I did n't know they *paid* for writing!"

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"They do, — a little. You can starve very decently on it."

"Father used to write for the paper at home, but they never paid him anything. He is slow getting well," she added, with a sad inconsequence, "and I suppose he will never be quite so strong again. But it must be a good sign when he has these cravings. It seems as if he could n't wait till the grapes are ripe; the doctor says he can have all the fruit he wants. Have you ever been in this garden before?" she asked, as they entered the bounds of Brother Joseph's peculiar province.

"No," replied Ford, looking round him with a pleasure for which he could not account. "But I feel as if I might have been here always."

"Yes. I suppose it looks like everybody's garden. It 's like our garden at home." He glanced about it with her, as they stood in the planked path together. At one side of the beds of pot-herbs, and apart from the ranks of sweet-corn, the melons, the beans, the faded peas, and the long rows of beets and carrots, was a space allotted to flowers, the simple annuals that have long been driven from our prim parterres. "Our garden ran back of the house down to the river; but it was all neglected and run wild. There was a summer-house on the edge of the terrace, and the floor was rotten; the trellises for the grapes were slanting every which way."

She seemed to be recalling these aspects in a fond reverie, rather than addressing him; but they gave him a vivid sense of her past. He saw her in this old garden by the river-side, before any blight had fallen upon her life. He imagined her a very happy young girl, there; not romantic, but simple and good, and even gay. "I know that sort of a garden," he said.

"Yes," she continued, looking dreamily at Brother Joseph's flower-beds, "here is prince's feather, and coxcomb, that I hated to touch when I was little, because it seemed like flesh and blood. And here is bachelor's button, and mourning bride, and marigolds, and touch-me-not."

"I had forgotten them," said Ford. "I suppose I used to see them when I was a boy. But it 's a long time since I was in the country."

"You must be glad to get back."

"No," replied Ford. "I can't honestly say that I am. I wanted to get away from it too badly for that. The country is for the pleasure of people born in town."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Nothing very definite. When I began to grow up, I found the country in my way. I dare say I should have been uncomfortable anywhere. I was very uncomfortable in the country."

"I have never been much in the city," she said. "But I did n't like it."

He remembered that he had helped to make the city hateful to her, though she seemed to have forgotten it, and he said, in evasion of this recollection, "It 's different with a man. I had my way to make, and the city was my chance."

"And did n't you ever feel homesick?" she asked.

"I used to dream about the place after I came away. I used to dream that I had gone back there to live. That was my nightmare. It always woke me up."

"And did you never go back?"

"No. I have never looked on those hills since I left them, and I never will if I can help it. I suppose it 's a matter of association," he continued. "My associations of not getting on are with the country; my associations of getting on in some sort are with the city. That is enough to account for my hating the one and liking the other."

"Yes," said Egeria, "that is true." She added after a moment, "Have they ever told you what Joseph's associations with this region are?"

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"No. I should like to know."

"He saw it in a dream, years before he came here. When he first visited the Vardley Shakers he recognized it, and took it for a sign that he was to stay."

"That was remarkable," said Ford. Egeria was silent. "Do you believe in such things, Miss Boynton?" he asked.

She turned away, as if she had not heard him, and began to search the vines for ripe grapes. She went down one side of the long trellis, and he followed down the other. Between the leaves and twisting stems he caught glimpses of her yellow hair and her blue eyes.

"Do you find any?" she asked.

"Any what?"

"Grapes."

"I had n't looked."

She sighed. "It 's about as well. There don't seem to be any." After a while she stopped, and he saw her glance at him through the leaves. "I don't know whether I believe in those things or not. Do you?"

"No."

"The Shakers do. They all think they have had some sign. But I should n't like to know things beforehand. It would n't help you to bear the bad. Besides, it does n't seem to leave you free, somehow. I think the great thing is to be free."

"It 's the first thing."

"Yes; that is what I always felt. It was slavery, even if it was true." He knew what she meant; but he said nothing, though she waited for him to speak. "It was what I tried to say sometimes; but I could n't express it. And I could n't have made him understand." With that screen of vines between them, and each other's faces imperfectly seen through the leaves and tendrils, it was easier to be frank. "It cut us off from everybody in the world. It was what made the quarrel with grandfather."

She waited again, and now Ford said, "Yes, your father said it was that."

"It made everybody suspect us. I did n't care so much for myself after I got away from home, where they did n't know us; but I cared for father. He suffered so from the things he had to bear. You can't think what they were."

"I 'm ashamed to think what some of them were," said Ford.

She paused a moment. "You mean what you said to him in Boston?"

"Yes."

"Yes, that hurt him," she said, simply. "He had been very proud of the interest you took the first time you came. He said you were the *only* man of science that had taken any notice of him. Afterwards — he could n't make it out."

"I don't wonder!" cried Ford. "It was incredible. But I ought to say that I never came to threaten him."

"He was more puzzled when you would n't meet him in that public séance. Why would n't you?"

"Why?" demanded Ford, in dismay.

"Yes, why?"

"I don't know that I can say."

"But you had some reason. Was it because you thought you would fail?"

Ford did not answer directly. "Can you believe that I wanted to consider him in the matter?" he asked, in turn.

"Yes, that is what I did believe." She drew a long breath, and hid herself wholly behind a thick mass of the vine. "Did you — did you get a letter from me?"

"Yes," said Ford.

"I thought that I ought to write it; I did n't know whether to do it. But I could n't help it. I was glad you refused."

"I was glad you wrote the letter. It was n't always a comfort to me, though. I had no right to any thanks from you. I felt as if I had extorted it."

"Extorted it!" she repeated, with the same eager persistence with which she had pressed him for his reason in refusing to meet her father. "Do you

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mean — do you mean that you tried to make me write the letter?"

"How could I try to make you write me a letter?" demanded the young man, stupefied.

"I don't know. I was not sure that I understood. I can't tell you — now. Did you destroy it?"

"Destroy what?"

"The letter."

"No; I kept it."

"Oh — will you give it back to me?"

"Certainly." Ford unfolded a pocket-book, and took out a worn-looking scrap of paper, which he passed through an open space in the trellis. Her hand appeared at the aperture and received it. A hesitation made itself felt through the vines. "Will you give it back to *me*, Miss Boynton?"

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in it," she said, and her hand reappeared at the open space with the letter.

"Thanks," said Ford.

"They will think I am a long time looking for a few grapes," said Egeria.

"They've no idea how few there are, and how long it takes to find them," answered Ford.

She laughed. "Are they scarce on your side, too?"

"There are no ripe bunches at all. Shall I pick single ones?"

"Oh, yes; any that you can get. It's rather early for them yet."

"Is it? I thought it was about the right time."

"That shows you haven't lived in the country for a good while. You've forgotten."

"Yes," assented Ford. "I haven't seen grapes on the vines for ten years."

"Have n't you been out of the city in that time?"

"Not if I could help it."

"And why can't you help it now?"

"They told me I was n't well, and I'd better go to the mountains." He sketched in a few words his course in coming to Vardley.

"I thought you looked pale, when you first came," she said. After a little while she added, "You can bear it if you're getting better, I suppose."

He laughed. "Oh, it is n't so disagreeable here. I'm interested in your Shaker friends."

"They think they are living the true life," said the girl.

"Do you?" asked Ford.

"They are very good; but I have seen good people in the world outside," she answered. "I think they are the kind that would be good anywhere. I should n't like having things in common with others. I should like a house of my own. And I should like a world of my own."

"Yes," said Ford, laughing. "I should like the private house, too. But I don't think I could manage a whole world."

"I mean a world that is for the people that live in it. When they die, they have their own world, and they ought n't to try to come back into ours."

"Oh, decidedly, I agree with you there!" cried the young man.

She seemed not to like his light tone. "I know that I don't express it well."

"It could n't be expressed better."

"I meant that I hoped any friend of mine would be too well off to be willing to come back."

"Yes."

They found themselves at the end of the trellis, and face to face. He dropped his grapes into the basket, where some loose berries rolled about. She looked ruefully at the result of their joint labors.

"Well!" she said, and they walked out of the garden together.

At the gate Ford took out his watch, and stopped with a guilty abruptness. "Miss Boynton, I am going away, — I am going to Boston, this afternoon. I" —

"Going away?"

"Yes, I have business in Boston.

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Can I do anything for your father or — for you — there?"

"No," she said, looking at him in bewilderment. "Will you come and say good-by to him? Or perhaps you had better not," she faltered.

"I'm coming back this evening!" he cried in astonishment. "Will you lend me this basket?" he asked.

"Why, yes. It belongs to Rebecca."

"Don't tell her I borrowed it. I must go, now. Good-by!"

"Good-by." She stood looking after him till a turn of the road to Vardley Village hid him.

When he reached Boston, he found that the year had turned from summer to autumn with a distinctness which he had not noted in the country. The streets, where his nerves expected the fierce heat in which he had left them, were swept by cool inland airs. The crowds upon the pavement had perceptibly increased; a tide of women, fresh from their sojourn at the sea-side and in the country, was pouring down Winter Street, reanimated for shopping, and with their thoughts set upon ribbons with a vividness that shone in their faces. The third week of the fall season was placarded at the Museum; and in the Public Garden, which he crossed upon an errand to his lodging, there was a blaze of autumnal flowers in place of the summer bloom which he had left. He met here and there groups of public-school children loitering homeward with their books. The great, toiling majority who never go out of town were there, of course; the many whose vacations and purses are short had all returned; it would be some weeks yet before the few who can indulge the luxury of the colored leaves and the peculiar charm of still September days out of town would come home. It was the moment in which Ford had ordinarily the most content in his city. He liked to renew his tacit companionship with all these returning exiles; the promise of winter snugness brought him almost a domestic joy; the keen sparkle of the early-lighted gas in the street lamps and the shop-windows was a pleasure as distinct as it was inarticulate. But now he felt estranged amid the cheerful spectacle of the September afternoon. The country quiet, which he used to hate, tenderly appealed to him; the quaint life of the Shaker village, of which he had, without knowing it, become a part, reclaimed him; the cry of a jay that strutted down an overhanging branch to defy him as he walked along the road, after parting with Egeria, was still in his ears; his vision was full of the sunny glisten of meadows where the Shakers' hired men were cutting the rowan, and of roadsides fringed with golden-rod and asters. He was impatient till he could be off again, and he made haste back to the fruiterer's where he had left his basket with an order to fill it with grapes. He was vexed to find it standing empty in a corner.

"You did n't say what kind you wanted," explained the fruiterer.

"Put in what you like, — the best kind," said Ford. "You can judge; they 're for a sick person."

"All right." The man filled the basket, and Ford went to another counter, and took up a bouquet which he added to his purchase.

He bought two or three newspapers, in the cars, and read them on the way back, throwing those he was not reading over the flowers on the seat beside him, so as to hide them.

He got out of the train at Vardley Station with the sense of having committed a public action. He was rescued from this embarrassment, and curiously restored to his self-possession at sight of Egeria, who came driving the old Shaker horse over from the post-office, as the train halted. He was not alarmed to see her, but he asked formally, "Nothing the matter, I hope, Miss Boynton?"

"Oh, no. I came to get the letters;

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and I thought I would wait for you, if you were on this train."

"Thanks," said Ford, putting the basket into the open buggy, and mounting to a place beside her. She looked down at it, but said nothing. He took the reins from her, and drove out of the village before he spoke again. "I have got some grapes for your father."

She laughed, and lifted the basket at once into her lap. "I *thought* you were going for something," she said, "after you were gone; and I guessed with Sister Frances. I guessed it was grapes, and she guessed it was peaches. You thought he would be disappointed at Elder Joseph's vines." She raised the lid of the basket, and after a glance pushed it to again with a quick gesture, and looked gravely at him. "That is too much," she said.

"I hope you don't think so!" he pleaded. "I counted on your being pleased."

"So I am pleased," she returned. She opened the basket-lid again, and looked within.

"You must have hated to come back to the country," she said, after a silence, "if you like the city so much."

"No. For once I was willing to come back. If the country had n't threatened to keep me, I should n't have hated it. I never hated the country about here. What have you been doing this afternoon? It seems a great while."

"Does it? Yes, it does! I suppose there 's such a sameness here that anything that breaks it up makes the time longer. Sister Frances says that it 's so when any of them are gone. After you went I came in and stayed with father. He did n't know that I had been trying to get him some grapes. Your going away seemed to fret him, and that made me a little anxious to — to — see if you *had* come."

"I never thought of not coming back."

"Yes, I know. Silas went down to the post-office with me; but Humphrey came along in his buggy, and Silas went back with him. He could n't wait for you, and I said I would."

"Thanks. But you took too much trouble. I expected to walk up from the station."

"I did n't believe you 'd want to carry the basket."

"Yes, I should. But what would you have done if you had had to drive home alone in the dusk?"

"Oh, I knew you would be there."

The lamps were lit in the office, and the window was red with cheerful light where the doctor lay in the infirmary, when they drew up before the gate, and Ford helped Egeria down. Then he took the paper in which the bouquet was wrapped, and handed it to her. "There are a few flowers, too."

"I *thought* it must be flowers," she said. "I 'll put them round the grapes."

"The flowers are for you," said Ford, with dogged resolution.

Laban came across the street from the office, and took the horse by the bridle. "The sisters want you should take your tea at the office, to-night. They 've got it ready for you, and they 've sent word to Friend Williams not to be expectin' you."

While Ford waited a few moments in the office parlor, Egeria came, and he heard her talking with Rebecca and Diantha in the sitting-room. When the latter came to tell him that tea was ready, he perceived that his gift was already a matter of family approval. He sat down at the table, and Egeria came out of the kitchen adjoining with the polished tin tea-pot in her hand. Then he saw that the table was set for two. Her face was flushed, as if she had been near the heat; but she sat down quietly, saying, "He was asleep, and Frances was with him. I must run back in a minute, for I want him to have them as soon as he wakes." He knew that she meant the grapes. When she

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was handing him his cup, she half drew it back. "I did n't ask you whether you like cream and sugar both, and I 've put them in."

"I like it so," said Ford.

She ate with more appetite than he, and was gayer than he had seen her before. A happy light was in her eyes, and when they met his this light seemed to suffuse her face. She talked, and he listened dreamily. It was very strange to a man of his solitary life. He did not remember to have ever seen any one pour tea. At the boarding-house they came and asked if you would have tea or coffee, and brought it to you in a cup; at the restaurant they set it before you in a pot, and you helped yourself, or the waiter reached over your shoulder and poured it out. Ford looked round the sincerely bare dining-room; the windows were shut to keep out the evening chill, and the curtains were snugly drawn. The door to the kitchen was open, and he could hear Diantha moving about there; now and then she made a little rattling at the stove; once she came in with a plate of rice-cakes, and offered to wait upon them; but Egeria passed the plate to Ford herself, and then gave him the butter and syrup. He tried to make her one with the frightened and joyless creature whom he had first seen in Boston; then he perceived that she had fallen silent under his silent scrutiny.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "is anything the matter?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "But I must go back to father. Will you come over and see him?"

"Yes."

He walked across the road with her under the stars, keen as points of steel in the moonless sky; but at the gate he said, "No, I won't go in, to-night. I will come to see your father to-morrow."

She said "Well," as if she understood that he wished to delay being thanked.

As he lingered, she faltered too, and they stood confronted without speaking. Then he said, "Good-night," and made an offer of offering his hand. She saw it, and stretched hers towards him; but by this time he had let his hand fall, thinking it unnoticed. The manœuvre was reciprocally repeated; by a common impulse they both broke into a low, nervous laugh, and their hands met in a quick clasp.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said, when she had got a few paces away.

A little farther off, he glanced back. She seemed to be standing yet at the door; but the light was uncertain, and it might have been a shadow. He delayed a little, and then went back; but she was now gone, and he saw her head reflected against the curtain within.

XXI.

Ford expected that they would meet next in the mood of their parting; but she received him with a sort of defensive scrutiny that puzzled him and estranged her from him. He fancied that she avoided being alone with him, and made haste to shelter herself from him in her father's presence, where she sat and knitted while they talked. If he glanced at her, he found her eye leaving him with a look of anxious quest. He went away feeling that she was capricious. Other days followed when she was different, and met him with simple and eager welcome; but then he did not think her capricious, and he forgot from time to time the inquisition that vexed him with her, and that seemed to weary and distress her.

He commonly wrote in the morning and came in the afternoon. She sat on the threshold of the infirmary, and if her father was awake she invited him in-doors; if Boynton was asleep, she drew Ford off a little way into the orchard. There had been a change in

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Boynton. He never spoke hopefully of his condition to Ford; but although he still showed a great feebleness, there were often days when he left his bed and sat up in a rocking-chair to receive his visitor. He did not remain long afoot, and he never showed any wish to go out-of-doors. Sometimes Egeria and Frances, in their zeal for his convalescence, urged him in the mild fall weather to go out for the air; but after a glance at the landscape he said, "Yes, yes, to-morrow, if it 's fair. I 'm hardly equal to it to-day." When Ford was not with him, or some of the more metaphysical of the Shakers, he read or mused in his chair. At first he had wished to talk of the questions that perplexed him with Egeria, but she had fondly evaded them; later, when she showed herself willing to afford him this resource, he had no longer the wish for it, and did not respond to her promptings.

His mind must have been dwelling upon this change in himself and her, one afternoon, when Ford came in and sat down with him. "You see," he said, "how they have tricked out my room for me?" and he indicated the boughs of colored leaves, varied with bunches of wild asters and tops of golden-rod, in which the Shakers had carried him the autumn. "There is n't healing in my leaves, as there was in the flowers which they brought Egeria this spring," he added, with a slight sigh, "but there is sympathy, — sympathy." Ford left him to the pleasure he evidently found in the analogy and contrast, and Boynton presently resumed: "There is an experiment which I should have liked to try, if she had continued the same. I should have liked to see if we could not change places, and she exert upon me that influence which I once had over her. There is no telling how sanative it might be in a case like mine, in which there is a certain obscurity of origin and character. But I am convinced that it would be useless to attempt the experiment. I see now that the psychic force must have left her entirely during her sickness. Not a trace of it remains. The fact is a very interesting one, which I should hope to investigate with important results, if I could live to do so. It may be that we approach the other world only through some abnormal condition here. You have observed this remarkable change in my daughter?"

"You know I only saw Miss Boynton two or three times before I came here," said Ford. "She seems very much better."

"That *is* the change. Her power has escaped in this return to health. I saw it, — I almost noted its flight. Day by day, after the crisis of her fever, when convalescence began, I perceived that she grew more and more rebellious to my influence, without knowing it. If I had obeyed my intuitions, I should never have put her powers to the final test. I see now that you had nothing to do with our failure here, whatever the effect of your sphere was in Boston. Her gift, rare and wonderful as it was, was the perishable efflorescence of a nervous morbidity. I might have known this before, — perhaps I *did* know it, and refused to accept it as a fact. It was hard, it was impossible, to relinquish my belief in her continued powers just when I had brought them to the most favorable conditions for their exercise. But I don't give up my belief in what has been. I know that once she possessed the power that has been withdrawn, if ever it existed on earth. You will get out of the matter very easily by saying that it never did exist," added Boynton bitterly. "*I* should once have said so; but now I say, whoever keeps it or loses it, this power has never ceased to exist. Has my daughter ever spoken to you of this matter?" he demanded abruptly.

"Yes," said Ford.

"It would be intolerable if she knew how great her loss was. But she never

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realized the preciousness of her gift while she possessed it."

The color of superiority, of censure, which tinged these words irritated the young man. "As far as I could understand, she seemed to dislike ghosts."

"Yes, I know that. I had that to contend with in her."

"It seemed to me that she had a terror of them, and that your researches had cost her" — Ford stopped.

"What?" asked Boynton.

"She has never complained," answered the other. "I could only conjecture" —

"Oh, I can believe that she never complained!" cried Boynton; and now he lay a long space silent. At last, "Yes," he groaned, with an indescribable intensity of contrition in his tone, "I see what you mean! I seized upon a simple, loving nature, good and sweet in its earthliness, and sacred in it, and alienated it from all its possible happiness to the uses of my ambition. I have played the vampire!"

Ford rose in alarm at the effect of his words, and essayed what reparation he could. "No," he protested. "The harm is less than you think. I don't believe that any one but ourselves can do us essential injury here. We may make others unhappy, but we can't destroy the possibility of happiness in them; we can only do that in ourselves. Your conscience has to do with your motives; it judges you by them, and God — if we suppose Him — will not judge you by anything else. The effect of misguided actions belongs to the great mass of impersonal evil."

It was the second time that he had presumed to distinguish between Boynton and Egeria, and he had again committed a cruel impertinence. He continued with a sort of remorseful rage to launch upon Boynton such fragments of consolation as came into his head; and he hurried from him without knowing that his phrases about impersonal evil had already floated that buoyant spirit beyond the regrets in which he had plunged it.

Still heated and ashamed, he issued from the infirmary, and, as if it were strange that she should be there, he started at sight of Egeria under one of the orchard trees. But in that fascination which makes us hover about the victim of some wrong or the witness of some folly of ours, he pressed towards her. She was leaning against the trunk of the tree, with some knitting in her hand, and he flung himself on the grass at her feet. He thought that he meant to confess to her what had just passed, but he made no attempt to do so. "Are you so very tired?" she asked, smiling down at him.

"Not very," he answered, "but I know no reason why I should n't sit down, — except one."

"What 's that?"

"That you 're standing."

It was pretty, and she was a girl, and she softly laughed as she began to knit.

"That 's work in real earnest," he said, looking at the substantial gray sock mounted on her needles.

"Yes; the Shakers sell them," she explained. "I suppose you 've got through your work for the day."

"I 've got through my writing, if you call that work. It must be work. It 's so dull it can't be play." Again he thought he would speak of what had passed between him and her father, but he did not.

"Do you write stories?" she asked, with her eyes on her knitting.

"Oh, not so bad as that! I do what they call social topics, — perhaps because I never go into society; and I do them with difficulty, as I deserve, for I 'm only making literature a means. I understand that if you want to be treated well by it you must make it an end, and be very serious and respectful with it."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, as if she did not understand.

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"I 'm serious enough," he continued, "but I don't respect my writing as it goes on. It 's as good as most; but it ought to be as good as the least."

"What are social topics?" she asked presently.

"I suppose I 'm treating a social topic now. I 'm writing about some traits of New England country life. I began it — do you care to hear?"

"Yes, I should like to hear about it if you will tell me."

"It 's nothing. I was telling you the other day of our start from Boston. I could n't help noticing some things on the way; my ten years in town had made me a sort of foreigner in the country, and I noticed the people and their way of living; and after I got here I sent a letter to a newspaper about it. You might think that would end it; but you don't know the economies of a hack-writer. I 've taken my letter for a text, and I 'm working it over into an article for a magazine. If I were a real literary man I should turn it into a lecture afterwards, and then expand it into a little book." Egeria knitted on in silence, as if her mind were away, or had not strength to deal with these abstractions. "Who is that?" asked Ford, as a young Shakeress with a gentle face looked out of a window of the nearest family house, and nodded in pleasant salutation to Egeria.

"That is the school-teacher."

"They all look alike to me, — the sisters. I don't see how you tell them apart, so far off."

"Yes, they all have the same expression, — the Shaker look. But they 're very different."

"Why, of course. And the Shaker look is a very good look. It 's peaceful. I suppose they have their bickerings, though."

"Not often. They 're what they seem. That 's their great ambition."

"It 's an immense comfort. You must be quite at home among them."

"Yes," said the girl.

"Do you mean no?"

"They do everything they can to make me; but they have their own world, and I don't belong to it. They feel that as well as I do; but they can't help it."

"Of course not. That 's the nature of worlds, big and little. You can't be at home *near* them; you have to be *in* them to be comfortable. I have a world in my own neighborhood that I don't belong to. I like to abuse it; but it 's quite as good a neighbor as I deserve, and it would be civil if I made an effort to fit into it. But I suppose I was a sort of born outcast."

"Does Mr. Phillips write, too?" asked the girl.

The abruptness of the transition was a little bewildering; but Ford answered, "My Phillips? No; he talks."

"But has n't he any business?"

"None of his own. Did he amuse you?"

"I don't think I understood him," said Egeria.

"He would be charmed with your further acquaintance. He would tell you that he could meet you on common ground, — that he did n't understand himself."

She left Phillips by another zigzag. "I suppose," said she, "you like the influence that a writer has. It must be a pleasure to feel your power over people."

"No," said Ford, "I don't care anything about the influence. It shocks me to think of people being turned this way or that by my stuff."

"Then you believe," she said, with that recurrent intensity, "that we can have power over others without knowing it, and even without wishing it?"

"Oh," he answered carelessly, "we all control one another in the absurdest way."

"Yes." She turned quite pale, and looked away, passing her hand over her

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forehead as if she were giddy. Then she rose quickly, and hurried down the path to the infirmary. The young man followed.

"Did you think you heard your father's bell?"

"I'd better see if he rang." She went into the little house, but came out directly. "No; he's trying to sleep."

"Then we must go back, so as not to disturb him."

"Yes," she said, but with an accent of interrogation and reluctance. "I don't believe I ought to leave him."

"We shall be near enough," he rejoined with a kind of willfulness. "Here comes Sister Frances; she will stay with him."

"I might speak to her," murmured Egeria, hesitating, as Frances came across the road.

"It is n't worth while. She will find him alone, and will naturally stay till you come in." Ford glanced about him. "Which is the apple-tree they call yours?"

"The one they brought me out under the first day I was well enough?"

"Yes; I have heard a great deal of that tree. It is famous in the community annals."

"Oh, it does n't look the least now as it did then." She led the way far up the orchard slope. But when they came to the tree, and she said, putting her hand on the trunk, "This is it," neither of them spoke of it. She glanced at the hill on the brow of which some chestnut-trees stood.

"We could get a better view from that place," he suggested.

"Do you think so?" She climbed half up the wall that divided the orchard from a meagre pasture above, and looked back. He passed her and helped her over the wall. "I forgot that this meadow was so wet," she said, hesitating near the wall.

"But nature never does things by halves," said Ford. "Where she makes a sopping meadow, she puts plenty of stones to step on; and where you are doubtful of your footing she puts me to lend you a helping hand." He extended his hand to her as he spoke, and drew her lightly to the sloping bowlder on which he stood, and on which she must cling to him for support.

"Oh, I could get on well enough alone," she said, laughing nervously.

"You can get on better with help."

"Yes."

She followed him, springing from stone to stone, staying herself now by his hand and now by his arm, till they reached the hard, dry top, where the tangled low blackberry vines overran the bowlder heads thickly crusted with lichens.

"I did n't suppose it was so bad," she said, shaking out her skirts.

"I don't think it so very bad," he returned. "It was n't a great way across."

"No. There are some chestnuts. It must be too soon for them."

"Let us see," said Ford. He advanced leisurely, and with a club knocked off some burs. Returning with them to the rock, where she had stood watching him, he hammered the nuts from their cells. They were scarcely in the milk yet. "These trees are too old," he said. "The nuts ripen first on the young trees that stand apart in the meadows. There are some in the rye-field just beyond these pine woods, here," he said, pointing to the growth on their left.

"That would be too far," she answered, following his gesture with a glance. "We had better go back."

"We can go back that way. It's good walking."

She did not answer, but he led on again, and she followed. "How still and warm it is!" she cried, with a luxurious surrender to the charm of the place. The slanting sun struck through the slender boles of the trees, and burnished the golden needles under their feet. There was no sound of life save their steps, and their voices which took

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a lower key; the air was rich with the balsam of the trees. She deeply inhaled it. "Yes, yes," she murmured. "It all comes back. I was afraid," she said, in answer to the look with which he turned upon her, "that I had lost the feeling which I had when I first got well. But I have n't."

"What was it?"

"I don't know if I can tell. Something as if I belonged in such places — as if they missed me when I came away — I don't know. It was something very silly" — She stopped.

"Don't grieve the woodland by hurrying through it, then," said Ford, with a playfulness which, now that he indulged it, seemed natural to him. "Wait a moment. This rock is a new feature, — I don't remember this." A vast bowlder rose at the side of their path, and he walked round it and clambered to the top, from which he bent over to speak to her again. "Would you like to come up? It 's quite easy on this side."

"What can you see?"

"Nearly the whole earth."

She found the opposite side of the rock a slope, broken by some natural steps. He came half-way down, and, reaching her his hand, pulled her strongly up.

The top was scarcely wide enough for them both; and while he stood she sat at his feet, and looked out at the landscape which a break in the woods revealed at that height. It was the valley in which the village and farms of the Shakers lay; but it stretched wider than they had ever seen it, and on the other side, beyond the river, the hills rose steeper. The red sunset bathed it in a misty light, through which shone the scarlet of the maples, the gold of the elms by the river, the tender crimson of the young growths in the swamp lands. On the hill-side some of the farm windows had caught the sun, and blazed and flickered with mimic fire. Along a lower slope ran a silent train, marking its course with puffs of white steam.

"I can confess, now," said Ford, "that if I had n't climbed this rock I should n't have known just where we were. But here are all the landmarks." He pointed to the familiar barns and family houses below.

"How near we are!" she cried, looking down. "I felt as if we were miles away. These woods are not large enough to get lost in, are they?"

"Not now. They were, a minute ago." He sat down beside her, and they looked at the landscape together. "It 's rather sightly, as Joseph says."

"We had better go down," she murmured. But neither of them made a movement to go. They sat looking at the valley. "Now the fire has caught the windows higher up," she said. They watched the glittering panes as they darkened and kindled. The windows of the highest farm-house flashed intensely, and then slowly blackened. A light blue haze hovered over the valley.

"The curtain is down," said Ford.

She started to her feet, and looked round. "Why, the sun has set!"

"Did n't you know that?" he asked.

"No," she said, sadly. "It seemed as if it would last longer. But nothing lasts."

"No, nothing lasts," he repeated. "But generally things last long enough. I could have stood another hour or two of sunset, however. And sometimes I 've known days that I would have been willing to have last forever, if I could have had out my eternity in this world."

"Is that — is *that* the way you feel, too?" she asked, turning swiftly upon him that strange, searching glance.

"Why, not always. What is the matter?"

"Nothing — nothing. Let us go down." She took his hand, and clung to it, in descending, as if eager to escape to him from some fear of him.

They went on in the direction they had

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first taken. She walked at his side, and when his pace fell to a slow saunter she did not attempt to hasten it. A red squirrel took shape and motion out of the russet needles, and raced up one of the pines, whose feathery tops he bent in his long leaps from tree to tree; a partridge suddenly whirred up from the path before them; the life was like shadow, the shadow was like life, as the twilight thickened round them. "Are you tired?" he asked. "Am I making you walk too far?"

"I am not tired," she answered, but stopping as he stopped.

"I am. I'm out of breath," he said. "Do you know this place?"

She glanced round. "I believe I should know it if I were here alone. It looks familiar. It looks like the place where Laban found us that morning when we were trying to walk to Vardley Station. The brook ought to be running along in the hollow, here. Once he asked me if I knew the place; but I did n't. Do you think it's the place?"

"How should I know? You never told me of it before."

"Then the fever must have begun," she mused aloud. "I thought — I must have thought you — were there! I ought n't" —

"Oh," laughed Ford, "we put people in all sorts of places in dreams, feverish or otherwise. But I think the place you mean is lower down. I was in hopes you knew better where we were. I don't know."

Egeria laughed also. "Then we are lost!"

"Yes. Are you frightened?"

"I should hate to be lost here alone."

"I shall go presently and look up our whereabouts. Shall I go now?"

"If we keep walking we shall get through the woods in a few minutes. Which way are your chestnuts?"

"I don't know that, now, either. Do you care to look them up?"

"No. I thought you wanted them."

"I think it's better to stay here. No," he added, capriciously, "it's better to go home."

"Well," she responded, with the same trusting content in which she had let all his impulses sway her.

A thrill, very wild and sweet, played through his nerves. "I — I" — he began; then suddenly, "Wait here!" he cried, and ran down to the brow of the hill along which the woodland stretched. "It's all right!" he called back, and he turned to retrace his steps. But she was no longer where he had left her. He disliked to call out to her; they were very near the house in which he lodged, and he did not wish to make an alarm. He pushed hither and thither through the gathering dusk, but he could not find her; and he blamed himself for having brought her into this embarrassment. He had once seen tramps in those woods; and now it would be almost dark when they reached home. All at once he came upon her at the foot of a tree, against which she quietly leaned. "What are you doing here?" he demanded impatiently. "Why did you go away?" He thought he had spoken harshly; but she only seemed amused.

"I have n't moved. This is where you left me."

They both laughed at that. "I have been running everywhere, — round and round, as lost people do in the Adirondacks, when they are going to write about it afterwards. It's absurd to be lost here. It's like being drowned in a saucer. Were you afraid?"

"No. What should I be afraid of?"

"Certainly not bears, — till I came up. Will you take my arm? I must n't lose you again. Will they be uneasy about you?"

"Oh, they will know that I went away with you, and some of them will see us coming back together."

"Yes," said the young man.

"Besides, I can tell them that we missed the way."

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"I 'm afraid if you do that they won't let you come with me again."

"I 'm afraid they won't believe me if I tell them *where* we got lost," she said. When they came to open ground, it was much lighter. "It is n't so late as I thought."

"No," he answered; "we were actually lost in that boundless forest by daylight. But it is n't so remarkable in my case as it is in yours, Miss Boynton. I don't know what mysterious influence you are going to say bewildered you."

"Influence?" she repeated, with a start.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing!" She withdrew her hand from his arm.

He looked round, and saw that they had reached the great stone bowl of the wayside fountain. A sense of hideous anomaly possessed him. "Did I become intolerable just here?" he demanded, bitterly. "Why do you endure me? You and your father ought to hate me. I have done you nothing but harm. Why do you ever speak to me? I ought to be abominable to you!"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely. "Do you think it is" —

He laughed harshly. "Inexplicable! You don't forget anything?"

"No," she reluctantly admitted. "I don't forget."

"I can understand your father's position. He suffers me upon some theory of his. But you, — you are a woman, and women don't forgive very easily. Come, Miss Boynton," he cried, beginning to mix his wonted self-banter with his pain, "confess that I am some malignant enchanter, and that I have the power of casting an ugly spell over you, that deprives you of the wholesome satisfaction of telling me that I'm detestable."

"A spell," she began; but her voice died weakly away, and she stood looking into his face with puzzled entreaty.

"If you would tell me once for all that I am the greatest ruffian in the world, with neither pity nor decency, it might break the charm, and then I could go away to-morrow morning. I 've been waiting for that. Will you try?"

"I can't say that," she murmured.

"But you believe it?"

"No" —

"That 's part of the sorcery. You must have often tried to believe it."

She was silent, and he felt that her silence was full of distress. She turned away with a sort of helplessness; he followed her, trying to retrieve himself. But he could not find anything to say, and they scarcely spoke as they walked back through the village. At the gate of the office her parting with him was almost a flight.

XXII.

The next day Ford came, and found Egeria on the threshold, where she often met him. At first glance he thought he read in her face something like an impulse to run from him; but she quelled the impulse, if she had it, and greeted him with a resolute coldness, which he would not recognize. He had a broad yellow hickory leaf in one hand, and on this lay a little heap of blackberries; they were long and narrow like mulberries, and they had hung on the canes, hoarding the last sweetness of the year. "Perhaps your father will like these," he said; and he told her of the hollow beside the road in which he had found them. "They 've got all that was left of the summer in them," he added. "Will you have them?"

"I don't believe they would be good for him," she said.

Ford tossed them away. "How is the doctor to-day?" he asked.

"He 's better. Will you come in?"

"No, thank you. I am going to the post-office. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, and they ex-

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changed a look of mutual dismay, which hardened into pride before their eyes dropped.

At the post-office Ford found a letter for Egeria, and carried it to Humphrey, who put it away in his desk, and said he would give it to her when she came in.

"It don't seem the same handwritin', as the other. I don't know," he said, shutting his desk-lid, "as you heard that they got a letter this mornin' from a lawyer down t' their place. As I understood from Frances, — Egery read it to her, — the gran'father's left Egery what prop'ty there was. The' wa' n't no great, I guess."

The fact jarred upon Ford. Against all sense he connected it with her changed manner, for which, till then, he had found reason enough in the terms of their parting the day before. This legacy seemed the world thrusting in between them; it was as if it crossed some purpose, broke some hope, of his.

He stopped mechanically, on his way home, in the hollow of the roadside where he had found the blackberries, and looked idly at the canes. Presently he saw that there were no berries left on them. He was turning away, when a sound like suppressed laughter caught his ear. There was a rustle in a thicket near, and Egeria and one of the youngest Shakeresses came out.

"We have got them all," said the former; she blushed appealingly, while the latter still giggled. "I did n't suppose you would come again. When we saw you looking so, Susan could n't help laughing." Ford reddened with embarrassment. "It seems greedy to take them. I did n't suppose — I never thought of your wanting them. Will you — will you — take some?" She offered him her basket.

"Thanks," he said, awkwardly refusing, "I don't care for them."

He turned and walked off, leaving her where she stood, with her basket still extended towards him. She watched him out of sight, and then made a few paces after him. On a sudden she dropped her basket, and sinking down hid her face on her knees. The Shakeress picked up the basket and the berries which were jostled out of it, and stood passively near, looking at Egeria for what seemed a long time.

There came a sound of wheels. "Is that you, Susan?" called Elihu from the road.

"Yee," promptly answered the Shakeress.

Egeria sprang to her feet, and seized the basket from her. "Come! come!" she whispered, and fled farther into the woods.

But the girl did not follow her. She went out into the road, where Elihu sat in his buggy, and stood demurely waiting his question.

"Was that Egeria?"

"Yee."

"Why did she run away?"

"She was crying."

"What made her cry?"

The girl was silent.

"What made her cry?" repeated Elihu.

"She had got all the berries, when Friend Ford came, and he seemed kind of put out."

"Get in with me," said Elihu. "You should not be here alone."

In the evening Elihu went to the office, and joined the office sisters in their sitting-room. One of them took his hat and cane, and the other pulled a rocking-chair towards the air-tight stove, in which a new fire was softly roaring.

"The evenings begin to be chilly, now," he said.

"Yee," answered Rebecca, "the days are shortening. Did you find the folks all well at Harshire?"

"Yee," he said; and then he sat rocking himself absently and somewhat sadly to and fro, while the sisters, with their hands in their laps, passively waited for

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him to speak farther. Humphrey, hearing his voice, came in from his room, and Laban followed. Sister Frances, with her pale cheeks a little brightened by her walk across from the infirmary, entered the other door. Elihu lifted his voice. "But I did n't find all the folks here so well."

"Why, what do you mean, Elihu?" cried Diantha. "Is anybody sick with you?"

"Is Friend Boynton worse?" Humphrey asked, turning his head up towards Frances, who was still on foot, while he was seated.

"Nay," answered Frances, fluttered with anxiety and curiosity; "he is uncommon bright and well, to-night."

"It is no sickness of the body that I mean, and yet it is a disease of this life only. I hardly know how to say what I suspect, — or rather feel sure of." His listeners did not interrupt him, but waited in resignation for his next word. He looked round at their faces. "Egeria is getting foolish about Friend Ford."

"For shame, Elihu!" exclaimed Frances, with an indignant impulse. The rest stirred uneasily in their chairs, but did not speak.

Elihu looked kindly at Frances, but he did not address her directly in adding, "As I was coming home this afternoon, I met Friend Ford down at the turn of the road, looking strange and excited. He did n't seem to see me, and he went on without speaking. I thought I saw Susan among the bushes, and I called to her."

"I sent her!" Frances broke in. "I sent her in my place, because I could n't leave Friend Boynton, and Egery wanted to go and get some late blackberries for him that Friend Edward had told her about." Frances, by right of her special tenderness for the Boyntons, always spoke of Ford by his first name.

"Yee," replied Elihu gently, "so Susan told me, — she is a good child. She told me that Friend Ford had found them there, and because he had seemed vexed Egeria had shed tears."

"It was because they had got all the berries, and she thought it would look selfish and greedy to him," Frances interposed a second time.

"Yee," Elihu again consented, "so Susan told me. It is not the only time that I feared she had got to feeling foolish about him."

"Foolish about him!" Frances could not contain herself. "She would *never* feel foolish about a young man! And if she felt foolish about him he would feel foolish about her, too!"

"Yee," said Elihu. "They have been driving and walking together, — picking leaves and grapes and berries. He stops in the orchard in the afternoon, and talks with her by the hour."

"It 's while her father 's asleep," explained Frances. "Whenever Friend Boynton 's awake, Edward talks with him. You would n't want him waked up out of his sleep to talk, would you?"

"Nay," said Elihu, while the faintest smile moved his lips, in kindly derision of the inefficiency of Frances' defense. "Friend Ford writes in the morning, and Friend Boynton sleeps in the afternoon."

"Elihu!" cried Frances, angrily.

"Frances," returned Elihu, with re-established gravity, "will you tell me yourself that you have never thought they were foolish about each other, — what they call being in love?"

Frances wiped the tears from her eyes with her stout handkerchief, which she had knotted into a ball. "You are too bad, Elihu. You have no right to ask such a question. You had n't ought to put me on trial."

"You put yourself on trial, Frances," said Elihu, affectionately. "You began to talk while I was speaking. But I withdraw the question. I never meant to hurt your feelings. I know you have always done for the best."

"I have often heard you say," Fran-

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ces quavered reproachfully, "that the worst thing about our young people, when they get to foolin', is that they run away. You said that if they would only tell us honestly how they felt we would let them go and be married, and we would be friends with them afterwards. Now, when there are two young folks here that don't think of runnin' away, or hidin' anything, you're not satisfied. Do you want Egery and Edward to run away?"

"Nay," replied Elihu; "do you want them to be courting each other here, right under our noses?"

"It *is n't* under our noses!" cried Frances, resenting the phrase.

"Well, our eyes, then," said Elihu, patiently. "Do you think it is a good example to the rest of our young folks?"

"They're not of our family! They've never been gathered in!"

"Nay, I know that," admitted Elihu. "But does that help the matter, as far as the example goes? We all know by bitter experience how hard it is for the young to tread the path that leads to the angelic life; how cruelly it is beset with flints and shards, and how the flesh bleeds with the sting of its brambles. Do you want them mocked with the sight of flowers that tempt them to the earthly pastures? Egeria is a good girl" —

"Oh, she is, she *is!*" sobbed Frances.

"And I don't believe she understands herself that she's foolish about him" —

"I *know* she does n't! It would kill her!"

"Nay, I'm not sure of that," said Elihu, with another flicker of a smile. "But that makes the case easier to deal with. We need not speak to her at all. We can speak to the young man."

"Speak to the young man!" cried Frances. "Tell him that Egery is in love with him before he has ever asked her" — She stopped in horror.

"We do not gloss this thing among ourselves," said Elihu coldly, "and we need not care for the feints and pretenses used in the world outside. But we can tell him that he's foolish about her. I have talked the matter over with Joseph and the ministers, and we have agreed that Friend Ford should be spoken to." Frances went out of the room, turning her back upon the meditated outrage. "The only question now is," continued Elihu, without regarding her withdrawal, "who shall speak to him."

A perceptible sensation passed through the others, but no one answered. After a moment, Laban said from the corner where he sat, "Some like bellin' the cat." The sisters relieved the tension of their nerves in a low titter, but Elihu and Humphrey remained grave; and it is doubtful if Laban really intended a joke, though his face relaxed at the merriment of the sisters.

"The ministers," resumed Elihu, "were not sure whether it was the province of the elders or the trustees, and I came to consider that point with you, Humphrey."

Humphrey rose, with his face twisted by an expression as of severe bodily pain. He moved his arms haplessly about, and took off and then put on his spectacles. He tried in vain to smile. "I d' know," he said, "as I'm a very good hand at speakin' to folks. I don't seem to have any command o' language. I should think, myself, it was for the elders, some on 'em, to speak."

"You have transacted all the business with the young man," said Elihu. "You have had frequent interviews with him, and you go a good deal into the world, on business. We thought, perhaps, that you would best know how to approach him."

"I ain't one to get acquainted easy," replied Humphrey, "and I never felt no ways at home with Friend Ford. He seems to be of a kind of offish disposition." He sat down again, and hang-

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ing his head began to tilt the chair in front of him on its hind legs. "I should n't want to intrude no ways into the province of the elders. I don't seem to feel that it 's so much of a business question as what it is a question of family discipline."

"You may be right," admitted Elihu.

"If I could see it as my duty, I should n't be one to shirk it. But it 's like this." He paused unsuccessfully for a comparison, and then added, "It 's a question of family discipline. I should ha' thought it was for the ministers to speak."

"We should only have recourse to the ministers in extreme cases," said Elihu. "Besides, you thought just now it was for the elders to speak."

"Well, the elders *or* the ministers," returned Humphrey, without looking up.

Elihu compassionated his futility with a moment's silence. Then he sighed slightly, and said, "I agree with you, Humphrey. But I thought that I ought to give you the opportunity, and if you saw your duty in it I ought to yield to you. I did not want to have the appearance of forth-putting, in such a case, and I certainly don't covet the task of speaking to Friend Ford. He appears to me a person subject to sudden gusts of anger, and there is no telling how he may take the interference."

"That is so," admitted one of the sisters.

"There ain't no question about forth-puttin', Elihu," said Humphrey, with the cordiality of a great relief. "Every one 'd know 't you did n't seek such a duty. But Friend Ford 'll take it all right; you 'll see. He 'll look at it in the same light you do."

Elihu rose, and took his hat and stick. "I shall probably find him in his room, now, I suppose."

Humphrey stood as much aghast as it was in his power to do. "Was you — you wa' n't goin' to speak to him right away?"

"Yee. Why should I put it off? He cannot take it any better to-morrow or next week than he would to-night. And the trouble would n't grow less if we waited till doomsday." Elihu went out; the closing of the hall door upon him was like an earthquake to those within.

"I declare for it," said Laban, "I 'most feel like goin' along down to Friend Ford's, and waitin' outside."

"Well," observed Rebecca, slighting the bold proposition, "Elihu never *was* one to be afraid."

"That is so, Rebecca," said Diantha.

Humphrey said nothing. The accumulation and complication of evils brought upon the family by the Boyntons had long passed his control.

W. D. Howells.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the spring,
  We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
  From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
  And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
  Out of silence a sound;

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As the grape comes to the vine,
  The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
  And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
  O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
  The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs,
  All hitherward blown
From the misty land, that belongs
  To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
  He sings; — and their fame
Is his, and not his; — and the praise
  And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
  And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
  When the Angel says: "Write!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

IV.

THE JACKSON ADMINISTRATION, 1829–1837.

THE rejection of Martin Van Buren as minister to Great Britain, by the senate, was an act of retributive justice, carried out on the very spot where, five years before, he had formed the combination which overthrew the administration of John Quincy Adams. John C. Calhoun, who was the organizer of the rejection of Mr. Van Buren, thought that he had obtained pledges of a sufficient number of votes; but just before the ayes and noes were called, Mr. Webster left the senate chamber, and going down into the supreme court room remained there until the vote had been taken. Mr. Calhoun consequently found himself one vote short, and had to give the casting vote, as president of the senate, which rejected the nomination of his rival, who was already in England, where he had been received with marked attention.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Van Buren was warmly welcomed at the White House as a victim to Mr. Calhoun's opposition to the president, and he was soon recognized by the democratic party as their heir apparent to the presidency. His appearance at that time was impressive. He was short, solidly built, with a bald head, and with bushy side-whiskers which framed his florid features. He added the grace and polish of

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aristocratic English society to his natural courtesy, and it was his evident aim never to provoke a controversy, while he used every exertion to win new friends and to retain old ones. After he had been elected vice-president, he sat day after day in the chair of the senate, apparently indifferent alike to the keen thrusts of Calhoun, the savage blows of Webster, and the gibes of Clay. He well knew that General Jackson would regard every assault on him as aimed at the administration, and that his chances for the succession would thereby be strengthened. Charges of political chicanery were brought against him in shapes more varied than those of Proteus, and thick as the leaves that strew the vale of Vallambrosa; but he invariably extricated himself by artifice and choice management, earning the sobriquet of "the Little Magician." He could not be provoked into a loss of temper, and he would not say a word while in the chair except as connected with his duties as presiding officer, when he spoke in gentle but persuasive tones, singularly effective from the clearness of his enunciation and his well-chosen emphasis.

Mr. Van Buren, who was then a widower, kept house on Pennsylvania Avenue, about half-way between the White House and Georgetown, where he not only gave dinner-parties to his political friends, but entertained their wives and daughters at evening whist-parties. Gentlemen and ladies were alike used for the advancement of his schemes for the succession, and for retaining his position in the estimation of General Jackson. On one occasion he said to Mrs. Eaton that he had been reading much and thinking deeply on the characters of great men, and had come to the conclusion that General Jackson was the greatest man that had ever lived, — the only man among them all who was without a fault. "But," he added, "don't tell General Jackson what I have said. I would not have him know it for the world." Of course, it was not long before Mrs. Eaton repeated the conversation to General Jackson. "Ah, madam!" said Old Hickory, the tears starting in his eyes, "that man loves me; he tries to conceal it, but there is always some way fixed by which I can tell my friends from my enemies."

To ingratiate himself further with General Jackson, and to strengthen the democratic party, whose votes he relied upon to elevate him to the presidency, Mr. Van Buren organized the war against the United States Bank. General Jackson was opposed to this institution before he became president, and it was not a difficult task to impress upon his mind that the bank was an unconstitutional monopoly, which defied the legislative acts of sovereign States, which was suborning the leading newspapers and public men of the country, and which was using every means that wealth, political chicanery, and legal cunning could devise to perpetuate its existence. All this the honest old soldier in time believed, and it was then not difficult to impress him with a desire to combat this "monster," as he called the bank, and to act as the champion of the people in killing the dragon which was endeavoring to consume their fortunes.

The democratic politicians and presses heartily seconded their chieftain in this war, promising the people "Benton mint-drops instead of rag-money." Jackson clubs were everywhere organized, having opposite to the tavern or hall used as their head-quarters a hickory-tree, trimmed of all its foliage except a tuft at the top. Torch-light processions, then organized for the first time, used to march through the streets of the city or village where they belonged, halting in front of the houses of prominent Jackson men to cheer, while before the residences of leading whigs they would often tarry long enough to give six or nine groans. Editors of newspapers which supported the administration were forced to advocate its most ultra measures, and to de-

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nounce its opponents, or they were arraigned as traitors, and if satisfactory excuses could not be made they were read out of the party. Among those thus excommunicated was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who had edited the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian, but who was unceremoniously ousted from that post for his lack of pliability of conscience, he having refused to obey the written orders of Mr. Amos Kendall to abuse and misrepresent the supporters of the United States Bank.

Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, who as the president of the United States Bank became the antagonist of General Jackson, was a gentleman of rare ability as a statesman, a financier, and a scholar. He was at that time in the prime of life, of medium height, well proportioned, and somewhat stout. He had a large head, a full face, a high forehead, dark hazel eyes, and a mouth and chin that indicated great firmness. One secret of the power which he then possessed was his perfect imperturbability; his feelings had either been well schooled, or nature had given him an entire control over them. "Calm as a summer's morn," no thought or excitement was ever permitted to ruffle the placid exterior of Mr. Biddle's face, or to give sign of what was passing within; and by the invariable cheerfulness of his temper he baffled his opponents and sustained his friends. For several successive years torrents of bitter and malignant calumny were poured out on him by the democratic orators and newspapers, who endeavored to make it appear that he was personally responsible for the financial difficulties into which the country had been plunged. Year after year he tried to counteract the evils growing out of the various experiments tried upon the currency, and it is now admitted by financiers that he managed the affairs of the Bank of the United States with consummate ability. His trials in the bitter contest waged against him and the institution which he represented were almost as manifold as those that tested the patience of Job; and he bore them with equal meekness so far as temper was concerned, but when duty required he never failed to meet his opponents with decision and effect.

The debates in the senate on the bank and attendant financial questions were very interesting, but the audiences were necessarily small. The circumscribed accommodations of the senate chamber were insufficient, and while the ladies generally managed to secure seats, either in the galleries or on the floor, the gentlemen had to content themselves with uncomfortable positions, leaning against pillars or peeping through door-ways.

Mr. Clay was the recognized leader of the whig senators in debate, for he would recognize no leader. His oratory was persuasive and spirit-stirring. The fire of his bright eyes, the sunny smile which lighted up his countenance, the compass and variety of tone of his musical voice, his perfect articulation, and the graceful gesticulations of his long arms all added to the attractions of his able arguments. But he was not a good listener, and he would often sit, while other senators were speaking, eating sticks of striped peppermint candy, and occasionally taking a pinch of snuff from a silver box that he carried, or from one that graced the table of the senate. Mr. Clay was fond of a joke, and often indulged, in an under-tone, in humorous comments on the remarks by other senators.

Daniel Webster was a grim humorist. On one occasion, when a senator who was jeering another for some pedantry said, "The honorable gentleman may proceed to quote from Crabbe's Synonyms, from Walker and Webster"—"Not from Walker and Webster," exclaimed the senator from Massachusetts, "for the authorities may disagree!" At another time, when he was speaking on the New York fire bill, the senate clock suddenly began to strike, and after it had

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struck continuously for about fourteen or fifteen times Mr. Webster stopped, and said to the presiding officer, "The clock is out of order, sir, — I have the floor." The occupant of the chair looked rebukingly at the refractory time-piece, but in defiance of the officers and rules of the house it struck about forty before the sergeant-at-arms could stop it; Mr. Webster standing silent, while every one else was laughing.

On another occasion, while Mr. Webster was addressing the senate in presenting a memorial, a clerical-looking person in one of the galleries arose, and shouted, "My friends, the country is on the brink of destruction! Be sure that you act on correct principles. I warn you to act as your consciences may approve. God is looking down upon you, and if you act on correct principles you will get safely through." He then deliberately stepped back, and retired from the gallery before the officers of the senate could reach him. Mr. Webster was of course surprised at this extraordinary interruption; but when the shrill voice of the enthusiast had ceased, he coolly resumed his remarks, saying, "As the gentleman in the gallery has concluded, I will proceed."

Colonel Benton, of Missouri, familiarly called "Sir Boreas" by his associates, was the champion of General Jackson's administration in the senate. When a young man, Colonel Benton and his brother had a personal conflict with General Jackson and some of his friends in a tavern, when pistols and dirks were freely used; but they became friends when they sat next to each other in the United States senate, and were both members of its committee on military affairs. It was not, however, until near the close of General Jackson's administration that a bullet was extracted from his arm, which he had received in his tavern brawl with the Bentons, many years before.

Colonel Benton was a large, heavily framed man, with prominent features, black curly hair and whiskers, and a very loud voice. He wore the high black silk neck-stock and double-breasted frock-coat of his youth through his congressional career, varying the materials of which his garments were made, but never the fashion in which they were cut. He was an industrious student, but he lacked the faculty of condensing the masses of facts and figures which he laboriously obtained. Representing what was then the far West, he professed an earnest sympathy with the pioneers and the plowmen, and he was ever ready to denounce the aristocrats and the capitalists, as he called them, of the Eastern cities. When the editor of a newspaper at St. Louis, before he entered the senate, in expatiating on the future growth of the region watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, he spoke of the whole tier of the thirteen original States as "an appendant slope" to the future seat of empire, — and he lived to see his prediction realized.

Mr. Benton did not stay for nice phraseology, as he stood in debate, launching thunder-bolts of hatred, jealousy, or rage, or floundering along in metaphorical illustrations, in which he often became terribly entangled. Outraging every customary propriety of language, wrestling and struggling in fierce attempts to vindicate his assertions, he would rush forward with blind fury upon every obstacle, like the huge wild buffaloes of the Missouri prairies, whose paths, he used to assert, would show the way through the passes of the Rocky Mountains. He was not a popular speaker, and when he took the floor the occupants of the galleries invariably began to leave, while many senators devoted themselves to their correspondence. Now, however, he who was regarded in his life-time as a blatant scavenger is read and respected as the faithful parliamentary chronicler of thirty important years of the history of his country.

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Mr. Benton's great triumph during the Jackson administration was the passage of a resolution expunging from the journal of the senate a resolution censuring General Jackson for the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States. This expunging resolution was kept before the senate for nearly three years, and was then passed by only five majority. The closing debate was able and exhaustive, Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, Thomas Ewing, William C. Rives, William Hendricks, John M. Niles, Richard H. Bayard, and other distinguished men participating, while Daniel Webster read, with characteristic earnestness, a protest signed by himself and his colleague, John Davis. The democrats had provided a bountiful supply of refreshments in the room of the committee on finance, and several senators showed by their actions that they were not members of the then newly organized Congressional Temperance Society, before which Mr. Webster had delivered a brief address. After the final vote — twenty-four yeas and nineteen nays — had been taken, Mr. Benton moved that the secretary carry into effect the order of the senate. Then the secretary, Mr. Asbury Dickens, opening the manuscript journal of 1834, drew broad black lines around the obnoxious resolution, and wrote across its face, "Expunged by order of the senate, this 16th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1837."

No sooner had he concluded than hisses were heard, and Mr. King, of Alabama, who occupied the chair, ordered the galleries to be cleared, while Mr. Benton, in a towering rage, denounced the offenders, and demanded their arrest. "Here is one," said he, "just above me, that may easily be identified, — the bank-ruffian." Mr. King revoked his order to clear the galleries, but directed the arrest of the person pointed out by Mr. Benton, who was soon brought before the bar of the senate. It was Mr. Lloyd, a practicing lawyer at Cleveland, Ohio, who was not permitted to say a word in his own defense, but was soon discharged, after which the senate adjourned.

John C. Calhoun, who resigned the position of vice-president that he might be elected a senator from South Carolina, differed from his great contemporaries in the possession of a private character above reproach. Whether this arose from the preponderance of the intellectual over the animal in his nature, or the subjection of his passions by discipline, was never determined by those who knew the gifted South Carolinian best; but such was the fact. His enemies could find no opprobrious appellation for him but "Catiline," which was his middle name, — no crime but ambition. He disregarded the unwritten laws of the senate, which required senators to appear in dress suits of black broadcloth, and asserted his state pride and his state independence by wearing, when the weather was warm, a suit of nankeen, made from nankeen cotton grown in South Carolina. Mr. Calhoun had a pale and attenuated look, as if in bad health; his long black hair was combed up from his forehead and fell over the back of his head, and his thin lips increased the effect of the acute look with which he always regarded those around him. His personal intercourse with friends was characterized by great gentleness of manner; he was an affectionate and a devoted husband and father, and Webster truly remarked of him that "he had no recreations, and never seemed to feel the necessity of amusement."

In the house of representatives, during the Jackson administration, sectional topics were rife, sectional jealousies were high, and partisan warfare was unrelenting. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, who was triumphantly reëlected as speaker for four successive terms, understood well how to keep down the boiling caldron, and to exercise stern authority, tempered with dignity and

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courtesy, over heated passions of the fiercest conflicting character. When he was transferred from the speaker's chair to the court of St. James, John Bell, of Tennessee, an old supporter of General Jackson, became his successor for the remainder of that session; but at the commencement of the next Congress, Mr. Van Buren secured the election of James K. Polk. Mr. Bell, on his next visit to Nashville, threw down the gauntlet in an able speech, and nominated Judge White. This was the foundation of the White party, which had as its editorial henchman the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, known as "the fighting parson," who soon acquired a national reputation by his defiant personalities in debate, and by his trenchant editorial articles in the newspapers of East Tennessee. Mr. Brownlow was at that time a tall, spare man, with long black hair, black eyes, and a sallow complexion. He was devoted to the Methodist church and to the White — afterwards the whig — party, while the doctrine of immersion and the emancipation of slavery were objects of his intense hatred.

While Mr. Stevenson was speaker, General Samuel Houston, who had been residing among the Indians for several years, came to Washington to organize an expedition for the conquest of Texas, thereby extending the area of slavery. Taking offense at some remarks made in debate by Mr. Vance, a representative from Ohio, Houston assaulted and severely pounded him. The house voted that Houston should be brought before its bar and reprimanded by the speaker, which was done, although Mr. Stevenson's reprimand was really complimentary. That night, a friend of General Houston attacked Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, who had been active in securing the reprimand, with a bludgeon and a pistol, but the latter had the best of the encounter.

The most prominent member of the house of representatives in the closing years of the Jackson administration was the venerable John Quincy Adams. Having found himself an exile amid the rural quiet of Quincy, the ex-president returned to Washington as representative from that congressional district. He resided in his own house on F Street, where he hospitably entertained his friends and those of his constituents who visited the metropolis, and he occupied his leisure moments in writing verses for ladies' albums, or in adding to his autobiography, which is not a sketch of his times in which every one appears in the best light, but a daguerreotype with heavy shadows. He was prompt and punctual in his attendance at committee meetings and the sessions of the house, where he would sit in his faded frock-coat, ink-spotted waistcoat and pantaloons, white woolen stockings, and low shoes, apparently paying little attention to what was going on. But let any question come up which afforded an opportunity for gladiatorial display, and he was at once in the arena. His polished bald head would become scarlet, tears would stream from his enrheumed eyes, his body would sway to and fro, his voice would be so highly pitched that it would at times break, and his agitated index finger would quiver in gesticulation, as he would sarcastically and provokingly take part in the debate. His profound acquaintance with the political history of the country, his wonderful ability for comprehending and reasoning, and his faculty for analyzing a subject to its elements gave him great power in debate, and made him a dreaded adversary. Cold and unsympathetic in his manner, and exhibiting no warmth of feeling in his intercourse even with his most intimate friends, his passions were really violent; and sometimes, when he was discussing some unimportant matter, they would burst forth like a volcano, as if beyond his control.

Mr. Adams's most uncompromising opponent in the house was Robert Barn-

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well Rhett; and there was an intense sectional animosity between the two, although they were cousins. Mr. Rhett's name was originally Smith, he having taken the name of Rhett in 1836, and his father's own cousin, Abigail Smith, was the mother of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Rhett was the champion "fire-eater" of those days, and after Mr. Calhoun had agreed to support the compromise act he said at a public meeting in South Carolina, "Before accepting that compromise, I would be shattered into bloody fragments on the battle-field." He did, however, submit, and when the war between the States finally came he was not a combatant.

Mr. Adams had at one time an able coadjutor in Caleb Cushing, who had returned from extensive travels in Europe, where he had stored his mind with rare acquisitions of knowledge and with much intellectual bricabrac, to take a seat in the house after a protracted contest. He finally secured his election by leaving his bed, after he had retired, and writing a letter to John G. Whittier, in which he pledged himself to the support of anti-slavery measures. At first, he stood boldly forward in the house in the preliminary parliamentary picket fights of the "irrepressible conflict," and his defense of New England, in reply to an attack by Mr. Ben. Hardin, of Kentucky, was eloquent and noble. Had he continued as he commenced, Mr. Cushing would have become a leader in the movement afterwards so triumphantly crowned with success. He was then a handsome man, with bright dark eyes and long black hair; and he was a very effective speaker, using a profusion of words to illustrate a harmonious succession of brilliant metaphors. The decease of his wife, to whom he had been devotedly attached, rendered him somewhat misanthropic, and he preferred rooming alone to joining any of the "messes." Even at that time, his company at dinner-parties was much sought, as his remarkable memory and his graphic powers of description made him a fascinating talker.

Another prominent representative at that time was Henry A. Wise, from the Accomac district of tide-water, Virginia. Although then a young man, Mr. Wise dressed like a gentleman of the old school; his long-skirted blue coat hung loosely about his tall, gaunt figure, while a large white cravat added to the sallow pallor of his thin features, which had masses of long, disheveled black hair as a background. He rarely sat in his seat, but he used to stride to and fro in the lobby behind the speaker's chair, or stop to chat with the groups around the fire-places at either end of it. Possessing brilliant talents, a volatile yet well-informed mind, and an attractive address, he was remarkably popular among his many friends in the house, and was apparently more interested in conversing with them than in the subject under consideration. But if a democrat — especially a Northern democrat — stepped purposely or accidentally on whig corns, or if any disparaging allusion was made to Virginia, or to its "peculiar institution," Mr. Wise was at once on the floor, pouring forth, as if discharged from a catapult, terse, snapping sarcasms, hard sayings, and almost insulting queries, while he pointed out the object of his attack.

Edward Everett was one of the wheel-horses of the house. As a chairman of committees his reports were able, and were never attacked except upon absolute differences of political opinion; for all could understand precisely what he intended to say. So with his speeches on the leading questions of the day: there was no equivocal phraseology or disguised opinions, but he expressed his sentiments in debate with the same sincerity as he had previously in the pulpit or in the professor's chair, and many respected his course who could not follow it. His appearance was classical,

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and he had the pallid look of the hard student, with the courteous manners of the polished gentleman.

There were several other able men in the house, among them Tristam Burgess, of Rhode Island, a stalwart old gentleman with snow-white hair and a Roman nose, who was called "the bald eagle." Gulian C. Verplanck and Thomas J. Oakley, two members of the New York bar who represented that city, were statesmen rather than politicians. John Chambers, of Kentucky, a gigantic economist, was ever ready to reform small expenditures and willing to overlook large ones. And then there was David Crockett, of Tennessee, who could "whip his weight in wild-cats," and who, when defeated as a candidate for reëlection, went to Texas, where his gallant death roused a spirit of revenge which swept the Mexicans back across the Rio Grande.

The centennial birthday of George Washington was duly honored in the city which he had founded and which bore his name. Divine services were performed at the Capitol, and later in the day there was a dinner at Brown's Hotel, at which Daniel Webster prefaced the first toast in honor of the Father of his Country by an eloquent speech of an hour in length. In the evening there were two public balls, — one for the gentry at Camsi's saloon, and the other for mechanics and tradesmen at the Masonic Temple.

Congress had proposed to pay signal homage to the memory of Washington on the centennial anniversary of his birth by removing his remains to the crypt beneath the dome of the Capitol. Mr. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, gave his assent; but Mr. John A. Washington, then the owner of Mount Vernon, declined to permit the removal of the remains, on the ground that Virginia did not wish to part with them, but prompted, undoubtedly, by a desire to dispose of Mount Vernon, to which they gave additional value, at a high price.

Congress purchased Rembrandt Peale's portrait of Washington, and the house ordered a full-length picture of him from Vanderlyn, a celebrated New York artist. A commission was also given to Horatio Greenough for a colossal statue of Washington in a sitting posture, to be placed on a high pedestal in the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol. The Washington National Monument Association, after consultation with men of acknowledged artistic taste, selected from among the numerous designs submitted a simple obelisk, five hundred feet in height, for the erection of which the American people began at once to contribute.

Mr. Silas Burrows, a wealthy New York merchant, offered to defray the expenses attendant on the erection of an imposing white marble monument to the memory of Mrs. Mary Washington, the mother of George, at the spot near Fredericksburg where her remains had probably been interred. While General Jackson was on his way to witness the laying of the corner-stone, the steamboat stopped for a few moments at Alexandria, and a Virginian named Randolph, who had just been ignominiously dismissed from the navy because he would not aid in concealing the defalcations of Purser Timberlake, Mrs. Eaton's first husband, came on board. Making his way into the cabin, where the general sat smoking his pipe, he advanced towards him, attempting at the same time to pull off his right glove. General Jackson, supposing that the stranger wished to shake hands with him, said, "Never mind your glove, sir! Excuse my not rising, for my side pains me," and he extended his hand. Randolph had by this time got his glove off, and he struck General Jackson on one cheek; but before he could repeat the blow he was seized, a scuffle ensued, and he was escorted on shore.

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General Jackson's blood was up, but he could not get at his adversary before he was hurried away. "Had I been apprised," said he, "that Randolph stood before me, I should have been ready for him, and I could have defended myself."

"Sir," said a citizen of Alexandria, who had come into the cabin, "promise to pardon me in case I am tried and convicted, and I will kill Randolph in less than fifteen minutes."

"No, sir!" replied General Jackson. "I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, nor none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again."

No attempt was made to arrest Randolph, and he escaped on a horse which was in readiness. General Jackson proceeded to Fredericksburg, where he was cordially welcomed, and the corner-stone of the monument was duly laid. Soon after the structure was commenced, however, Mr. Burrows experienced pecuniary reverses, and the work on the monument was arrested. It remains to-day in an unfinished condition.

Another attack was made on General Jackson one afternoon as he was leaving the Capitol, where he had been to attend the funeral of a representative, by a journeyman painter named Richard Lawrence. Stepping in front of the general, Lawrence snapped two loaded pistols at him, in rapid succession, the percussion-cap of each exploding without igniting the charge. An investigation proved beyond a doubt that Lawrence was insane, but General Jackson was tempted to believe that the friends of the United States Bank had prompted his assassination.

Personal government was the bane of the Jackson administration, and an overweening idea of his own importance was the foundation of the old soldier's errors. It should be borne in mind, however, that he was surrounded by flatterers, and that even the government of Harvard College paid homage to him, when he visited Cambridge, by creating him a Doctor of Laws, although he could not write a letter which did not contain errors in orthography and punctuation. "By the Eternal" was a favorite phrase with him when he desired to give emphasis to an expression, and he became very profane when he lost his temper; yet he was a sincere believer in revealed religion, and a constant attendant on the services at the Presbyterian church wherever he happened to be. So far as his prejudices and his narrowness of judgment permitted he was a kind-hearted man, nor was he averse to some of the pleasures which he had enjoyed in his younger days.

The general always liked the physical excitement of a horse-race, where a large assemblage thrills with but one thought from the word "Go!" until the winning horse reaches the goal, and he was always to be seen at the spring and fall races over the National Course, just north of Washington city. Delegations of sporting-men from the Atlantic cities crowded into the metropolis during the race weeks; there were jockey-club dinners and jockey-club balls; and the course resounded to the footfalls of noted horses, especially Boston, Sir Charles, Emily, and Blue Dick. In 1836 General Jackson had a filly of his own raising brought from the Hermitage and entered for a race by Major Donelson, his private secretary. Nor did he conceal his chagrin when the filly was beaten by an imported Irish colt named Langford, owned by Captain Stockton of the navy, and he had to pay lost wagers amounting to nearly a thousand dollars, while Mr. Van Buren and other devoted adherents who had bet on the filly were also losers.

Baillie Peyton, of Tennessee, used to narrate an amusing account of a visit which he made to the National Race-

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course with General Jackson and a few others, to witness the training of some horses for an approaching race. They went on horseback, General Jackson riding his favorite gray horse, and wearing his white fur hat with a broad band of black crape, which towered above the whole group. The general greatly enjoyed the trials of speed, until a horse named Busiris began to rear and plunge. This stirred old Hickory's mettle, and he rode forward to give some energetic advice to the jockey, but just then saw that the vice-president was ambling along at his side on an easy-going nag. "Mr. Van Buren," he exclaimed, "get behind me, sir! They will run over you, sir!" and the Little Magician gracefully retired to the rear of his chief, which, Mr. Peyton used to say, was his place.

Cock-fighting had been one of General Jackson's favorite home amusements, and he had become the possessor of a breed of fowl that was invincible in Tennessee. He had some of these pugnacious birds brought to Washington, and one spring morning he rode out towards Bladensburg, with a select party of friends, to see "a main" fought between the Hermitage and the Annapolis cocks. The birds were not only trained to fight, but were equipped for their bloody work. Their heads and necks were plucked, their tail feathers were closely trimmed, and their natural spurs were cut off and replaced by "gaffs," or sharp blades of finely tempered steel. Each bird had his trainer, ready to administer stimulants and to sponge the blood from the wounds inflicted by the gaffs. General Jackson was very confident that his favorites would again be victorious; but there was no fight, to the great disappointment of all present, who doubtless possessed what has been called "the devil's nerve," which thrills with base enjoyment in the visible pain of man, beast, or bird. The long confinement in coops on the stages, or some other unknown cause, appeared to have deprived the Hermitage birds of their wonted pluck, and the Annapolis cocks crowed in triumph.

The social life at the White House, during the administration of General Jackson, was not distinguished for fashion or etiquette. The Nimrod Wildfires from the backwoods of Tennessee, the bear-hunters from the valley of the Big Muddy, and the alumni of Tammany Hall were always welcome guests. Politics was the staple topic of conversation, and the distribution of Federal offices was the great study of an administration which had spared neither age, nor fitness, nor long experience, nor even revolutionary service, and which, to use the words of Daniel Webster, had even "gone down to low-water mark to make an ousting of the tide-waiters."

General Jackson was not fond of theatrical performances, but he went — as did nearly every one else at Washington — to witness the widely heralded performances of Miss Fanny Kemble. The niece of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, and the daughter of Charles Kemble, she had been trained from early childhood to sustain the reputation of her distinguished theatrical family. A good-looking young woman, with large dark eyes, a profusion of dark hair, a low forehead, and strawberry-and-cream complexion, she was personally attractive, and gave evidence of a careful stage training which was wonderfully effective. Every movement, gesture, and inflection of voice had been carefully studied, and when making an ordinary remark in conversation, she could deliver her words with a deliberate attempt at stage effect. Her Juliet with her father's Romeo was her best character, but they failed signally as Lady Teazle and Charles Surface in the School for Scandal.

Gentlemen would often go from dinner-parties to the theatre in an intoxicated condition, and one night the Hon. James Blair, then a representative in

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Congress from South Carolina, who was on what was denominated "a spree," took offense at a remark by one of the actors which he imagined was meant for him, and drawing a pistol fired at the unconscious offender. The ball passed just above Miss Jefferson's head, and the actors left the stage without ceremony. Mr. Blair was persuaded by his friends to leave the house, and then Mr. Ingersoll, the stage manager, appeared, looking very pale. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "if there is to be shooting at the actors on the stage, it will be impossible for the performance to go on." About three weeks afterwards Mr. Blair, in a fit of delirium tremens, blew out his own brains with a pistol, at his lodgings on Capitol Hill.

The first "society letters," as they are called, written from Washington, were by Nathaniel P. Willis, to the New York Mirror. Willis was at that time a foppish, slender young man, with a profusion of long light hair, who always dressed in the height of fashion. He had, while traveling in Europe, mingled with the aristocratic classes, and he affected to look down upon the masses; but with all his snobbishness he had a wonderful faculty for endowing trifling occurrences with interest, and his letters have never been surpassed. He possessed a sunny nature, full of poetry, enthusiasm, and cheerfulness, — always willing to say a pleasant word for those who treated him kindly, and never seeking to retaliate on those who sneered at and maligned him.

Willis first introduced steel pens at Washington, having brought over from England some of those made by Joseph Gillott at Birmingham. Before this, goose-quill pens had been exclusively used, and there was in each house of Congress and in each department a pen-maker, who knew what degree of flexibility and breadth of point each writer desired. Every gentleman had to carry a pen-knife, and to have in his desk a hone to sharpen it on, giving the finishing touches on one of his boots. Another new invention of that epoch was the lucifer match-box, which superseded the large tin tinder-box, with its flint and steel. The matches were in the upper portion of a pasteboard case about an inch in diameter and six inches in length, and in a compartment beneath them was a bottle containing a chemical preparation, into which the brimstone-coated end of the match was dipped and thus ignited.

The mayor of Washington, during the closing years of the Jackson administration, was Peter Force, a noble specimen of those who — before the existence of trades unions — used to serve an apprenticeship to the "art preservative of arts," and graduate from the printing-office qualified to fill any political position. Fond of American history, Mr. Force, while printing the Biennial Register, better known as the Blue Book, from the color of its binding, began to collect manuscripts, books, and pamphlets, many of which had been thrown away in the executive departments as rubbish, and were purchased by him from the dealers in waste paper. In 1833 he originated the idea of compiling and publishing a documentary history of the country, under the title of the American Archives, and issued a number of large folio volumes, the profits going to the politicians who secured the necessary appropriations from Congress. He was emphatically a gentleman, — tall, stalwart, with bushy black hair and large, expressive eyes, which would beam with joy whenever a friend brought him a rare autograph or pamphlet.

When Jefferson was president, his democratic admirers in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, under the guidance of Rev. John Leland, made and sent to the White House, as a gift, the biggest cheese that had ever been seen. Just prior to the expiration of General Jackson's presidential term, one of his New

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York admirers, named Meacham, who desired to attract attention to the products of his dairy, sent to the White House a cheese which eclipsed that bestowed upon Jefferson. It was larger in circumference than a hogshead, and about a yard thick, and on the massive box in which it was brought from the Meacham dairy to Washington was a portrait of General Jackson, surmounted by the American eagle.

On the twenty-second day of February, 1837, eleven days before the administration of General Jackson expired, he held a farewell reception, at which the mammoth cheese was cut and distributed in the ante-room of the White House as a parting gift. Two men, with immense knives made from saw blades, cut into the unsavory mass, giving each applicant a piece weighing two or three pounds. Some had provided themselves with paper in which to wrap their portions, but many carried them away in their hands without any covering, and upwards of fourteen hundred pounds was thus distributed, or trodden under foot. After getting past the cheese, thousands of visitors, of high and low degree, elbowed their way into the blue parlor, where they were presented to General Jackson, whose health was so feeble that he remained sitting in his chair. His niece, Mrs. Donelson, stood at his side, while behind him, with a smile for every one of the passing throng, was the president elect, Martin Van Buren.

THE POLITICAL ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH.

We are now at the beginning of the fourth presidential canvass since the close of the rebellion. It is fifteen years since the surrender at Appomattox; it is twelve years since the country affirmed the validity and justice of the settlements of the war by the election of General Grant by an overwhelming majority in 1868. And yet the issue of the present campaign is practically one that connects itself directly with the war. It is whether the people who rebelled against the United States government shall obtain full possession of that government, and thus escape the political consequences of their rebellion. I am aware that this statement will have an extravagant sound to many, and will recall the bitter partisan conflicts of the past, from which they think we ought to have advanced by this time to higher levels of statesmanship; but the facts warrant it. The South continues to be a separate political entity, and is not a mere geographical term, like the East or the West. The highest idea of patriotism entertained by Southern politicians is loyalty to their section. When they speak of the interests or wishes of "our people," they always mean the people of the South. They conceive of the nation as a sort of dual affair, like the monarchy of Austria-Hungary, and look at a national election as a contest to settle whether the North or the South shall rule. Holding such views, it is natural that their policy should be to keep their own section riveted together by the bolts of old war memories, state-rights theories, and local pride and prejudice, while seeking at the same time to divide the North. This idea has been the key to Southern politics ever since reconstruction. The weaker section can hope to triumph only by its own solidity and by the division of the stronger. Therefore it is that as we get further away from the reconstruction period

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the South grows more and more solid from year to year. Its leaders have blown the bellows of sectional feeling and hammered on the hot iron until at last they have got it welded into a compact mass. In 1868, the republicans elected a majority of the members of Congress from the Southern States; in 1870, the democrats gained heavily upon them; in 1872, their numbers were further reduced; in 1874, the democrats predominated in the ratio of nearly three to one; in 1876, the republican representation was again cut down; and in 1878, when the present Congress was chosen, but three republicans were returned from the States that went into the rebellion, and but four from all the old slave-holding States. With the exception of two greenbackers, one independent democrat, and two so-called greenback democrats, all the rest of the Southern members belong to the regular democratic party. The republicans have two members of the senate, Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana, and Mr. Bruce, of Mississippi; but Mr. Bruce will be replaced by a democrat when his term expires next year, and Mr. Kellogg will probably be voted out before the end of this session. There is no prospect that the new house, to be chosen this year, and to begin its official life in 1881, will contain a single Southern republican, and the only chance for a republican vote in the senate from beyond Mason's and Dixon's line lies in the possibility that the democrats will refrain from laying violent hands upon Mr. Kellogg's seat. All opposition to the party which represents the ideas of the rebellion has thus been steadily and surely extinguished in the South, until the States which seceded, and the border States which wanted to secede, but did not dare, are prepared to give a solid vote next November for the democratic nominee for president.

In a country having a strong centralized government the unity of a group of states or provinces in hostility to the laws and constitution of the country, or even to the settled policy of administration, would be regarded as a dangerous thing. It is doubly dangerous in a country like ours, possessing a federative form of government, and beset with many undetermined questions as to the extent and location of power. The attitude of the South is therefore one which demands serious thought. It is not accidental; it is not transitory; it is not destitute of motive. Its causes lie deeply imbedded in Southern sentiment, prejudice, and ambition. To trace them out and endeavor to eradicate them is a work worthy of the highest order of statesmanship. From Southern men themselves it is not easy to get a plausible reason for their persistent adherence to a single party. They often say, "We are solid in our section because you are trying to rule us by means of a solid North." This is not true. Nobody wants a solid North in the sense that the South is solid. Nobody proposes to make it unpatriotic and immoral for a man to belong to an opposition party. The North never was solid. Even in the midst of the war, the party sympathizing with the South elected a large number of members of Congress in the Northern States. "If you will break up, we will," is a common Southern saying. But we are broken up; in fact, we have never been united. In 1874 we went to pieces to such an extent that the democrats carried our old strongholds of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Did the South divide when those republican States sent a troop of democratic members up to Congress? Not at all; on the contrary, the Southern leaders went to work with fresh zeal to exterminate what little was left of the republican party in their section. "Take away your soldiers and give us home rule," they told us in 1876, "and we will give all parties a fair show." President Grant had been tak-

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ing away the soldiers during his second term, and President Hayes finished the work. What happened then? At the next congressional election the republicans were permitted to elect one representative in Virginia, one in North Carolina, and one in the mountains of East Tennessee, and that was all. In districts like the Beaufort, Charleston, and Georgetown districts of South Carolina, the Mississippi coast districts of Louisiana, and the "shoe-string" district of Mississippi, where the republicans have a majority of over three to one, democrats were elected by terrorism and fraud. Thus it seems to be established that the division of the North only increases the solidity of the South. And now, when fifteen years have gone by since the war ended, matters have come to such a pass that the republican party is scarcely allowed to exist in the eleven States of this Union which went into the rebellion, and has no chance of success in the five other States which sympathized with the rebellion because of the institution of slavery. In all the sixteen States which once held slaves the republican candidate for president this year will not receive a solitary electoral vote. I know there are sanguine republicans who believe that Virginia and Tennessee can be taken away from the democrats on the debt question, and who are so very unsophisticated in Southern election laws and methods as to cherish hopes of carrying Florida and Louisiana; but they will be undeceived long before November. When the campaign is fairly under way, the solidity of the South will be manifested.

The extraordinary fidelity of the white element in the South to the democratic party and its intolerance of opposition have secondary causes in the lingering fear of a restoration of the negro and carpet-bag rule, in the poverty of the South, its lack of educational facilities, and in jealousy of the wealth and prosperity of the republican States of the North; but its chief cause is undoubtedly a feeling that to vote any other than a democratic ticket is in some sort to condemn the rebellion. The democratic party upheld slavery, apologized for or openly justified secession, opposed the coercion of the rebellious States, resisted the emancipation of the slaves and their elevation to citizenship, and fought all the reconstruction measures. To act with that party is therefore the most natural line of conduct for all who believe secession was justifiable, and hold that the destruction of slavery and the suppression of the rebellion was a triumph of brute force, and not of right. The political leaders at the South sedulously stimulate this feeling, and seek to prevent it from dying out as time advances. They have definite purposes in view which can be accomplished only by perpetuating it. Those purposes we may reasonably suppose to be: —

First. To obtain the vast power that attaches to the control of both the legislative and executive departments of the government. This is not an unreasonable ambition, and we cannot complain of it *per se*.

Second. To justify the rebellion on the pages of history. Of this we in the North do complain, and against it we do most earnestly protest. The men who dragged the South into war cherish an absorbing and passionate desire to have their conduct vindicated. This can be done in one way only, and that is by the people putting the government into their hands. If they can obtain control of the executive, as they now have of Congress, by triumphing at a presidential election, they think that history will be rewritten, and that the whole world will say, "The Americans were wrong in fighting down secession; the same generation which waged the war against the South has taken a sober second thought, and sees its error, and now it makes amends by placing the Southern leaders in power."

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Third. To wipe out in the public mind every distinction between loyalty and disloyalty so far as the terms refer to the behavior of men during the war, and to make it recognized as just as great an honor to have fought on one side as on the other. This involves the pensioning of rebel soldiers, their admission to the national asylums, and the repeal of the laws which keep them out of the regular army. There is nothing inconsistent or unreasonable in this purpose from a Southern point of view. If an ex-Confederate general can sit in Congress and make laws, why should not his comrade command a regiment or draw a pension for his wounds?

Fourth. To reëstablish the state-sovereignty theory as the orthodox constitutional interpretation. To accomplish this object the supreme court must be reconstructed by a law retiring several of the old judges, and enlarging the tribunal through the appointment by a democratic president of new democratic judges enough to make a majority with the two already on the bench. This scheme will be perfectly practicable if the democrats can hold Congress and secure the executive.

Fifth. To repeal all laws authorizing the government to supervise elections, in order that the negro vote may be handled by the whites of the South without interference. By poll-tax qualifications and ingenious restrictions of state law, this vote will be practically wiped out, as far as its power to carry elections is concerned.

Sixth. To offset the growth of the Northwest by making three States of Texas and annexing Cuba and a part of Mexico, so as to gain for the South a reinforcement of political power.

It may be said that these purposes are not avowed in the speeches of Southern statesmen, or the editorials of Southern newspapers, with the exception of a few frantic sheets of merely local importance. No one who has lived in the South, or traveled much there, with advantages for mingling in the social life of the people, will, however, deny that they are very generally entertained; and if any one who is wholly strange to that section will reflect for a moment, he will see that it is entirely natural that they should be entertained. Is it an unreasonable ambition — can we even call it an unworthy ambition — in the men who threw themselves with heart and hand into the rebellion to desire to justify a cause for which thousands of their brave comrades lost their lives? Is it strange that they should want history rewritten, so as to sanction their theories and wash from their conduct the stain of treason? Is it to be wondered at that they should strive to remove from the national statute-books the distinctions made between the men who fought for the South and those who fought for the Union? Ought we to be surprised that, believing negro suffrage to be an evil, they should seek to remove the protecting hand of the nation, and place its control with themselves in their own States? Can we as much as say they are visionary, and are reaching out after the impracticable, when we see how successful they have been in solidifying their own section, and realize that nothing is wanting to their full triumph but a democratic victory in the States of New York and Indiana next fall?

Apart from political ambition, the passionate desire to justify the rebellion, and the determination to escape from the consequences of negro suffrage, there are some of the causes for the solidity of the South mentioned above which are of importance, because they are likely to be lasting. One is the comparative poverty of that section of the country. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the sunny, fertile fields of the South. The Southern States are poor in agricultural resources. They have a great deal of good land, but it lies in streaks and patches, in-

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terspersed with tracts of pine barrens, swamps, and sterile ridges. Nowhere, save in Texas, are there great continuous stretches of good soil; and even in Texas the fertile belt adapted to staple crops is only about one hundred and fifty miles wide, extending from the Red River to the Gulf. The pine barrens on the east and the semi-arid pasture-lands on the west hem it in. In the older States the traveler everywhere observes that a large proportion of the surface is uncultivated, and is disposed to ascribe to the shiftlessness of the people what is owing to the natural defects of the soil. The South is producing more agricultural wealth, however, than before the war. The negroes are working almost as industriously as in the days of slavery, and large numbers of whites who used to live in idleness are tilling their own acres. Nevertheless the country seems poor, because the money for the crops no longer goes into few hands, but is distributed among the laborers, leaving the land-holder a much smaller share than he used to get. To understand how the new system works as compared with the old, take the case of a plantation employing thirty hands. In the old times the yearly cash outlay of the planter, on account of his labor, was perhaps one hundred dollars per hand, or three thousand dollars in all. Now, with rations to supply, as before, and wages to pay, it is at least two hundred dollars per hand, or six thousand dollars in all. He therefore has three thousand dollars less income than before, and instead of living freely, with money to invest in banks, or railroads, or buildings, he is closely pinched to meet his expenses. The whole section is thus without surplus capital to make improvements, and wears a shabby and forlorn look. But there is as much money coming into the country as before; where does it go? Mainly into the pockets of the Jew traders, who have established little stores at every cross-road to sell cheap goods and gaudy gimcracks to the negroes at exorbitant prices. The men of enterprise and character are without means to educate their children well, to keep their places in order, or to engage in movements for the development of the resources of their States, and from this condition arises a chronic discontent. The people who ought to be energetically engaged in the work of to-day, with thoughts fixed on the achievements of the present and the promises of the future, are too often listlessly brooding over the ruined splendors of the past; and they blame the North for their lack of prosperity, because the North overturned their labor system, desolated their fields with the scourge of war, and forced them to abandon their scheme of a great slave empire. Their hostility to the republican party is a natural outgrowth of their feeling towards the section where that party has its strength.

The want of a broad, liberal education for the young men of the influential classes in the South is another cause of the political attitude of that section. In the course of the fifteen years that have passed since the war closed, a great change has taken place in the voting population; but the young men that have come into its ranks have had but scanty educational advantages. Their parents were too poor to send them to Northern schools, and the Southern colleges are, as a rule, mere academies, without libraries or scientific apparatus. These institutions have done more towards perpetuating the memories and prejudices of the rebellion than towards inculcating patriotism or disseminating valuable knowledge. Their pupils learn very little of the real condition of the country they live in, and are too often led to suppose that the South is the most civilized part of it, and that it is their duty to maintain as something sacred its traditions and ways of living and thinking. They are thus poorly qualified to deal in a liberal spirit with the political problems of the day, and to

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aid in the regeneration of their States. A little lower in the social scale than the young men who attend the schools at the country towns, or the larger institutions ambitiously styled universities, to be found here and there in the South, is another and larger class, getting almost no education at all, and full of ignorance and prejudice. Thus it comes that as years go by, and the old politicians die off and younger ones come to the front, whose memories hardly extend back to the times of slavery, no healthful change is produced in public sentiment and political action.

It would be hazardous to make any prediction as to the future political course of the South. It is a section peculiar and apart, and as long as it remains so its politics will not be governed by the laws of mind which divide the people of the North into two nearly evenly balanced parties. In two ways, however, a pretty formidable opposition to the democratic party may arise in the old slave States. The election of a president and the control of all departments of the national government by the democrats would soon produce so much disappointment among Southern politicians eager for office that, under some name or other, an opposition organization would get a foot-hold. The determination to hold the prize they had gained long enough at least to accomplish the purposes mentioned above would cause the present leaders of Southern opinion to use all the old weapons of intolerance and prejudice against such an organization, and they would doubtless succeed in keeping it in a minority in all the Southern States until after 1884. But the remedy of a period of Southern rule for the disease of Southern solidity is one that will scarcely commend itself to the Northern mind. The mischief that might be done in eight years would hardly be compensated for by the ultimate breaking up of Southern politics.

The other way is to continue the republican party in power until the South loses all hope of realizing its purposes, and falls apart at last from sheer despair of accomplishing anything by keeping together. One more republican victory at a presidential election may be sufficient to effect this, but it may require two. The new census will transfer to the strong republican States of the West much of the power in Congress and the electoral college now possessed by the South. Its effect will be shown first in the house of representatives chosen in 1882 and organized in December, 1883, and then in the presidential election of 1884. If the republicans succeed this year, and there ensues no immediate change in the attitude of the South, the congressional elections of 1882 can hardly fail to start a process of disintegration which will be accelerated by the results of the presidential contest two years later. In the mean time a tide of immigration will probably set in, which will exercise an influence in the direction of liberalizing Southern opinion. The intelligent classes in the South sincerely desire immigration, and fully appreciate its benefits. They have made efforts, through the medium of their state governments, to attract settlers from the North and from Europe; but thus far with very inadequate results. Two influences have operated against them: the superior natural advantages offered by the prairies of the West, and the bad reputation of the South for intolerance of differences of political opinion and for insecurity of life and property. The West will soon be settled clear out to the verge of the great central plateau, which from its elevation and lack of rain is not fitted for cultivation. Thousands of square miles will be filled up by the remarkable emigration from Europe which has begun this spring. When there begins to be a scarcity of government land for free homesteads beyond the Mississippi, the migratory current will set towards the

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South, where there is an immense quantity of worn-out and abandoned lands that can be brought up by skillful treatment to a condition for profitable culture, and a still larger quantity of forest land, not good enough for Southern methods of tillage, but capable of supporting careful German and English farmers. The objectionable features in the political and social condition of the South are not serious enough of themselves to act as an absolute barrier to immigration, when that section becomes the only portion of the country where cheap land can be obtained.

The chief danger apprehended by thoughtful men outside of the whirlpool of politics from the present attitude of the South lies in a disputed result of the approaching presidential election. How close the country was brought to the abyss of civil war in the winter of 1876–77, few people who were not in Washington at the time fully realize. Then the Southern delegation in Congress was not nearly as strong in numbers or leadership as it is now; then it controlled but one house, — now it has both. The almost universal belief of the Southern leaders is that Mr. Tilden was elected in 1876, and was defrauded of his just rights; and they are strongly disposed to apply the *lex talionis* next winter, and count out the republican candidate. They often say to republicans, "You cheated us out of the presidency before, and we mean to get even with you this time. Afterwards we will cry quits, and agree to fair elections and a fair count." But if the republican nominee should be elected, and Congress should reject the returns from one or two republican States on some technicality or some groundless charge of fraud, and attempt to inaugurate his opponent, the peace of the country would be placed in the gravest peril. This danger once passed, we may look to the influences of time, softening the bitterness remaining from the rebellion, the removal by death of most of the prominent actors in that struggle, the spread of Northern enterprise and ideas, and the effects of immigration to bring about a more healthful condition of politics in the South.

If one regards the Southern situation without the green glasses of partisanship and sectional feeling, he will see nothing to occasion surprise, or to arouse animosity. No people of intelligence and spirit ever submitted to a crushing defeat after a long war without displaying as much discontent and bitterness as the Southern people have displayed. No people ever had such difficult problems to contend with. They came out of the rebellion broken and impoverished, with their labor system suddenly and arbitrarily changed, their slaves made their equals before the law by decree of the government against which they had vainly fought, and with the heavy load of the barbarizing influences of slavery to carry in their struggle for existence. An ignorant and brutal mass of blacks, and an equally ignorant and far more brutal mass of poor whites, constitute the bulk of the population in the Southern States. We ought not to forget that the people who compose the intelligent classes are of our own blood and lineage, and that their faults grow naturally out of their experiences, their inherited ideas, and the many clogs the past has put upon them. It may take a long time for them to attain to that tolerance which is one of the finest fruits of a high civilization. Meanwhile, we must have patience and lend a helpful hand. We are not called upon, however, no matter how broad our charity and how deep our sympathy may be, to shut our eyes and fold our hands while our Southern brethren try to drag the nation down from the heights of liberty and law it has climbed to during the past twenty years, with so much travail of thought and conscience, and such an appalling expenditure of precious human blood.

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KING LEAR.[1]

FIRST ARTICLE: THE TEXT.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS — who, although he is doubly a doctor, can afford to be spoken of as if he were only a gentleman — has added a fourth play and a fifth volume to the new variorum edition of Shakespeare's works which he has begun, and which it is to be hoped that he will have the health, the endurance, and the perseverance to complete. The plays which he has heretofore given us are Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, and Hamlet. The scale on which he works is so grand that the first and the second of these plays fill, each of them, with their various readings, notes, and commentaries, a large octavo volume, while for Hamlet two such volumes are required. The fifth volume, now before us, contains King Lear.

A variorum edition of a great writer is so called, as most of the readers of The Atlantic probably know, because it presents, with his text, all of the work of his various editors and commentators which in the judgment of the variorum editor are necessary to a critical study of that text, and all the various readings of all previous editions which are of any authority or interest. Thus, as Mr. Furness remarks in his preface to the present volume, "the attempt is here made to present on the same page with the text all the various readings of the different editions of King Lear, from the earliest quarto to the latest critical edition of the play, together with all the notes and comments thereon which the editor has thought worthy of preservation, not only for the purpose of elucidating the text, but at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearian criticism;" and yet to this there is added, in the appendix, essays on the text, the date of the composition of the play, the source of the plot, the duration of the action, the insanity of Lear, the great actors of the principal part, the costume of the play, Tate's version of it, selections from English and German criticisms of it, and its bibliography, — a work, the magnitude, we might almost say the enormity, of which can be appreciated only by those who have some practical acquaintance with such labors.[2]

There have been several variorum editions of Shakespeare's plays. Indeed, as every editor has almost of necessity availed himself of the labors of all of his predecessors and quoted them, every critical edition has been more or less a variorum; but the only editions which have really this character in any approach to completeness are those known as Johnson and Steevens's, 1785, in ten volumes; Malone's, 1790, in ten volumes; Reid and Steevens's, 1813, in twenty-one volumes; and Boswell's Malone, 1821, also in twenty-one volumes. The great Cambridge edition, by William George Clark and W. Aldis Wright, in nine volumes, is a complete variorum as to readings, but not as to notes and comments. Of these Boswell's Malone is the standard variorum, and is always meant by editors and commentators when they cite "the Variorum." That of Reid and Steevens is sometimes cited as "the variorum of 1813." But even the former of these does not approach Mr. Furness's work in the vastness of

[1] *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph. D., LL. D. Vol. V. King Lear. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

[2] This reminds me of the speech of a Wall Street man, who was more familiar with the value of stocks than with that of words, and who was boasting of the largeness of his operations. "Indeed," he said, "I don't believe that any one suspects the enormity of some of my transactions." Not improbably he spoke better than he knew.

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its plan, or in its systematic arrangement, or in the thoroughness of its execution. And the activity of Shakespearian criticism between 1821 and 1880, and the searching and almost scientific study of the English language and its literature during the last twenty-five years, have resulted in the accumulation of a mass of critical material upon this subject since Malone's time which makes a new variorum edition of Shakespeare almost a literary necessity of the day. It is to the honor of the American branch of English literature that the labor of supplying this need has been undertaken by one of our scholars and critics; and still more to its honor that this labor has been performed thus far with the wide range of knowledge, the acumen, the judgment, the taste, and, it may well be added, the invariable good temper which are displayed by Mr. Furness.

To the general reader it may seem that the poet is editorially overlaid in this great edition. The text of Hamlet may be printed in large type on sixty or seventy duodecimo pages; and indeed it was originally published in a small quarto pamphlet of that volume. In the new variorum, Hamlet fills two ponderous octavo volumes. But it is to be remembered that the purpose of a variorum editor is not to produce a pocket edition of his author for popular use. It is not supposed that any one who wishes to take Hamlet with him on a summer excursion will put the new variorum edition into his traveling-bag, —or the old variorum, for that matter. Boswell's Malone's Shakespeare was quite as much overlaid for its time as Furness's is; and even more so, for it is filled with rubbish which subsequent editors have swept into the dust-bin. A variorum edition professes to give what is necessary for the critical study of its author, and even, as Mr. Furness says, to illustrate the history of the critical literature of which he is the source and the subject. The doing of this involves the preservation of much which is, in the judgment of the variorum editor himself, of little intrinsic value.

It is easy to laugh and sneer at the editors and commentators of Shakespeare; and some of them, in their dullness of apprehension no less than in the voluminous superfluity and feeble triviality of their criticism, are indeed "fixed figures for the time of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at." But not a little of the scoffing to which they as a class have been subjected is the mere effervescence of the ignorance of the scoffers, which with some folk is a very sparkling quality. Many even of those who read and enjoy Shakespeare talk of being content with the text itself without note or comment. But what text? Such objections to editorial labor on Shakespeare can be made by candid and intelligent persons only in utter ignorance of the state in which the text of Shakespeare's plays has come down to us. The "text of Shakespeare," when thus spoken of, means merely the text which the speakers have been in the habit of reading. But that very text, they may be sure, is the result of the painful labors, through many generations, of the very editors of whom they speak so slightingly. Shakespeare did not publish his plays himself and read the proofs with the assistance of a good corrector of the press. Would that he had done so! They were some of them obtained by their first publishers surreptitiously; they were printed from imperfect manuscripts, or from mutilated stage copies; and then they were printed with less care than is now given to the printing of a handbill. The very edition issued by his fellow-actors after his death, the great First Folio, 1623, a perfect copy of which is worth twenty-five hundred dollars and upwards, is incomplete and full of errors. The first edition of Hamlet, 1603, is in many passages absolutely unreadable, and is in fact an absurd jumble of what Shakespeare wrote.

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The "authentic" edition of 1623, besides being full of perplexing errors of the press, is very incomplete. If the text of Shakespeare were put before these captious amateur critics uncorrected by editorial labor and without comment, they would not recognize it in numberless passages; they would not believe that it was "Shakespeare,"—and they would be right; and besides this, in numberless passages in which they would really have "Shakespeare," they would be unable to understand him. The truth is that the text of Shakespeare's plays has come down to us from his own time with such imperfection and such variety of presentation that to form it into a self-consistent whole requires a degree of scholarship and of critical acumen beyond that required by the text of any other great poet of the past, excepting Homer, whose poems lived only in the mouths of rhapsodists and in the memory of hearers for hundreds of years before they were put upon paper. As to Shakespeare's writings, there is such variety of authority in regard to them, and the authority is so conflicting in many cases, they are so lame and mutilated in every "authoritative" form, that they are just in the condition to need and to provoke the most careful critical recension of the most capable scholarship. If their condition had been contrived by some malicious spirit for this very purpose, it could not have been better adapted to that end. And then, the writings which exist in this deplorable state are the crown of all literature and the glory of the English race. What wonder that Shakespeare has editors and commentators! That some of these have been men whose feebleness of intellect has been equaled in degree only by their presumption does not essentially affect this question.

Let us look at a few passages of King Lear in the light of these remarks, which may seem trite to persons who have a moderate acquaintance at first hand with the subject.

In the very first scene, and in the fifth and sixth lines of that scene, we find this discrepancy between the "authorities." One of them has, "for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in *nature* can make choice of either's moiety;" while the other reads, "that curiosity in *neither* can make choice," etc. Which of these is the text of Shakespeare? The latter, which is the reading of the folio of 1623, has been generally and finally accepted; but much might be said in favor of "curiosity in nature." And then what does "*curiosity* in neither" mean? It might puzzle some of the carpers at Shakespearian editing to tell. This, merely by way of showing how soon we come upon a stumbling-block in "the text of Shakespeare." And it may be not without interest to my readers for me to point out what I believe to be the origin of this particular variation between the texts of the two old editions, which has never been done. It is due, I am sure, to what is called a misprint by the ear. Except in extraordinary cases, compositors put in type words, not letters; and a skillful and practiced compositor will sometimes set up a phrase of a dozen words, or of a score, without referring to his copy. Manifestly, therefore, he spells with his type the *sound* that he has in his mind. Now in Shakespeare's time the sounds of *nature* and *neither* were almost identical. The first syllable of *neither* was pronounced *nay*, and *th* had the sound of *dth* (and sometimes even of *d* and *t*), as we now hear it sounded by Irish speakers of English.[1] Whether, therefore, the compositor in this instance had *nature* or *neither* before his eyes, he had in his mind's ear the one, or nearly one, sound with which

[1] See my Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era, vol. xii. of my edition of Shakespeare; also the Irish Pronunciation in Chap. V. of Every-Day English, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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an Irishman utters both words. This cause of confusion was aggravated if the text of the quarto in which "nature" appears was taken down, as it may have been, from a recital of the scene. Misprints and miswritings by the ear were the cause of not a little confusion in the old texts of Shakespeare.

And what does Regan mean when, according to the text of 1623, which Mr. Furness adopts, she says to her father,

> "I profess
> Myself an enemy to all other joys
> Which the most precious square of sense professes"?

What is a precious square? What is a square of sense? How can a square of sense profess? As to the last point, it seems to me clear that the text of the Folio, 1623, here furnishes an example of another sort of misprint, — the misprint by repetition. If a man has spoken or written a word once, such is the action of the mind that he is likely, even without reason, to repeat it; and this likelihood is much greater if the word is suggested by kindred thought or a like form in another word. Hence compositors sometimes repeat words which they have just put in type; and hence in this case I am sure the compositor repeated *profess*, although he had *possesses* before his eyes. The quarto has, "Which the most precious square of sense *possesses*." But this still leaves us with the precious square of sense upon our hands. What can it mean? Let us see how some of the ablest of Shakespeare's editors and commentators have explained it. Warburton said that "*square* of sense" refers to "the *four* nobler senses, sight, hearing, taste, and smell." Dr. Johnson said, "Perhaps *square* means only compass, comprehension." Hudson accepts the whole phrase as meaning "fullness or wealth of sensibility or capacity of joy." Aldis Wright's explanation is "that which the most delicately sensitive point of my nature is capable of enjoying." The German Schmidt, who has undertaken to teach men of English blood and speech what Shakespeare's words mean, says that the phrase means "choicest symmetry of reason, the most normal and intelligent mode of thinking;" thus producing the most extravagant and far-fetched and would-be-profound-seeming of all these somewhat over-subtle and very unlike explanations. Certainly the variety of sense extracted from these four words is remarkable. But does any one of these paraphrases satisfy the intelligent Shakespeare lover whose mind is clear and unmuddled by the study of various readings, — the most distracting and bewildering of all mental occupations, one which tends to idiocy? I will venture to say that it does not. Hence it has been supposed to be corrupted, and "precious *sphere* of sense," "*spacious sphere* of sense," "*spacious* square of sense," and even "precious *treasure* of sense" have been proposed as readings. I fear that it must be left as it stands, with the humble confession that it is a dark saying.

And what are we to make of Cordelia's entreaty to her father when she says, according to both the old authorities, "I beseech you

> — that you make known
> It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
> No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
> That hath deprived me of your grace and favor"?

Were young princesses then so apt to commit murder that it was enumerated as a matter of course among the slips to which they were liable? Or was the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing Cordelia an exception in this respect in the eyes of her doting father, — a murderess by distinction? The case is very perplexing. Hence the corrector of the Collier folio read "no vicious blot *nor other* foulness," Mr. Collier remarking that "the copyist or the compositor miswrote or misread *no other* 'murther;'" and the change was accepted by some editors with great expression of relief and satisfaction. Walker, that much overrated

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commentator, — overrated because of the impression which a formal, systematic arrangement produces on many minds, — declared without hesitation that we should read, "It is no vicious blot, *umber*, or foulness;" an emendation so feeble, far-fetched, and foolish that it might have been made by Zachary Jackson. Keightly would read, "no vicious blot, *misdeed*, or foulness," which is well enough in itself; but why not read anything else with an *m* in it as well as *misdeed?* Against the Collier reading, "nor other foulness," it is to be objected, first, that the suggestion of a misprint of *murther* for *no other*, although plausible as to the folio, does not touch the quarto, where we not only also have *murder*, but find it spelled with a *d;* next, and more important, vicious blot and foulness are so nearly the same in meaning, so absolutely the same in turpitude, that even a writer far inferior to Shakespeare would not make the latter alternative to the former. But finally comes Hudson, and says with that fine insight which he often shows, "I suspect that Cordelia purposely uses *murder* out of place, as a glance at the hyperbolical absurdity of denouncing her as 'a wretch whom nature is ashamed to acknowledge.'" Cordelia has a touch of demure satire in her composition, and this is the only explanation which seems to me at all satisfactory.

In the second scene of Act II., Kent, according to the earliest authority, the quarto, says of Oswald, the fopling villain whom he instinctively so hates, —

> "Such smiling rogues as these,
> Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
> Which are too *intrench* t' unloose;"

but the folio reads, "Which are t' *intrence* t' unloose." Which is the text of Shakespeare, and what does either reading mean? No one could answer either question until it occurred to a learned and acute commentator of the last century, named Upton, that *intrence* of the folio was a misprint for *intrinse*, a short form of *intrinsecate*, like *reverb* for *reverberate; intrinsecate* being an Anglicized form of the Italian *intrinsecare*, to entangle, which was used by a few writers of the Elizabethan age. And here again I suggest, and indeed am sure, that we have an example of the misleading influence of pronunciation upon the printer's art. For the *intrench* of the quarto is merely a phonetic spelling of *intrinse*.[1] We have still a remnant of this pronunciation. Not uncommonly provincial people, and Mr. Lincoln's "plain people," talk of "renching [for rinsing] clothes," or say "rench [for rinse] those glasses." Just so *intrinse* was pronounced *intrench*. The pronunciation *rench* for *rinse* is but the survival of an old fashion. As to the word *intrinse*, it means merely entangled, knotted; but what would have become of this passage were it not for Shakespearian editors?

Lear, consciously deceiving himself, I think (I can indicate his state of mind with brevity no otherwise), says to Regan, when, cursing Goneril, he flies to his second daughter (Act II., Scene 4),

> "No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
> Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
> Thee o'er to harshness."

This is the folio reading; the quarto reading in the second line is "tender-*hested*." The word is spelled with the old-fashioned long *ſ*, which might easily be a misprint for *f;* but it is to be remarked that both of the quarto impressions, although they differ here typographically, have "tender-*hested*." In any case, however, what will the advocate of an unedited text of Shakespeare do here? Is either reading "the text of Shakespeare"? What does either a tender-hefted nature or a tender-hested nature mean? It is said that as *heft* means handle, tender-hefted "means smooth or soft handled, and is here put for gentleness of disposition." Another explanation is that tender-hefted means "del-

[1] See Memorandums, etc., before cited, under *S*, which was often pronounced *sh*.

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icately housed, daintily bodied, finely sheathed." The latter is given in the Edinburgh Review, and also by Aldis Wright, the Cambridge editor, who adds, "Regan was less masculine than Goneril." Was she? She assists at the most frightful and revolting scene in all tragedy, — introduced by Shakespeare, I believe, partly to show the savage nature of the times he was depicting, — the tearing out of Gloster's eyes; and she, with her own "tender-hefted" hand, kills the servant who assists her husband in the act. She seems to me rather the worse of the two elder sisters. But whether she is so or not, can we accept any one of these explanations of this strange compound word? I think that they are all not only much too far-fetched, but entirely from the purpose. Rowe, Shakespeare's first editor, read "tender-*hearted* nature," a very plausible emendation, which other editors have adopted. But how came this simple and hardly-to-be-mistaken phrase to be misprinted in both the old impressions, which were separated by a space of fifteen years, and which were put in type from different "copy"? This question is one of a sort that Shakespeare's editors have not unfrequently to pass upon. "Tender-hefted" is inexplicable consistently with common sense and Shakespeare's use of language. "Tender-hearted" is inadmissible against the reading of both quarto and folio. After all, is it not the *f* in the folio that is the misprint, and is not the quarto right? Did not Shakespeare write tender-hested nature; that is, tenderly commanded, tenderly ruled, tenderly ordered nature? If he did not, I, for one, give up the passage as inexplicable and hopelessly corrupt.

When Regan urges Lear to return to Goneril and live with her with half his stipulated train, he breaks out, —

"Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her!"

The old copies agree in this reading. The meaning of the phrase "necessity's sharp pinch" is plain enough; but what does *Lear* mean by it? What is its connection? The Collier folio has "and *howl* necessity's sharp pinch," which I am sorry to see that Mr. Furness adopts. Lear surely did not mean to speak of howling the sharp pinch of necessity. The first line of Regan's speech, to which this of Lear is a reply, seems to make the passage clear. She says to him, —

"I pray you, father, being weak, seem so;"

that is, submit to the hard necessity of your condition. To this Lear, choleric, proud, and kingly, replies, [Shall I yield to] necessity's sharp pinch [and] return with her! The phrase is merely an elliptical interrogative exclamation. It seems to me that to a reader who is in sympathy with the scene it hardly needs explanation, and that the Collier folio reading is insufferable.

But I must bring this consideration of particular passages to a close; and I shall remark upon only one more, which, as it stands in both the quarto impressions and in all subsequent editions, is certainly one of the most incomprehensible in all Shakespeare's plays. In the scene in which Gloster loses his eyes, he, referring to the driving of old Lear out into the storm, says boldly to Regan, as the passage appears in the quartos, in the variorum of 1821, in the Cambridge edition, in the Globe, and in my own: —

"If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time
Thou shouldst have said: Good porter, turn the key,
All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children."

The folio has, "All cruels else *subscribe*." But whether we read *subscribe* or *subscribed*, what is the meaning of this phrase? Its obscurity is so great that the notes upon it fill, in small type, the whole of one of Mr. Furness's ample pages. How it was that I came to pass it without remark in my own edition I

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cannot undertake to say. It was a strange oversight. Dr. Johnson says that *subscrib'd* means "yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion;" but what help does that give? Aldis Wright says that "all cruels else subscrib'd" means "all other cruelties being yielded or forgiven." Moberly, the able editor of the Rugby edition, says that it means "all harshness, otherwise natural, being forborne or yielded from the necessity of the case." Schmidt, whom it is the fashion now to regard as an "authority" of weight on Shakespeare's words, because he has made an alphabetical catalogue of them with explanations, says, "'All cruels' can mean nothing else but all cruel creatures," and that the passage means, "everything which is at other times cruel shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so." Mr. Furness, in desperation, it would seem, makes this phrase a part of the supposed instructions to the porter, and reads, —

"Thou shouldst have said: 'Good porter, turn the key,
All cruels else subscribe.' But I shall see," etc.

with this paraphrase: "Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, open the gates; acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times.'"

It is not necessary to quote or to remark upon any other of the explanations; and I feel that I cannot err in saying that none of these is at all satisfactory, and that among them Schmidt's is the least acceptable. But it seems to me also that after all there is little difficulty in the passage, except in the word "cruels," and that that is far from being inexplicable. It means, I believe, all cruelties, all occasions of cruelty, — a use of language quite in Shakespeare's manner. The folio gives the true reading with the proper punctuation according to the fashion of the time. There is a full stop after "Good porter turn the key," and a colon after "subscribe," thus: —

"Thou shoudst have said, Good Porter turne the key.
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children."

Now in such passages in old books a colon has the power which in more modern punctuation is expressed by a comma, and merely marks off the subject of an assertion. "Subscribe" is here used in the sense of attest, guaranty, a use common with Shakespeare, and not uncommon nowadays, and *but* in a sense which it also has at present, — that. The construction of the passage (which really should not require all this explanation) is, then, this: After Gloster has told Regan that she should have told the porter to open the door, he utters the solemn asseveration, — All other such cruelties attest that I shall see swift vengeance overtake such children. So Albany says (Act IV., Scene 2): —

"This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge."

Let the passage be printed just as it is in the folio, with the mere (and usual) substitution of a comma for the old colon: —

"Thou shouldst have said, Good porter turn the key.
All cruels else subscribe, but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children."

Mr. Furness's perception of the supreme difficulty of this passage as it is usually printed is only an indication of his fitness for the great work that he has undertaken. In his apprehension of Shakespeare's thought he shows generally that combination of sensitiveness and common sense which goes to the making of a first-rate editor of a great poet, and which most of all is required in the editor of Shakespeare. Dyce, for example, had great learning and good judgment; but he lacked that power of apprehension which comes from a condition of the mind sympathetic with the moods of a great poet, and consequently, with all his learning and his ability, he produced a second or third rate critical edition of this author.

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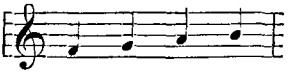
I hope that in quoting several notes upon the passage,

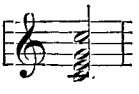
> "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
> More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
> Than the sea monster,"

the object of which is to show what particular swimming beast the sea monster is, Mr. Furness was, as he says in his preface, merely illustrating the history of Shakespearian criticism. For surely never was critical conjecture more wasted than in attempting to remove the vagueness of that image by giving the sea monster a specific name. For vagueness not only excites terror, but enhances horror, and is indeed a constant element in the awful and in all the exciting causes of the great apprehensive emotions. To give Lear's sea monster a name and a form is to drag him down from the higher regions of poetry into the plain prose of natural history. He becomes at once a possible inmate of an aquarium, or an item in the Greatest Show on Earth. Who thanks Upton for suggesting that Shakespeare made Lear compare ingratitude to a "hippopotamus," or another commentator for deciding sagely that it was "a whale" that Shakespeare had in mind? Hudson objects that a hippopotamus is not a sea monster, but a river monster (indeed, have we not the famous showman's assurance that the name "is derived from *hippo*, a river, and *potamos*, a horse"?), and he might have added with equal propriety that a whale, although it is the largest of post-diluvian animals, is not at all hideous. But, O gentle critic, it is not because the hippopotamus is a river haunter, or because the whale is not repulsive, that these suggestions are injurious to the passage, but because they belittle it. You do, as might be expected of you, much better when you say, "If the poet had any particular animal in view, I suspect it was the one that behaved so ungently at old Troy." For what was that particular Trojan animal? The poets did not know themselves any more than Shakespeare did. It was simply a sea monster. Your "if" is a very potent and pertinent little word. Shakespeare, be sure, had no particular animal even in his own mind's eye. The sea has always been in the popular mind the home of monsters, huge, horrible, shapeless, and pitiless; and to excite the vague dread which is born of ignorance and fancy was the poet's purpose. His end was mystery; why endeavor to reduce his mystery to certainty? Must we in all things be so "scientific" as to substitute positive knowledge for an undefined loathing? Must we classify and pigeonhole the very causes of our emotions?

The poet worked in a way directly converse to this, having a directly opposite end in view, when he made Edmund (Act I., Scene 2) say, "My cue is villainous melancholy," etc., and end his speech "*fa, sol, la, mi.*" It has been pointed out by two musicians, who are among Shakespeare's commentators, that this succession of notes is "unnatural and offensive" and "distracting." But Aldis Wright says that Mr. Chappell informed him that "there is not the slightest foundation" for this view of the passage, and that "Edmund is merely singing to himself, in order to seem not to observe Edgar's approach." Mr. Chappell is a very accomplished musician; and he is none the less so because he has, in my judgment, misapprehended this passage. True, a desire to seem not to observe Edgar's approach is the *occasion* of his singing to himself; but why does he sing as he does? Why does he not begin, as a singer naturally would (not singing an air), on the tonic? The notes which he sings are these: —



Now to any musical ear this succession of notes suggests a discord that must be resolved by the chord of the tonic: —



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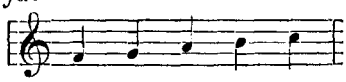
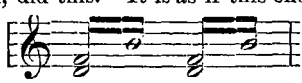
This resolution would have been implied if Edmund had gone on, as he naturally would have done, and sung *fa, sol, la, mi, fa:* —



But, beginning on the sub-dominant, he stops short of the tonic upon the leading note of the scale; and this when he has just said, "These eclipses do portend these divisions," — *divisions* being used in a double sense, that of distraction, and the musical sense — in which Shakespeare often uses it — of a rapid succession of notes. Surely it could not have been by chance that Shakespeare, a musician, did this. It is as if this chord



were played and not resolved; a discipline to which Mr. Chappell, because he is an accomplished musician, would, I suspect, not like to be subjected.

In a speech of Gloster's (Act III., Scene 7), the close of which has already been commented upon, he, speaking of the storm which plays such an important part in this tragedy that it may almost be numbered among the *dramatis personæ*, says of it, —

"The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires."

This is the reading of the folio and of the quartos; but is "buoy'd up" to be accepted without question? Mr. Furness and all the best editors leave it undisturbed; but in both the Collier folio and the Quincy folio "*buoy'd* up" is changed to "*boil'd* up." Heath, who is among the good Shakespeare commentators, says that *buoyed* is "used here as the middle voice in Greek, signifying to buoy or lift itself up;" and if the word is to be retained this doubtless is the sense in which it must be taken. But Schmidt, the new German light upon Shakespeare's words, takes exactly the opposite view of the word, and says that the verb is "used here *transitively*, and the phrase means, the sea would have lifted up the fixed fires and extinguished them." Now *buoy* is a strange word. It has come to mean in English just what it does not mean etymologically. A buoy (Dutch *boei*) is a chain, a fetter; and a buoy is so called not because it floats, but because it is chained to its place. But because it does float its name has been understood and used to mean a float, and has also been made a verb meaning to float or lift up; and *buoyant*, instead of meaning chained down, as by rights it should, has come to mean light and ready to move freely about and above. I 'll warrant that many persons have thought that *buoyant* in its sound suggested lightness and mobility, and that there was some connection between this and its meaning. Such notions are generally mere fancies. The word came into the English language, with other of our maritime phrases, in the sixteenth century. But did the change in its meaning take place so early as the sixteenth century, or even as the early part of the seventeenth century, when King Lear was written? I doubt that it did. I doubt that any evidence can be produced even that *buoy* was used as a verb at all at that period. None, at least, has been recorded in any publication known to me. We have it as a noun meaning a fixed mark upon the water, but with no other meaning. These facts point to the improbability of the word's being used in the extraordinary sense in which it must be used in this passage, and give a seeming strong support to the reading "would have *boil'd* up," which presents a natural, although a hyperbolical, picture of the foaming sea raised as high as heaven by the storm.

But there is one consideration that destroys the force of all these facts. It is this: that *buoy*, being unknown as a verb in Shakespeare's time, *buoyed* could not have been put in type by a compositor, or written by a copyist, who had

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boiled before his eyes. Neither would or could thus have changed a well-known word into one that was unknown. The very fact that *buoy* as a verb was unknown, or almost unknown, in Shakespeare's time shows that Shakespeare must have written *buoyed.* Besides, it would be like a poet, and like Shakespeare among poets, to see in a buoy not its fixed position, but its floating and apparently self-sustaining power. If, therefore, it was, as I am inclined to think it will be found to be, that Shakespeare, in his free and no-verbal-critic-fearing use of language, was the first to make *buoy* a verb, his use of it as a reciprocal verb, making the sea buoy up (Heath's middle voice), is explained. He was not using a word which already had an established meaning. The old reading "would have buoy'd up" must be retained, with the sense that the sea rose so high that it would have extinguished the stars. For Schmidt's notion that it buoyed up the stars and also put them out is not only absurd in itself, but lacks support in the sense in which the word was used in Shakespeare's day.

The remarks made above upon the influence of the pronunciation of Shakespeare's time upon his text lead to some others upon the same subject. First, this play which we call King *Leer* was known to Shakespeare and his contemporaries as King *Lare.* This is not only certain from the general pronunciation of the combination *ea* as *ay* at that time,[1] but from the spelling of the name in the old play which preceded Shakespeare's, and in the old chronicles in prose and in verse. This is invariably *Leir;* and the combination *ei* then indicated the same sound which it still indicates in *weight, freight, obeisance,* etc.

One of the Fool's little rhyming speeches (Act I., Scene 4) is remarkable on the score of pronunciation: —

"Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after."

As to the rhymes of the first three lines, there is of course no difficulty; and when it is taken into consideration that the *l* in such words as *halter, falter, falcon,* etc., was silent in Shakespeare's time,[2] almost the whole of the apparent difficulty has disappeared. For no one at all familiar with the rustic, that is the old fashioned, pronunciation of *daughter, slaughter,* and *after* will then fail to see that the Fool pronounced these rhyming words thus: —

"A fox, when one has *cart her,*
And such a *darter,*
Should sure to the *slarter,*
If my cap would buy a *ha'ter*:
So the fool follows *arter.*"

Upon the passage usually printed, —

"Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, — dreadful trade!"

Mr. Furness has a sound and sensible note. The old copies spell "samphire" *sampire,* and Mr. Furness says, "I think that the old spelling should be retained; it shows the old pronunciation and the derivation; thus spelled, and pronounced *sampeer,* all who are familiar with the sandy beaches of New Jersey will recognize in it an old friend." He is right beyond a doubt.

That Shakespeare wrote the rhyming speech of the Fool remarked upon just above I am not sure. It is not at all equal to the other rhymes vented by the same personage in the same scene; and not only so, it is of a different sort. A similar speech, unquotable here, of this wonderful personage, at the end of the first act, has been under the gravest suspicion as to its authenticity since Steevens's time. I expressed the opinion, in my own edition, that the Merlin prophecy uttered by the Fool at the end of Scene 2 of Act III. is also spurious, and gave my reasons therefor. Critical

[1] See the Memorandums, etc., cited above.

[2] See Chapter XV. in Every-Day English.

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opinion seems to be settling itself in favor of this view of the passage.

The Cambridge editors (Clark and Aldis Wright) throw suspicion also upon the soliloquy beginning, —

"When we our betters see bearing our woes,"

with which Edgar closes Scene 6 of Act III. They say, referring to its having been retained by all previous editors, "In deference to this consensus of authority we have retained it, though, as it seems to us, internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare."

It is in favor of this opinion, and also of a like judgment upon the two passages mentioned before, that in each case the suspected speech comes at the end of a scene, and is spoken by a personage who remains while the others go out. This is just the place in which to look for interpolations. They are, in the first place, easily made in such situations, because the writer of them is freed from the necessity of harmonizing them with anything immediately succeeding; and, next, because of a stage demand for them. For if there is anything dear to an actor's soul it is to be left alone upon the stage to occupy the attention of an already excited audience, and to have the curtain fall or the scene shut upon his soliloquy and his solitary figure. I have no doubt that it was a common thing on the easy-going stage of Shakespeare's time for an actor to beg some one of the many playwrights who were always hanging about the theatres, hungry for shillings and thirsty for sack, to write a few lines for him, — just a little bit for him to close the scene with. Hamlet's instructions to the players show that Shakespeare had suffered in this way, especially at the hands of those who played his Fools.

As to this soliloquy of Edgar's, it must be admitted by every considerate and appreciative reader that both in thought and in rhythm it is wholly unlike the scene which it closes, and, with a few exceptions which I shall point out, unlike the rest of the play. It is hardly more than a succession of almost trite moral reflections put in a sententious form, and written in verse as weak, as constrained, and as formal as that of a French tragedy. I quote it, not only that this may be seen, but for the purposes of a comparison to be made hereafter: —

"When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing, fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow: —
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk!"

What have these piping couplets to do with the grand, deep diapason of the blank verse of King Lear! A reader with an ear and a brain will be likely to say, — Nothing. But let us pause a while before we make a final decision, and, turning to the first scene, look at a speech of Kent's, who is just banished: —

"Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly thinks and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new."

And these prim platitudes are uttered by the man who only a few lines before speaks in this style: —

"Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart! Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad! What wouldst thou do, old man?
Thinks't thou that duty shall have dread to speak

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When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor 's bound
When majesty falls to folly. . . .
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or whilst I can vent clamor from my throat
I 'll tell thee thou dost evil."

Not only would it seem that the speeches were written by different poets, but that they were written for different personages. And there is a trace of the same weakness, consciousness, and constraint in these rhymed speeches by Goneril and by Cordelia toward the end of this scene: —

"*Gon.* Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last them shame derides."

And this brings us to the point that such is always the style of the rhymed soliloquies in these plays. If Shakespeare wrote them all, we must infer that the production of didactic poetry in rhyme crippled his mind and fettered his pen. Compare Edmund's speech, quoted above, which is the occasion of these remarks, with Friar Laurence's soliloquy in the third scene of Act II. of Romeo and Juliet. I quote a few lines for present convenience: —

"Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine, power;
For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart."

This is precisely the style of thought and of verse that we find in Edmund's speech in question. The rhythm, the very sound of the lines, in the two passages is almost the same. What could be more like these lines from Edmund's speech, —

"But then the mind much suffering doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing, fellowship," —

than these from the friar's: —

"Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine, power"?

Plainly, it seems to me, if upon evidence of style and structure we refuse to accept one of these speeches as of Shakespeare's writing, we must also refuse to accept the other. Their metal is not only out of the same mine, but is minted with the same die. But may we be sure that Shakespeare wrote either of them? If we once begin to suspect and to reject, where are we to stop? And in his day play-writing was such a mere trade, such a mere manufacture of material for the use of the theatre, and playwrights were so constantly at work together upon great jobs and small jobs, — and Shakespeare in his own day was only one of these, — that we can accept nothing as absolutely his that does not bear plainly upon it the royal image and superscription.

The one point to be constantly kept in mind in the critical consideration of Shakespeare's dramas is that they were written by a second-rate actor, who, much against his will, was compelled to live by the stage in some way, and whose first object was money, — to get on in life. He wrote what he wrote merely to fill the theatre and his own pockets; he wrote as he wrote, because he was born the poet of poets, the dramatist of dramatists, the philosopher of philosophers, the most world-knowing of all men of the world. There was as much deliberate purpose in his breathing as in his play-writing.

In Edmund's speech in question there is a single word which makes much against its authenticity. He, alone and supposed to be merely thinking aloud, calls himself Tom. This naturally he would not do; this he does not do in any other instance when he is alone. He reserves that name for company, and,

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to use his own phrase in regard to his assumed character, "daubs it" only for their benefit. This one consideration is almost conclusive against the authenticity of the speech.

I have considered only a few of the questions in regard to the text of this tragedy which are suggested by Mr. Furness's thorough and discriminating edition of it, the study of which must hereafter be a prime object with every critical reader of Shakespeare.

Richard Grant White.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA, AND OTHER POETRY.

Possibly it is due to a sense of its mass and antiquity, and its value to later ages as a record of the human mind, that primitive poetry gives the impression of weight and durability commonly attaching to it. But, whatever be the cause, it seems to share in the permanence of its themes — religion, the universe, war, love, and the other human passions. Modern poetry, on the other hand, illustrates, either consciously or unconsciously, the transient aspect of these things. The Vedas, the Hebraic poems, and the Iliad may be said to have been laid out on the scale of the solar system; as the sun itself was the centre of so many myths of faith subsequently entangled with actual events. Much of our poetry of the present is gauged to the scale of a single day. If the author of The Light of Asia [1] does not at once succumb to this charge, it will be largely because his subject comes freshly to readers of English, and because of the curious relation he has given it to the story of Jesus Christ, as well as the nobility of the human career ascribed to his hero. High merits of art must be acknowledged in Mr. Arnold's arrangement and execution, and such acknowledgment is an easy duty to perform towards a writer so richly endowed with power of expression, with musical instinct, and with fullness of special knowledge as this hitherto but little known author appears to be. More than all these, too, Mr. Arnold is possessed of a strong and persuasive enthusiasm, which easily carries conviction of his right to a hearing and commands one's allegiance. But that omnipresent, accusing hastiness which to-day confronts the critic upon every hand is here, also, and compels us to regret that the man who was capable of composing so noble a book within a single year, while editing the London Daily Telegraph, should not have matured his work before giving it to the world.

The position of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, is by no means so well defined as the majority of Mr. Arnold's readers would be led, from his presentation of this great figure, to suppose. What his precise doctrines were it has not been an easy matter for the erudite to determine. The scheme which Mr. Arnold sets forth will, we dare say, meet with much acceptance as a satisfactory statement of Gautama's philosophy, because it appeals to the highest instincts and ideas of fitness; but we cannot attempt to pronounce on its critical value, because this is a matter of which few among Mr. Arnold's reviewers can be as competent to judge as himself.

The lines in which he sets forth the nature of Nirvana not only have a keen

[1] *The Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation.* Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of India, as told in verse by an Indian Buddhist. By Edwin Arnold, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

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intellectual edge, but are also occasionally beautiful.

"Only when life dies like a white flame spent,
Death dies along with it.

. . . . . .

Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

. . . . . .

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage;* purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace."

And of the man who has reached Nirvana it is said: —

"Him the Gods envy from their lower seats;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
Karma [1] will no more make

"New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows 'I:'
If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

"If any teach Nirvana is to live,
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss."

Here is certainly a wonderful apprehension of the mystic state which is neither life nor death. The attaining to it depends, as the teacher shows, wholly on human nature and its own voluntary choice of the good. Man's deliverance is in himself.

But exegesis is not poetry, and, whatever may be said of the culminating sermon from which these excerpts are made, the chief pleasure to be had from The Light of Asia and its worth as a deep and touching poetic utterance are included in the superb narration of Gautama's career, his gradual advance to a world-embracing wisdom and holiness. This is carried out with great mastery of detail. In description, the poem has a lustrous and finished texture; it abounds in color and picturing force; and there is a rich, slumbering under-current of sensuousness in it, which carries the reader along through many obstructions of local and special allusion. But Mr. Arnold has something better than these qualities, and something even better than art, when it is united with art: he has feeling, he embraces the race in a noble and intimate sympathy. By means of this he invests the progress of Siddartha and the lot of his wife Yasôdhara with a solemn tenderness, and excites in us a responsive sense of the mingled pathos and wretchedness and nobility of human existence, together with a moving appreciation of that universal love which Siddartha inculcates.

Uniting, as it does, so many excellences, it is not strange that the poem has been dwelt upon as to its beauties, and that its short-comings have been suppressed, with an effect of over-praise. It has, in fact, some distinct faults. It lacks the epic variety and swiftness of action which one insensibly demands in a performance of this scope; the style, though vigorous and charming, is sown with Tennysonian and Miltonic suggestions; and the blank verse, which is in general monotonously handled, exhibits many weak places that might easily have been improved by more polishing. In the interspersing of short scraps of Sanskrit verse, Mr. Arnold must be held to have committed a literary folly, which seriously injures the dignity of his book.

A kinship not altogether fanciful may be traced between Mr. Arnold and Bayard Taylor, whose poetical works — leaving out The Prophet, The Masque of the Gods, Prince Deukalion, and the translation of Faust — have lately been reissued in a compact and agreeable form.[2]

"And the Poet knew the Land of the East, —
His soul was native there."

So Taylor wrote of himself long ago, in the Poems of the Orient, and in his warm responsiveness to the genius of the East it is that we detect a kinship with Mr. Arnold. Bayard Taylor was

[1] Transmigration.

[2] *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor.* Household Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

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also, like Mr. Arnold, a busy journalist. To combine the functions of poet and journalist, however, must always remain an undertaking hazardous to the last degree. In looking over the crowded pages of this collection, one feels that the hazard sometimes went against the writer. His creations were so varied as to demand the sole devotion of a life to them; wanting which, they suffered from the absence of that long, unforced maturing which imparts a nameless quality indispensable to the finest results, although their many beauties and nice workmanship may freely be acknowledged.

In reading the Eastern poems, too, one feels what one does not in Edwin Arnold, that the imagery and sentiments of the scene are borrowed, not spontaneous, and have something conventional about them; always excepting the famous Bedouin Song, every line of which throbs artlessly and passionately with the fervor of a true Arabian dusk. Taylor, nevertheless, is at his best when he resumes the American. His California poems — early flowers from a then untrodden field — retain their freshness; and the Pennsylvania ballads, which first appeared in The Atlantic, have hardly been surpassed in this country for realistic power and a homely truth suffused with genuine sentiment. A steady growth in strength and skill may be traced from The Poet's Journal up to Lars, the Norway pastoral, and the later odes. Taylor's cultivation of poetry under adverse circumstances sometimes ran the risk of becoming consciousness, and the taste which he always had for the academical style induced in these odes a species of dryness. But, taking his work as a whole, one has the satisfaction of discovering under all its merits or defects, and sustaining its numerous charms of feeling, or of thought and workmanship, a robust and candid personality, full of manliness and of a straightforward poetic vigor.

That diurnal scope of current poetry, which we began with noticing, is much more manifest in some half dozen other volumes, not long dropped from the press, than in the two just examined. Mrs. Dorr, however, has been fortunate in having for one of the subjects embraced in her new book [1] a native theme full of strength. We are a little surprised, indeed, that she should not have given this ode, written for the Vermont centennial celebration, the first place on her table of contents, thus associating the volume with her native State by its title. The initial piece, Friar Anselmo, is a pretty enough little incident of monkish life, pleasantly related, — the sort of thing which would have attracted Leigh Hunt or Adelaide Procter. But we see no very good reason why an American writer of verse, at this date, should concern herself with topics of this kind, unless, indeed, she be minded to put some fresh meaning into them. Mrs. Dorr's ballad and narrative poems are chiefly founded on foreign suggestions; but the poem called Christus is a notable exception. It tells how a dead Spanish sailor is found in a New England town, on a night of winter storm, with a parrot nestling in his breast, and repeating the sailor's last-spoken word. This is a spirited and striking ballad, to which we could wish the authoress would give us some companion pieces. For the rest, there are many pretty lyrics within these covers, breathing true and gentle womanly sentiment and sorrow and hope; and in the verses entitled What Need? a warm plea for the singers of to-day is gracefully urged: —

"What need, do you ask me? Each day
Hath a song and a prayer of its own,
As each June hath its crown of fresh roses, each May
Its bright emerald throne!"

In the second strophe of the Vermont ode, there is a curious correspondence

[1] *Friar Anselmo, and other Poems.* By JULIA C. R. DORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

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with the refrain of Taylor's Bedouin Song in the lines, —

> "*Oh, let the Earth grow old,*
> *And the burning stars grow cold!*"

When writers of verse begin to talk about "the Long Ago" (with capitals), we suffer a slight depression, due to a conviction that we are descending to lower levels and a more commonplace atmosphere than should be associated with Parnassus. Mrs. Dorr does it, and so does Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in her generally pleasing volume of songs, new and old.[1] An interesting and useful chapter might be written on what we shall call "poetic slang;" under which heading "the Long Ago," "birdies," and many like phrases that presume upon the reader's having seen them before, and that have no other point or merit, would be included. But this slang is far from being the chief characteristic of Mrs. Dodge's productions. They are often exquisitely wrought, and so reverently and sweetly do they re-translate the lessons and the poetry of blossom, grass, sunlight, shower, and breeze that Along the Way might aptly be described as a collection of flower hymns. The poems are peaceful and simple, as the things of which they tell demand that they should be. There 's a Wedding in the Orchard is one of the freshest and most dulcet of these strains: —

> "The air is in a mist, I think,
> And scarce knows which to be, —
> Whether all fragrance, clinging close,
> Or bird-song, wild and free."

Shadow-Evidence and Emerson may be mentioned as exemplifying the poetess's rare and delicate ingenuity in seizing vague, subtle moods and elusive fancies. Perhaps the most captivating of anything in this direction is the arch and musical conceit entitled Secrets, which is rife with a sentiment resembling that of Uhland and Heine in their cheerful moments, or of Goethe's *Heiden-Röslein.* The contributions to this anthology, as we might call the book, by a stretch of the word, are so short as to present a fragmentary appearance; none the less it is undeniable that the authoress has a distinct, if limited, vein of originality.

Mr. Latham C. Strong also has something to say about the "long ago" (without capitals, this time) and "the days of long ago" and "the far beyond." He has much to say about other things, as well, in his latest publication;[2] but, unfortunately, we discern in his effusions very little trace of a redeeming force or of unworn fancy. Poetic predisposition he undoubtedly has, and an alluring facility in the stringing of rhymes; but beyond a gleam of observation like this, —

> "Under the garden-hedge the spider
> Crosses his bridge with his rain-drop lamps," —

and a dash of mild collegiate humor in some lines describing Homer and Euripides as bewildered by the explanatory labors of commentators, there is almost nothing that is his own in this volume; or that, being his own, is worth the having. The Children of Roxburghshire, Our Breton Bride, The Banshee, The Inquisition, and similar titles sufficiently disclose the source of his imaginative activity in exhausted materials. He substitutes for original perception and independent choice softly tinted but faded copies of something which has been done before.

All Quiet Along the Potomac is the name very properly bestowed by Ethel Lynn Beers on the collection of her poems,[3] including the war lyric which bears that title and was long ago given the high place in popular estimation that it deserves. A lyric catching to perfection the tone of Campbell's Soldier's Dream, very aptly taking for its text the

[1] *Along the Way.* By MARY MAPES DODGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

[2] *Midsummer Dreams.* By LATHAM C. STRONG, Author of Castle Windows, and Poke o' Moonshine." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

[3] *All Quiet Along the Potomac, and other Poems.* By ETHEL LYNN BEERS. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

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familiar head-line of newspapers eighteen years ago, it is full of pathos and a keen human interest, which will appeal to readers born since the war almost as strongly as it did to readers at that time. The note so fortunately struck at the right moment, and so warmly responded to by popular appreciation, was followed by the authoress with a few other songs of the war, by no means up to the level of her first effort; and it now appears, from this somewhat tardy gathering in of her poetic offspring, that she has written a large amount of fugitive verse of other kinds. It is questionable whether All Quiet Along the Potomac has floating capacity enough to keep the rest of the collection above water. Mrs. Beers has a decided predilection for the homely pathetic, as may be seen in some of the names given to these short pieces: such as Dinners and Darns, The Baggage-Wagon, John Gray Junior, Don't Wake the Baby, and The Old Doorstone. She is not appalled by the most commonplace material. She tells us how "from the ferry's pulsing door" the summer baggage comes home, and enumerates its contents, concluding thus: —

"But oh, there 's baggage coming home
In yonder jostled pile,
Packed outward bound, not long ago,
With jest and happy smile;

"Seeking out now a stricken heart," etc.

The most remarkable example of mingled bathos and sincerity of this sort will be found in a composition called The Carpet of Life, wherein heaven is referred to as "an upper room." There is much sentimentality and not a little Moody and Sankey twang in the volume, but now and then — as in Floating, which is addressed to a porcelain sailor used as a mantel ornament — we are suddenly refreshed by well-balanced excellence.

[1] *Idylls and Poems.* By ANNA MARIA FAY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

Anna Maria Fay's Idylls and Poems [1] take their place at the opposite pole of culture without strength, and of utterance frequently rounded and flowing, but unencumbered with ideas. The Pilgrim Fair, with which we begin, is a pale and spiritless allegory. Like most verse-makers of the time who have pretensions to knowledge of what is correct, Miss Fay indulges in a variety of measures, and follows the lead of Austin Dobson, and his co-disciples of old French balladists, with some rondeaus. In a song comprised in a series of these pieces occurs the following stanza, —

"I 'd skirt the walls of Paradise;
The angels would look over,
But at the sight of her rare guise,
Their breath they 'd scarce recover," —

which, it is useless to conceal, has a strong kinship with rural epitaphs.

Another volunteer in verse says in his preface, "I now commit my little book, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, to the critics and the public." We doubt whether the public concerns itself much about either the hopes or the fears; but the honest critic, unless he be very young, and caparisoned in that ferociousness with which young critics conceal their own tremulous ignorance, experiences a sharp twinge in thinking of the effect his words may have in such a case. Accordingly, he approaches Mr. Johnes's occasional poems [2] with more than common apprehension, and a vain wish that Mr. Johnes had not prejudiced his case by dedicating these leaves to Mr. Longfellow, and publishing his own letter in which permission was asked for the dedication. This conscientious melancholy is rewarded by the discovery of sundry gleams of talent in the "briefs" here collected. They do not come to light in the serious attempts, the most ambitious of which are The Masquerade and Fountain Abbey, nor in those reduplicated studies which the author makes of senti-

[2] *Briefs by a Barrister.* Occasional Verses by EDWARD R. JOHNES. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

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ment at evening parties. Where he is serious, he tells us things which neither he nor we can believe: for example, that God gives to every one at birth a star. He talks about Phœbus, and says that on a certain night brownies and fays were dancing about him in the moonlight, and stopped to observe how sadly he gazed, and so on. Such statements are of the kind which Mr. Carlyle tersely denominates the lies of modern poetry. But Mr. Johnes appends some college verses, among which is a Geological Romance, that is clever and witty; and in this and one or two album stanzas we detect a latent capacity for light and bright composition, with an epigrammatic turn, which might have yielded a very readable book, had the author understood his talent better.

If this necessity for understanding one's own talent were more generally appreciated, we should never be called upon to mention so dismally worthless a publication as a little book by one Mrs. Prindle,[1] which contains outpourings of this sort: —

> "Don't forget *me*, O my Saviour:
> Call me early from my clay."

It need not be even mentioned here, except as a wholesome reminder of the dreadful depths into which the graduated scale of human expression in verse can descend. Southey, in prefacing the collected edition of his poetical works, speaks of having, during the revision, passed in review "the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of this world is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone." One is tempted to say that it is a very injurious usage, — as injurious as it is illogical. To express sentiment and emotion with much fervor in social intercourse is held to make a person ridiculous; but no matter how vapid or inherently absurd the substance of miscellaneous versification, it is admitted to be quite right that it should take on the permanence of print.

From the Himalayan heights of Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia to the modest dingles or modern drawing-rooms occupied by the other writers whom we have noticed (excepting Bayard Taylor) is a huge distance; and there could hardly be a better discipline for each one of these writers than to go over the ground with a careful measure, reading the productions of the rest, and drawing conclusions as sincere and impartial as the critic must.

A TELEPHONIC CONVERSATION.

I CONSIDER that a conversation by telephone — when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation — is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life. Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the room. I notice that one can always write best when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's, down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the sex always shrink from calling up the central office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I touched the bell, and this talk ensued: —

Central Office. [Gruffly.] Hello!

[1] *Alpine Flowers, and other Poems.* By AUGUSTA CLEVELAND PRINDLE. Springfield, Mass.: The Clark W. Bryan Company. 1879.

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I. Is it the Central Office?

C. O. Of course it is. What do you want?

I. Will you switch me on to the Bagleys, please?

C. O. All right. Just keep your ear to the telephone.

Then I heard, *k-look, k-look, k'look — klook-klook-klook-look-look!* then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping female voice: Y-e-s? [Rising inflection.] Did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the telephone to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed that queerest of all the queer things in this world, — a conversation with only one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow, or dismay. You can't make head or tail of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following remarkable series of observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted, — for you can't ever persuade the sex to speak gently into a telephone: —

Yes? Why, how did *that* happen?

Pause.

What did you say?

Pause.

Oh, no, I don't think it was.

Pause.

No! Oh, no, I did n't mean *that.* I meant, put it in while it is still boiling, — or just before it *comes* to a boil.

Pause.

WHAT?

Pause.

I turned it over with a back stitch on the selvage edge.

Pause.

Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it 's better to baste it on with Valenciennes or bombazine, or something of that sort. It gives it such an air, — and attracts so much notice.

Pause.

It 's forty-ninth Deuteronomy, sixty-fourth to ninety-seventh inclusive. I think we ought all to read it often.

Pause.

Perhaps so; I generally use a hair-pin.

Pause.

What did you say? [*Aside*] Children, do be quiet!

Pause.

Oh! B *flat!* Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!

Pause.

Since *when?*

Pause.

Why, *I* never heard of it.

Pause.

You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!

Pause.

Who did?

Pause.

Good-ness gracious!

Pause.

Well, what *is* this world coming to? Was it right in *church?*

Pause.

And was her *mother* there?

Pause.

Why, Mrs. Bagley, I should have died of humiliation! What did they *do?*

Long pause.

I can't be perfectly sure, because I have n't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: te-rolly-loll-loll, loll lolly-loll-loll, O tolly-loll-loll-*lee-ly-li-i*-do! And then *repeat,* you know.

Pause.

Yes, I think it *is* very sweet, — and very solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and the pianissimo right.

Pause.

Oh, gum-drops, gum-drops! But I never allow them to eat striped candy. And of course they *can't,* till they get their teeth, any way.

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Pause.

What?

Pause.

Oh, not in the least, — go right on. He 's here writing, — it does n't bother *him.*

Pause.

Very well, I 'll come if I can. [*Aside.*] Dear me, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she 'd —

Pause.

Oh, no, not at all; I *like* to talk, — but I 'm afraid I 'm keeping you from your affairs.

Pause.

Visitors?

Pause.

No, we never use butter on them.

Pause.

Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And *he* does n't like them, any way, — especially canned.

Pause.

Oh, I think that is too high for them; we have never paid over fifty cents a bunch.

Pause.

Must you go? Well, *good*-by.

Pause.

Yes, I think so. *Good*-by.

Pause.

Four o'clock, then — I 'll be ready. *Good*-by.

Pause.

Thank you ever so much. *Good*-by.

Pause.

Oh, not at all! — just as fresh — *Which?* Oh, I 'm glad to hear you say that. *Good*-by.

[Hangs up the telephone and says, "Oh, it *does* tire a person's arm so!"]

A man delivers a single brutal "Good-by," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex, — I say it in their praise; they cannot abide abruptness.

Mark Twain.

ELIHU VEDDER'S PICTURES.

THERE is as much difference between painting for painting's sake and the use of brush and colors to express some idea as there is between constructing verses for the perfection of the rhythm and writing poetry in order to convey in the noblest manner some sentiment worth the utterance. It is from the marked absence of any expression of ideas in most modern works of art that our picture exhibitions are such barren and desolate wastes of colored canvases. With all the monotony of subject found in a collection of old masters, with the endless succession of holy families and saints and martyrs, there is enough earnestness of purpose and sincerity of expression to give to these worn-out stories a kind of human interest which rarely flags, even though the eye be wearied by the repetition of compositions on the same theme. In the present stage of art there is a reaction against the idealism of the past, and the demand is for execution; for a degree of technical skill which few of the old masters attained, and which for the last two centuries has never been equaled. The natural result of this reaction is a poverty of ideas in painting; not that there are fewer subjects at the command of the artist than in the days when the Bible was his sole inspiration, but because he is preoccupied with the use of his material, and finds that after he has gained satisfactory skill both the demands of the public and his own ac-

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quired taste prevent him from painting what is really in his heart. The academic training of the present day contrasted with that of the studio system of two or three centuries ago shows how the conditions of apprenticeship have changed. There are arguments enough in favor of either scheme, but the result proves that our modern rigid system of art education, comprehensive and intelligent as it is, has accomplished nothing more notable than the suffocation of individual impulse.

Mr. Elihu Vedder, whose pictures have been recently exhibited in Boston, has had an artistic career, distinguished less by his popular success than by his vigorous and consistent protest against the modern limitations of the profession. The collection embraced a large part of the work produced by the artist during the past decade, and readily divided itself into two parts: the one decidedly realistic, the other dependent for its interest on the subject illustrated more than on the execution. Without bearing evidence of a deliberate scheme of argument, the collection showed at a glance the condition of mind which made the variety of execution and the difference of motives not only a possibility but a necessity to the artist. Mr. Vedder as he is seen in his pictures has a strong literary taste; he is overwhelmed by the profusion of subjects. The rush of his ideas can find but inadequate expression in the limited number of pictures which he, with all his diligence, can produce. From the beginning he has been moved by two faiths: the one, and the stronger, a conscious belief that the purpose of art is to express something that will add to the high enjoyment of mankind; and the other an intelligent appreciation of the value of a skillful means of expression, which will make the artistic language not only intelligible, but attractive. With most men one or the other of these beliefs would have been a sufficient impulse to direct the whole course of their career. Mr. Vedder has been loyal to them both. In his earliest pictures there were peculiar and strong qualities of tone and color, an originality of arrangement and composition, and a skill with the brush that might almost have been called extraordinary. To find such elements of technical skill in the illustration of the ideas which are commonly associated with carelessness, or total ignorance of the methods of execution, was as gratifying as it was rare, and Mr. Vedder went abroad to continue his studies with a unique reputation and a small but devoted circle of appreciators. Italy, with its museums of masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and its moral atmosphere in the highest degree stimulating to the imagination, furnished just the conditions most congenial to the growth and perfection of the branch of art Mr. Vedder had chosen as his own. There, nourished by the traditions of the sympathetic art of the past, he had the impulse to conceive and the courage to produce the pictures which are the expression of his intimate convictions and of the cherished creations of his imagination. Naturally enough, he found that in the fervor of his zeal to put down on canvas the ideas that came to him he often forgot the tricks of the handicraft, and again and again the eloquence of the story was marred by incomplete and unsatisfactory execution. Then, with the humility of a beginner, he sat down before a still-life or a model, and copied it with the patience and persistence of a man who knows what he has to accomplish and is sure of his result. Whatever he did in this way — whatever, indeed, he achieved in matter-of-fact, simple execution — was more or less a relief to him, satisfying him that he was able to keep up a reasonable skill with the brush, and bringing him nearer all the time to the accomplishment of his purpose, namely, to the combination of the two great elements of his art, which were each a power in them-

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selves. In the presence of his pictures this experience is related by the unmistakable testimony of the canvases. Here is a still-life, composed of a few objects of bricabrac, a vase or two, backed by rich draperies thrown carelessly down, making a composition full of contrasting colors, textures, and forms. Every detail is studied with conscientious care, and the textures are imitated with almost the skill of a Gerard Dow. With the eye full of the elaborate finish and mechanical completeness of the still-life canvas, turn to a small, square panel with two figures in white floating through murky space. The wide eyes and vacant expression of one and the searching gaze of the other are haunting in their intensity. The vision of the earth-ball below and the sombre sky stretching away into horizonless distance is a fitting background to the weird figures. The story is too well told to need a quotation to show that these are the "hurrying shapes" from Mr. Aldrich's poem of Identity. It is but a rapid and incomplete sketch; no more suggestive of mechanical skill than some of Blake's hurried notes, which, indeed, in general idea, the picture strongly suggests. Beside the elaborate and painstaking completeness of the still-life, this little panel is, from one point of view, a childish performance. It is the nobility of the conception that puts out of sight the feeble execution, and makes the spectator forget that only paint and canvas are before him. The two examples just quoted are, to be sure, the furthest extremes in the collection, but similar contrasts were everywhere noticeable. With the instincts of a painter quite as strong as the impulses of an artist, Mr. Vedder shows in these safety-valves of realistic work a scheme of color quite his own, and remarkable more for the exquisite harmony of the parts than for the particular and prosaic truth of the whole.

The Young Marsyas and the Cumæan Sibyl, the two most important works in the exhibition, are undoubtedly well known to the public through the numerous descriptions of them which were published at the time of Mr. Vedder's controversy with L'Art, the French illustrated journal of art, and scarcely need more than a brief review. They gave the artist the broadest field for the exercise of his skill, and may be considered as in some respects the climax of his endeavors and the highest result of his studies and long practice. The young Marsyas is seated in a wintry landscape, playing on a pipe. Around him wild rabbits are gathered to listen to the enticing music of their sylvan prince. In every attitude of attention the little creatures pause in their nervous motions, and are spell-bound by the notes of the pipe. There are few similar landscapes more impressive in their aspect than the one which forms the background of this little group. It is painted with no attempt at finish further than is necessary to give the character of the scene. The figure of Marsyas, with his nude torso and goat legs, is drawn with knowledge and modeled with a firm touch, though it be a trifle lacking in mobility. But the triumph of painting in this picture is seen in the rabbits, where the character and variety of individual position is given with unusual power and a skill that painters of animals might well be proud of. The Cumæan Sibyl is seen hurrying away, after she has burned one of the books of fate, to offer the remaining ones to Tarquin. The landscape is rigid and weird, the figure of the old woman full of action and swing, and the general tone of a mellow richness like the landscapes of the old masters. It is somewhat stringy in execution, a fault that — to be precise even at the risk of being trivial in criticism — is due to the prominent texture of the twilled canvas, which gives the picture somewhat the appearance of a tapestry. The story is told with a force and vigor that cannot be too highly commended.

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A subject quite in harmony with the spirit of life in Italy is In Memoriam, a single draped figure standing in the midst of dry and withered trifles, a skull on a pedestal and shriveled stalks of flowers forming a dreary but suggestive group of accessories to the figure, and adding by contrast to its grace and classical dignity. The Sphinx of the Seashore carries still further the grim notions of which In Memoriam is but a mild utterance. The cruel woman-tiger crouching on a flat rock in the midst of whirling waters, watches for new victims, the very spirit of destruction. Skulls and other relics of the dead surround her, and the landscape, with its foreboding aspect, seems only fit for the habitation of such creatures as she. Whether it be a picture which the average connoisseur would care to hang in his collection, or whether, indeed, there be sufficient excuse for its production, is scarcely worth while to discuss. It is a good example of one of the vagaries of imaginative painting, to which it seems as if a certain element of the awful and the weird was as necessary as salt is to food.

Whenever Mr. Vedder has attempted religious subjects he has invested them with the full strength of his appreciation of the wonderful beauties which a study of the theme has opened to him. The Star of Bethlehem he has treated in such an original way that the spectator almost feels as if he sees it illustrated for the first time. The landscape, broad and simple in the foreground, stretches away to a distant valley, where a dark strip, upon which descends a single ray from a luminous spot in the heavens, shows the situation of the Saviour's birthplace. The three wise men, almost lost in the immensity of the landscape, march steadily toward the guiding ray of light. In the heavens a great bank of cumulose clouds, reaching from the distant horizon, sweeps up and encircles the brilliant luminary. The cloud-forms, lighted by the star, take the shapes of adoring angels. The idea is worthy a poem, and Mr. Vedder has failed in his illustration of it only in the rigidity of the execution. The sky is dense, the clouds hard and heavy, and the forms too vigorous and pronounced. There is no mystery in the angelic rank; the light defines them as if they were of marble, motionless and solid. But the landscape, illumined by the reflected light of the heavenly glory, is full of impressive mystery and in thorough sympathy with the spirit of the scene. One of the most famous of the artist's religious pictures is a small and exceedingly classical sketch of part of the crowd on the hill-side at the crucifixion. It is full of intimations of the awful grandeur of the tragedy, and the violence of the conflicting emotions that possessed the spectators. Still another is a sketch of the group at the foot of the cross, suggestive of a noble composition.

Some of the single heads in the collection have a rare charm of expression, which, like the Identity, overbalanced all questions of drawing or painting. The Young Medusa, unfinished and almost meagre in color, is very fascinating in the peculiar intensity of expression; and in the same way the head of an Italian girl, not altogether well drawn, but excellent in tone, is sure to make the spectator pause and reflect on the wonderful charm of the face. In simple flesh painting Mr. Vedder has had either too little practice, or he is too much preoccupied with the inviting beauties of the accessories to do justice to the charm of the color and the texture of the skin. His study of a girl posing half nude, however attractive in general tone and however perfect in arrangement, is neither pleasing as an imitation of the characteristic quality of flesh modeling, nor does it possess the unique charms of delicate gradations of color found in the human figure. This picture must be put in the same class with the still-life subjects, since it is ap-

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parently painted for the same purpose. It shows at least one thing, — that Mr. Vedder has better mastery of the technique than most painters of a literary turn of mind; and doubtless it was to prove this to himself that he made the study. He had done nothing more entirely his own than the Questioner of the Sphinx, a small study, the painting from which is owned by Martin Brimmer, Esq. An Arab in an attitude of reverential expectancy places his ear at the mouth of the Sphinx. Alone in the desert, oppressed by the weight of the mystery of past ages, the native seeks to discover the secrets which the stony lips alone seem able to disclose. The picture is an intense and powerful suggestion of the great and lasting mystery that surrounds Egyptian history. The story told on that small canvas is to each spectator satisfying and complete, in proportion as his imagination brings him into sympathy with the idea of the artist. To one it may be little more than a simple study of the Sphinx and a figure; to another it is a whole poem. This is one of the disappointments which every painter of imaginative and literary subjects must continually meet with. A picture which appeals with great force to one class of minds has no weight and brings no suggestion to another class. The artist often finds that his choicest idea has failed to hit its mark, or meet a response in the public appreciation. Mr. Vedder's own experience is a good example of this. He has had but a small audience even in his native country. Abroad he has had as meagre encouragement as any artist who ever studied seriously. But with a singleness of purpose that is itself the best assurance of ultimate success, he has painted away in his own direction, and, unmindful of critics, has gone on in his own way. The result, it is needless to say, is encouraging enough to make the trials of the past seem but trifles.

There were among the multitude of pictures in the exhibition a number of direct studies from nature, which, considering the fact that Mr. Vedder had never made a show of his devotion to open-air study, were a surprise even to those who knew his work best. Various little street scenes, views in olive groves, some with figures and some without, a peasant lighting his pipe, — all of them were delicate and truthful representations of nature. It was curious to notice how in several instances he could not help telling his story even in the matter-of-fact imitation of architectural grouping or atmospheric effect. A street in sunlight, deserted by human beings at noonday, as all Italian streets are in summer time, is filled by the pomposity of a strutting goose who waddles up the middle of the pavement, monarch of the thoroughfare. Again, in a bit of landscape he has put so much of the mysterious and the uncanny as to suggest the scene of a murder. A fresh and delightful study from nature is a sea-shore view, with the shallow water turbid with the light sand, and on the distant sea horizon a strip of intense blue water. The large landscape of Central Italy is a severely conscientious study, but too full of the influence of the old masters to be pleasing.

Occasionally taken with a decorative fever, Mr. Vedder indulges in a sketch, like the one illustrating a verse from Omar Khayyam, for example, in which a group of carousing figures in rich costumes makes a bouquet of rich color. A painting of a mediæval net-weaver, not shown at the beginning of the exhibition, is a graceful and highly decorative figure. Something of the richness of his invention is seen in two bronze cups, very original and elaborate in design and quaint in character. The sketches from which the artist intends to paint pictures in the future are full of rich promise.

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A NEW OBSERVER.

It is hardly necessary to recall to the reader familiar with these pages that series of clear, penetrating studies of American life,[1] at once so dispassionate and so sympathetic, which began with the impressive paper giving its title to the articles in their collected form. Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life; The Nationals, their Origin and their Aim; Three Typical Workingmen; Workingmen's Wives; The Career of a Capitalist; Study of a New England Factory Town; Preaching; Sincere Demagogy, — no one can have forgotten their unsparing reality, their humane temper, and their fine and rare intellectual quality. Those interested in the growth of a literature which shall embody our national life must have felt that here was a man with the artist's eye for seeing as perhaps no other American had seen our conditions; and those who believe that life is above literature — is not to be treated as mere material from which characters and situations are to be quarried — must have been glad of the self-sacrifice which presented the rich results of the writer's observation uncolored and almost uncommented. Nothing is further from him than the novelist's purpose or the novelist's method of using the facts which he sees with all a novelist's keenness, and more than the keenness of any novelist who has yet looked at the same aspects of our civilization. Sometimes, almost against his will, as it seems, the matter takes a picturesque shape, as in certain descriptions of the New England Factory Town; but his sympathetic earnestness is felt through the things that make us smile, and we know that he wishes us to think rather than smile. Some of these passages are worthy the great masters who have set down simply the things they have seen; that account of the "first-class" entertainment, where the girl in spangled tights sang her comic song to an audience unalloyed by factory people, and that sketch of an evening in the musical beer-hall at Fall River, are worthy of Thackeray's "Spec." In all the papers the characters are studied to such strong and serious purpose that they need but a touch of drama to make them move in artistic sequence and effect.

It is best, however, to have them as they are. We would be apt to lose sense of their need of help in a fiction, or of our own relation to them; and this we are not likely to do here, except as we imagine their case already become historical. Events move so rapidly with us, and superficially conditions change so suddenly, that with the present return of prosperity we shall be in danger of regarding the tendencies and characteristics of American life which this writer deplores as merely traits of the long period of adversity which is passing away. But what this essayist strives to do throughout is to persuade his reader that the relief which may come from better times is temporary and delusive; that hard times will return in their course, and then all the dangerous tendencies of two years ago will beset us again. He does not feel himself to be dealing with casual errors, but faults of character and mind not radical but well-nigh inveterate, and his remedy for them is simpler and honester life, resulting from the diffusion of real intelligence concerning its problems, from habits of frugality in spending and closeness in thinking, from home-training in unselfishness and benevolence, from a better understanding between the different stations and condi-

[1] *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life, and other Papers.* Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

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tions of society. We state in generals what he states in particulars; for he does not shrink from that hard part of his task which consists in specifying the means that people should take to help themselves. He differs from many other philosophers, who have taught us of late, in prescribing work, and a great deal of it, for all classes as the prime agent in the purification of public and private morals. He has very little to say about the amusement of the people, and much about their edification, — about giving them good reading and good preaching; no doubt he thinks they may be trusted to take all the play they need. He does nothing new, perhaps, in prescribing this regimen for the poor, but he is refreshing in suggesting it for the rich also: he would not have stupid and idle rich people any more than ignorant paupers, and would doubtless think the one class as mischievous as the other.

More than once during the magazine publication of these essays we found the charge of pessimism brought against their author. The phrase probably recommended itself to his critics by its cheapness; certainly nothing could be more inexact, unless pessimism consists in the recognition of needlessly deplorable conditions, and the expression of a belief that the sufferers have the cure in their own hands. If it is pessimism to show the rich what excellent types of character exist among workingmen and their wives, and to teach the poor how a capitalist may be necessarily their friend, by all means let us have nothing but pessimism hereafter. We shall come to a better conception of each other, and learn to bear and forbear through that desperate doctrine. The essays really most discouraging are those on The Nationals and Sincere Demagogy, from which it appears that those who do most of our voting are not ready to do our thinking to advantage. Yet they are not so much corrupted as stupefied by the leaders who repeat to their credulity the thrice-exploded delusions of the past concerning the inherent virtue and wisdom of the people, the injustice of society to the poor, and the tyranny of capital; who preach their rights and say nothing of their duties. These studies are discouraging, because they show us how low the capacity of the masses — the public-schooled masses — still is for right thinking. The writer does not deny their capacity, and perhaps even his distrust of their intelligence may seem refuted just now, when returning prosperity has put us all in good humor with one another, and every one has apparently come to a clearer perception of things. But very possibly he might insist that this was a transitory and illusory appearance; and that the supine acquiescence of those who confide in it was material for a still more discouraging paper than any he had yet written.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THIS note comes to me from the home of culture: —

DEAR MR ——: Your writings interest me very much; but I cannot help wishing you would not place adverbs between the particle and verb in the Infinitive. For example: "to *even* realize," "to *mysteriously* disappear" "to *wholly* do away." You should say, *even* to realize; to disappear mysteriously, etc. "rose up" is another mistake — tautology, you know. Yours truly

A BOSTON GIRL.

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I print the note just as it was written, for one or two reasons: (1.) It flatters a superstition of mine that a person may learn to excel in only such details of an art as take a particularly strong hold upon his native predilections or instincts. (2.) It flatters another superstition of mine that whilst all the details of that art may be of equal importance *he* cannot be made to feel that it is so. Possibly he may be made to *see* it, through argument and illustration; but that will be of small value to him except he *feel* it, also. Culture would be able to make him feel it by and by, no doubt, but never very sharply, I think. Now I have certain instincts, and I wholly lack certain others. (Is that "wholly" in the right place?) For instance, I am dead to adverbs; they cannot excite me. To misplace an adverb is a thing which I am able to do with frozen indifference; it can never give me a pang. But when my young lady puts no point after "Mr.;" when she begins "adverb," "verb," and "particle" with the small letter, and aggrandizes "Infinitive" with a capital; and when she puts no comma after "to mysteriously disappear," etc., I am troubled; and when she begins a sentence with a small letter I even *suffer*. Or I suffer, *even*, — I do not know which it is; but she will, because the adverb is in her line, whereas only those minor matters are in mine. Mark these prophetic words: though this young lady's grammar be as the drifted snow for purity, she will never, never, never learn to punctuate while she lives; this is her demon, the adverb is mine. I thank her, honestly and kindly, for her lesson, but I know thoroughly well that I shall never be able to get it into my head. Mind, I do not say I shall not be able to make it *stay* there; I say and mean that I am not capable of *getting it into* my head. There are subtleties which I cannot master at all, — they confuse me, they mean absolutely nothing to me, — and this adverb plague is one of them.

We all have our limitations in the matter of grammar, I suppose. I have never seen a book which had no grammatical defects in it. This leads me to believe that all people have my infirmity, and are afflicted with an inborn inability to feel or mind certain sorts of grammatical particularities. There are people who were not born to spell; these can never be taught to spell correctly. The enviable ones among them are those who do not take the trouble to care whether they spell well or not, — though in truth these latter are absurdly scarce. I have been a correct speller, always; but it is a low accomplishment, and not a thing to be vain of. Why should one take pride in spelling a word rightly when he knows he is spelling it wrongly? *Though* is the right way to spell "though," but it is not *the* right way to spell it. Do I make myself understood?

Some people were not born to punctuate; these cannot learn the art. They can learn only a rude fashion of it; they cannot attain to its niceties, for these must be *felt;* they cannot be reasoned out. Cast-iron rules will not answer, here, any way; what is one man's comma is another man's colon. One man can't punctuate another man's manuscript any more than one person can make the gestures for another person's speech.

What is known as "dialect" writing looks simple and easy, but it is not. It is exceedingly difficult; it has rarely been done well. A man not born to write dialect cannot learn how to write it correctly. It is a gift. Mr. Harte can write a delightful story; he can *reproduce* Californian scenery so that you see it before you, and hear the sounds and smell the fragrances and feel the influences that go with it and belong to it; he can describe the miner and the gambler perfectly, — as to gait and look and garb; but no human being, living or dead, ever had experience of the dialect which he puts into his people's

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mouths. Mr. Harte's originality is not questioned; but if it ever shall be, the caviler will have to keep his hands off that dialect, for that *is* original. Mind, I am not objecting to its use; I am not saying its inaccuracy is a fatal blemish. No, it is Mr. Harte's adverb; let him do as he pleases with it; he can no more mend it than I can mine; neither will any but Boston Girls ever be likely to find us out.

Yes, there are things which we cannot learn, and there is no use in fretting about it. I cannot learn adverbs; and what is more I won't. If I try to seat a person at my right hand, I have no trouble, provided I am facing north at the time; but if I am facing south, I get him on my left, sure. As this thing was born in me, and cannot be educated out of me, I do not worry over it or care about it. A gentleman picked me up, last week, and brought me home in his buggy; he drove past the door, and as he approached the circular turn I saw he meant to go around to the left; I was on his left, — that is, I *think* I was, but I have got it all mixed up again in my head; at any rate, I halted him, and asked him to go round the circle the other way. He backed his horse a length or two, put his helm down and "slewed" him to the right, then "came ahead on him," and made the trip. As I got out at the door, he looked puzzled, and asked why I had particularly wanted to pass to the right around the circle. I said, "Because that would bring me next the door coming back, and I would n't have to crowd past your knees." He came near laughing his store teeth out, and said it was all the same whether we drove to the right or to the left in going around the circle; either would bring me back to the house on the side the door was on, since I was on the opposite side when I first approached the circle. I regarded this as false. He was willing to illustrate: so he drove me down to the gate and into the street, turned and drove back past the house, moved leftward around the circle, and brought me back to the door; and as sure as I am sitting here I *was* on the side next the door. I did not believe he could do it again, but he did. He did it eleven times hand running. Was I convinced? No. I was not *capable* of being convinced — *all through.* My sight and intellect (to call it by that name) were convinced, but not my *feeling.* It is simply another case of adverb. It is a piece of dead-corpsy knowledge, which is of no use to me, because I merely *know* it, but do not *understand* it.

The fact is, as the poet has said, we are all fools. The difference is simply in the degree. The mercury in some of the fool-thermometers stands at ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and so on; in some it gets up to seventy-five; in some it soars to ninety-nine. I never examine mine, — take no interest in it.

Now as to "rose up." That strikes me as quite a good form; I will use it some more, — that is, when I speak of a person, and wish to signify the full upright position. If I mean less, I will qualify, by saying he rose partly up. It is a form that will answer for the moon sometimes, too. I think it is Bingen on the Rhine who says —

> "The pale moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down,
> On the red sands," etc.

But tautology cannot scare me, any way. Conversation would be intolerably stiff and formal without it; and a mild form of it can limber up even printed matter without doing it serious damage. Some folks are so afraid of a little repetition that they make their meaning vague, when they could just as well make it clear, if only their ogre were out of the way.

Talking of Unlearnable Things, would it be genteel, would it be polite, to ask members of this Club to confess what freightage of this sort they carry? Some

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of the revelations would be curious and instructive, I think. I am acquainted with one member of it who has never been able to learn nine times eight; he always says, "Nine times seven are sixty-three,"—then counts the rest on his fingers. He is at home in the balance of the multiplication-table. I am acquainted with another member, who, although he has known for many years that when Monday is the first of the month the following Monday will be the eighth, has never been able to *feel* the fact; so he cannot trust it, but always counts on his fingers, to make sure. I have known people who could spell all words correctly but one. They never could get the upper hand of that one; yet as a rule it was some simple, common affair, such as a cat could spell, if a cat could spell at all. I have a friend who has kept his razors in the top drawer and his strop in the bottom drawer for years; when he wants his razors, he always pulls out the bottom drawer—and swears. Change? Could one imagine he never thought of that? He did change; he has changed a dozen times. It did n't do any good; his afflicted mind was able to keep up with the changes and make the proper mistake every time. I knew a man—

—What are we going to do about finding healthy, natural, improving, but interesting books for young people? They are so few that if any of the Club can recommend one it will be a blessing. In search of a volume proper for a gift to a young girl, I took up a certain publication the other day, and when I had read it through laid it down with a sigh of despair: first, for the dishonest reviewers who had recommended it; next, for the deluded "party" who wrote it.

It was in the mode of autobiography, and the heroine, beside being the most insufferable prig possible to manufacture, calmly records all her own Christian graces, her vast superiority to the rest of women, her exquisite beauty and lovely manners, with a coolness that is refreshing to the critical mind, but calculated to afford the worst example for other girls to follow. Precocity, piety, and propriety are the natural breath of this fair being's existence; she falls in love, is disappointed, and chronicles it all with a minute vivisection impossible to a modest girl, or a well-bred one. She is inveigled into society, and goes through its ordeal preaching perpetually; she is beguiled to the opera, and instead of turning her back on the stage when she does n't like it, and behaving like a lady; she rushes out into the city street, beholds—of course—her beloved passing at the right moment, chases him a long way (Qu.: Where were the Philadelphia police?), and at last reaches him and gets home safely. She survives housework, sick-nursing, poverty, the moral care of a whole village, several spasms of mental agony, and arrives at the age of thirty more beautiful than ever (oh, how does she do it?), to have her sister die opportunely and leave the man of the maiden's heart free to marry again. This man—as ineffable a prig, by the way, as his "soul-mate"—comes to the rescue, offers himself at breakfast, marries her the next day, and, having bought her any amount of lovely clothes, carries her off to Europe. Now this book is readable: the author has a nice taste in millinery, cooking, and trinkets, as well as a keen eye for natural beauty and a complicated love story always has charms for youth. It is possible, too—indeed probable—that this author has never seen gentlemen and gentlewomen, and naturally cannot depict them; but was it therefore needful to apotheosize furious self-conceit and rampant Pharisaism? Cannot a girl be religious and lovely without telling it all abroad, and snipping and sniffing at her neighbors continuously? It is really quite as bad as if it were wicked, and calculated to do more harm. Who is

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there that will "fall to," as the fathers used to say, and write us some good, simple, agreeable books for girls or boys, — books in which religion is lived, not talked about, and heroines are not prigs or angels, but real mortal girls?

— Last autumn I visited France, partly with the intention of seeing the country, and partly with a desire to look up certain rather near relatives who resided in Brittany and had corresponded, for a long time past, with my own family. I found my French kindred all very attractive and hospitable; among them was a gentleman of advanced years who had acquired a fair position in the world of letters. He was a tremendously provincial old gentleman, but on occasions when we discussed together the manners and customs of my native country M. Pierre M—— had it in his power keenly to amuse me by many of his earnest and well-meant questions. A month or two after my return to New York, I received a manuscript tale of American life from M. M——'s pen, which he courteously requested me to translate and publish on these shores. My kinsman declared that he had drawn the local coloring of his story half from books and half from general hearsay regarding the society of which it treated. He seemed immensely sure of its exact fidelity to existing facts. The following fragmentary translation, made by myself, will serve as an example of the work: —

"Some years ago, a young American gentleman, who was by profession a carpenter, stood in the most fashionable and elegant portion of Canal Street, New York, with an expression of profound disappointment on his manly, handsome face. The name of this gentleman was George Jones. His dress was what in Europe would have been called somewhat shabby, but it was necessary that he should appear during the day-time in clothes whose texture would resist the wear and tear of his arduous manual occupation. He was not rich, and of course this fact stood against him; but the liberal social laws of his country nevertheless permitted him to occupy a good position among people far his superiors in worldly wealth, since he was known to be sober, honest, and of painstaking industry.

"To-day, as we have said, he was not at work, and indeed he seemed in no mood for anything save gloomy meditations. The most luxurious and spacious private hotels of which Canal Street can boast surrounded him on every side. Sumptuous carriages were constantly passing, and occasionally the occupants of these would bow to him with friendly recognition, while the young carpenter lifted his cap in polite acknowledgment.

"At length he slowly ascended the high flight of stone stairs which led to the main entrance of one very imposing hotel. He then rang the bell, and his summons was soon answered by a large negress in a picturesque turban of red and yellow silk, with massive gold earrings. Instead of requesting to see the master or mistress of the house, he boldly asked for a young unmarried lady, whom he mentioned as 'Miss Louisiana.' The servant at once replied that Miss Louisiana was at home, and led the visitor through a spacious hall, where a marble fountain was playing, whose base was curiously adorned with bas-relief sculptures taken from scenes in the history of California and other American provinces. From this hall Jones was conducted into a broad saloon, furnished in many gaudy colors, and hung with paintings whose subjects, all more ambitious than their execution, were extremely patriotic in character. One picture dealt with the famous assassination of President Jeremiah Lincoln in the *loge* of a theatre at Maryland, Delaware. Another showed the defeat of Lord Cornwallis at the Battle of Bunker Hill, while a third exhibited General Washington, surrounded by his favorite marshals, crossing

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the ice-blocked Mississippi in the midst of January.

"Jones did not wait long in this finely embellished apartment. A young lady presently entered, and extended toward him both hands in delighted welcome, while her visitor stole a kiss from her smiling, upraised lips. The lady was Miss Louisiana Smith. She did not look more than eighteen years old, and was dressed with great richness. You saw at once that her well-cut garments were of foreign importation. In person she was slender and graceful, and though her figure lacked the rounded symmetry of our own countrywomen, her face was fresh and blooming to a delicious degree.

"'My dear Louisiana,' said George Jones, when the lovers had seated themselves, 'I have called to tell you that I can no longer endure this suspense. You know, my dearest, the custom of our country. When, after a sufficient number of private visits upon a young girl, an admirer has offered her his hand in marriage, and she has decided that he is the man of her choice, it is her duty to acquaint her parents with this fact, and to ask that they will sanction her betrothal. As you possess but a single parent, tell me, my love, whether you have yet informed your father that we desire to marry.'

"'I have spoken to my father,' replied Louisiana, in fond yet melancholy tones, 'and he answered me rather sternly, George, that he desired to see you when you next called here.'

"'Your father is at home now?'

"'Yes. He will appear presently. I tremble for the result of the interview. I greatly fear that he will oppose our marriage.'

"Shortly afterward Mr. Jonathan S. Smith entered the room. He was a gentleman not much over forty years old; for it is well known that in America marriages are made at a very early age by both sexes. He was dressed with prosperous nicety, but his face bore signs of past exposure to wind and weather, and his coarse hands indicated that they had seen active work. Mr. Smith's early youth had been passed as a daily laborer, but by diligence and perseverance he had amassed a small sum which he had afterwards invested in railroad stocks, ultimately reaping a golden harvest from this lucky step. He now controlled a railroad which extended from the neighboring State of Maine to a portion of Southern America known as Chili. In Chili, where the climate is delightfully genial, Mr. Smith owned a fine estate, to which, during the winter season, he often made brief trips. In common with many Northerners, he was fond of visiting these salubrious latitudes.

"Mr. Smith now greeted Jones with a demeanor of marked coldness. A few moments after he had seated himself, however, the gaudy-turbaned negress whom we have before seen appeared with refreshments, consisting of dried maize and a liquor called De Bourbon Whiskie, of which himself, his daughter, and his guest partook with an equal relish.

"After this invariable custom of hospitality was completed, Mr. Smith addressed Louisiana's suitor in tones of solemn decision.

"'My daughter has told me,' he said, 'that you have made her a proposition of marriage. But I cannot consent to any such arrangement. I have recently received a proposal for Louisiana's hand from Mr. Powhatan L. Brown.'

"'Powhatan Brown!' exclaimed Jones. 'Why, he's over fifty years old!'

"Mr. Smith slightly frowned. 'He is more suited as a match for my daughter,' was the immediate reply, 'than any one else in New York. He owns the Massachusetts and Sacramento railroad, besides being descended from one of our oldest Indian families. The marriage contract is to be signed to-morrow

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I am sorry to inform you of this fact, sir, but it is my painful duty.'

"Jones rose to his feet, with an indignant flush on his honest face. 'And yet this is called a country,' he bitterly exclaimed, 'where a perfect equality of classes is said to exist!'

"He soon afterward took an agitated departure from the house, leaving Louisiana in hysterical tears. But he felt certain that their last meeting had not yet arrived; nor was he mistaken. He received a note that same evening from Miss Smith, in which she avowed her desire to meet him, between the hours of ten and eleven, on a beautiful esplanade jutting into the waters of the Hudson River, and known as the Battery. This intention on Louisiana's part by no means shocked Jones; for it is the custom of the most elegant and refined American ladies to walk the streets of their native cities at all hours of the day and night, wholly unattended, running no danger of insult, on such occasions, from those whom they chance to encounter.

"Jones of course appeared at the place of rendezvous. One of those sudden and well-known changes in the American climate had recently sprung up, and as the lovers met face to face each shivered beneath the breath of an almost arctic wind, which was sweeping across the river straight from the icy regions of Labrador and British America.

"'I shall never become the wife of Powhatan L. Brown!' exclaimed Louisiana, in passionate tones, after her lover had greeted her. 'I would far rather appeal, dear George, to the Congress of my country against this unfatherly piece of tyranny! And I shall certainly do so, unless you are willing that I elope with you this very night and become your wife at once!'"

The story now grows even more wonderful, though perhaps less pungently interesting to any resident of New York who may read it for its photographic realism in the description of local metropolitan life. The lovers are secretly married that same night, and soon afterward take voyage on a sailing vessel for Cuba, where, after "a delightful trip of two days" (!), they prepare to spend the honeymoon. Here a most remarkable circumstance occurs. At Havana they fall in with an "elderly Indian lady," whose face and demeanor suggest a melancholy past. This lady originally belonged to one of the "semi-civilized Utah tribes," but with the exception of a feather head-dress and a quaint bead necklace she shows no traces of barbaric origin. Becoming greatly attached to Louisiana, she tells Jones's young bride the story of her previous life. The result is a perfect bomb-shell of discovery for both George and Louisiana! Their new friend was wooed and won, years ago, by a gentleman who had visited the remote settlement where she dwelt. After their marriage, the happy pair lived for several years in various portions of the country, and at length her husband wearied of her and shamelessly deserted her. She bore with the injustice, however, and refrained from exposing it among her husband's relatives in New York. Assuming her family name, she had ever since been known as "Mrs. Iroquois" (!), and had lived a restless, wandering life, being possessed of a sufficient inheritance to support herself in moderate comfort. Mrs. Iroquois still loves her faithless spouse, though she has resigned all hope of being reclaimed as his wife. At the end of her mournful narration, this ill-fated lady confides to Louisiana the name of her heartless spouse. He is none other than Powhatan L. Brown!

A letter is immediately forwarded to Mr. Jonathan S. Smith, who extends a gracious pardon to his daughter and his new son-in-law, on learning these facts concerning the man whom he had so tyrannically commanded Louisiana to

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marry. The happy couple return to New York, and are received by Mr. Smith with open arms. Brown's unprincipled behavior is exposed, and he is forthwith socially disgraced. This unique tale now ends with the following delicious paragraph: —

"Mr. Smith soon afterward issued cards for a grand *soirée* in honor of his reconciliation with George and Louisiana. The mansion in Canal Street was made the scene of splendid festivity. The rooms were thronged with smiling guests, among whom were the president of the republic and many distinguished deputies from surrounding departments. All the wealthiest shop-keepers and speculators were present, besides the most prominent senators and notaries. George almost wept tears of joy, as he watched his wife move here and there amid the brilliant assemblage, on this eventful and commemorative evening. Louisiana was the centre of a congratulatory group of friends, and George himself was frequently embraced with effusion by many of his fellow-craftsmen, to whom Mr. Smith had graciously extended invitations. The company was of a sort which America alone could have gathered together. Here the banker was found in conference with the wine-seller, the tailor in close companionship with the bishop or *curé*. And as for George and Louisiana, it would be difficult to say whether the future of bride or bridegroom was more envied by those who had met to wish them joy on their altered fortunes."

— What a curious likeness there is between people and the numeral Arabic figures. I know some one whom 7 represents to my mind far better than his photograph, and a woman who recalls 2 to my consciousness; 3 is a child with an unchild-like character, well known to me also; and 4 a good deacon, once my neighbor. I have n't an idea why this is thus, but I should like any one else 's ideas on the subject, much.

— As an experienced Yankee, to the manner born, I can throw light on the use of "likely" as a term of praise in the rustic dialect of New England forty or fifty years ago. It came home vividly to my small-boyhood in hearing my own father (who had died young) eulogized among mine honest neighbors as "the *likeliest* —— that ever was raised." I took their meaning perfectly at once, from the proper sense of the word, that is *probable* (future); whence, *promising*. That the latter was their intent, in this absolute use of the word, is evident from the fact that they applied it almost, if not quite, always to beings with a future implied. A likely girl, a likely calf, etc., were stereotyped phrases of commendation. A likely woman or cow came in with vague transition, by force of habit and poverty of verbiage; but a likely old woman would have been a solecism or a pleasantry.

— Are "gents" who wear "pants" really sinners above all the Galileans? They are cordially hated, it is plain, by certain writers; but this hatred commonly manifests itself in intellectual spasms, and spasms are so apt to be irrational and unnecessary that they do not prove much. When a word presents itself as a plain abridgment of an unquestioned older form, comes into wide commercial and colloquial use, is not innately vulgar, and does not violate any recognized law of word-making, why need one shudder at its introduction into literature? Language was made for man, not man for language; and philology and spelling reform will strive in vain for the introduction of "reforms" whose usefulness and convenience cannot be made evident to the mass of those who write and read the language for practical purposes; but serviceable and reasonable modifications will be made in the future, as they have been made in the past, without reference to the theories of specialists, or even in opposition to them. Nothing would induce us, for

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instance, to restore the silent letters which have been dropped already, and doubtless we shall go on dropping other useless characters. No one now writes *to day* or *to morrow*, and few people write *some thing* or *some body;* instead, we use *to-day*, *to-morrow*, *something*, *somebody*, and that we shall eventually come to use *today* and *tomorrow* is clear from the increasing frequency with which those forms are even now seen in carefully conducted journals. This process of combining and condensing has taken place in many words. Similar in character is the suppression of the period signifying abbreviation. *Per cent* is now common, and such forms as *Mr*, *Dr*, and *Rev* are receiving the sanction of use by writers who cannot be accused of either ignorance or carelessness.

A poet may safely, even creditably, call a gentleman a "gentle." "Gent." is a satisfactory term for genealogical purposes; why may we not go a step further, and omit the period?

— How could the Atlantic "draw it so mild" about Young Mrs. Jardine, and how dare you call it a "truly feminine book?" Do you think any woman of even ordinary sense would not abhor that nauseous and sloppy fellow who is the hero, or despise the female prig he marries?

The book is like a dish of boiled greens, or a suet pudding,—slippery, tasteless, sweetish, and unwholesome. There is not a lady in its pages, nor yet a man, and the sickly sentiment, the weakness, the general idiocy of the whole atmosphere, makes one fairly angry at a criticism that only

"Damns with faint praise."

— I too must try for the epigram, in a converse sort of way: —

Mind your own business, and you quickly find
You've all the business that you well can mind.

—It seems to me that the word *gent*, which is criticised by a contributor to the March Atlantic, has two distinct applications. One is its use by shop-keepers and others as a convenient abbreviation of gentleman, and the other its characterization of a particular class of men. However much we may regret to see "the fine old name of gentleman" ruthlessly razeed, it is the fate of all words that prove too long for the rapid requirements of business. These having long ago abbreviated cabriolet into *cab* and caravan into *van*, it is no wonder that in the increased mercantile value of time and breath the gentleman should dwindle into the *gent*. Doubtless the average shop-keeper does not realize the violence which such a change does to the significance of words and the sensitiveness of the lover of English undefiled. But business is business, and word-clipping may be essential to success in it, in these hurried days.

Mr. Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, gives *gent* as an abbreviation of gentleman, but it has been reserved for the Slang Dictionary to define its precise position in the scale of descent. *Gent* is said by this authority to be "a contraction of gentleman in more senses than one,—a dressy, showy, foppish man, with a little mind, who vulgarizes the prevailing fashion." As the *gent* is thus a product and representative of certain social conditions, there is a certain fitness in the word which characterizes him. Being only a nominal part of a gentleman, it is well to have his name bear witness to that fact. Language, even in its corruptions, thus becomes the guardian and vehicle of truth. Lord Campbell, in his little book on Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements, calls *lay gents* "all except lawyers." Unless the chancellor intended, in this use of the word, to abbreviate the gentleman, or to rival the humor of the comic Blackstone, he must have had a strange misconception of the nature of the superiority of the legal fraternity to the rest of mankind.

A witticism of Count d'Orsay illustrates the significance of the word *gent*

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better than some graver expositions. The story is that he and Tom Allen went to dine at the house of a Hebrew millionaire, and on their arrival overheard one of the host's flunkeys saying to another, "The gents are come." "Gents!" echoed Allen. "What a wretched low fellow! It's only worthy a public-house." "I beg your pardon," replied the count, "it is quite correct. The man is a Jew. He means to say the Gentiles have arrived; gent is short for Gentile." This *Jew d'esprit*, as the narrator wickedly calls it, had truth as well as wit, for Gentile, from the Latin *gens*, has the same origin as gentleman.

The word *gent* formerly did duty as an adjective, old English writers using it to express the softer qualities of the female sex. A "lady gent," instead of being a lady's man or coxcomb, was an elegant or gentle lady. Doubtless, an element of softness is associated with *gent* as a noun, but, being connected with the head rather than the heart, the perpetuation of the quality can hardly be considered desirable.

—There is a reward of literary labor which seems to me so great that I must mention it. Let me give an illustration: A boy was at work in a lumber mill in the backwoods. Two other boys were his comrades. At night it was their amusement, in the shanty where they had their rations, to read the magazines. A Moosehead Journal, Have we a Bourbon among us? and Bartleby the Scrivener were just out then. These and other articles were read with that interest, curiosity, and wonder which they are calculated to inspire in youthful minds. The men who could write such articles were regarded with a degree of respect which belongs properly to beings who are above our common humanity.

The inspiration of these readings and the influence of the articles were felt by others who borrowed the magazines. The history of the various writers and their peculiarities were inquired into by the boys. It came to be the prevailing ambition to excel in literature. There were in this particular instance some queer things done in the way of writing stories, essays, and poems, and making speeches at a school-house not far away. But the seeds of true culture were none the less sown, and have sprung up, and are now bearing fruit to some extent in that neighborhood and elsewhere.

And now in respect to the particular kind of reward which I have in mind: the boy in the lumber camp or shanty first mentioned made his way to college, and then to a good business, continuing all the while as a recreation to write for the newspapers and minor periodicals; and at last, in middle life, he reached the glory of some four or five sketches in the leading literary magazine of his time and country. When he was first admitted to the pages which he had from boyhood regarded with such profound respect, his reward, I venture to say, was, in kind, the greatest that literary success ever confers. His own immediate and intense satisfaction was a part of the benefit. The skill he had gained with his pen was a grace and ornament and crown to his business life. This crown may seem trifling to a literary man, but it is not to be lightly regarded by those who know the value of the combination of business and literature here set forth.

In looking over the index of a leading literary magazine for a dozen years, many names will be found of those who have written three or four articles,—and that is all we know about them. The articles are *good* and worthy of the place given them. It is, I think, safe to say that the real rewards of literature have been gained by the unknown persons who are the authors of these articles. Each of them probably seemed to himself to walk upon the atmosphere for a week or two when first accepted; each of them had a following of personal friends, and perhaps relatives, who valued the authorship of these articles very highly.

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The boy above mentioned, who received his first literary impulse from hearing the magazines read in the lumber shanty, is one of the "unknowns;" but his business acquaintances in the city and his backwoods friends all regard the fact that he is the author of a few simple sketches which reached so high a place as the brightest success of his life. Years of hard and prosperous work in an honorable calling are overlooked, or taken as a matter of course, while this trifling literary success is regarded as somehow a remarkable achievement. On visiting his college, after an absence of years, he found that the college officers and his old friends returning on Commencement Day knew nothing of his business life, but were well aware of the sketches, and congratulated him upon their success. The amusing side of this friendly following was seen when a comrade of the old magazine days in the lumber shanty sincerely hesitated to claim acquaintance with one who had "grown so great" with his pen.

There may be literary people who will scoff at these things; but I am persuaded that those who bear the really great names in letters will always look with kind and tender interest upon these little reputations of which I am writing. Doubtless the great writers remember the time when their own hopes budded, and their literary labor was inspired with a grand enthusiasm. I think they fondly remember the freedom of being an "unknown." To be chained to a *reputation* may have some disadvantages. Those who give their *lives* to literary labor realize that they are paying a large price for something, whatever it is. Success as well as failure has its drawbacks if literature is made a profession. Only last week Fenimore Cooper's son was telling me that his father's interest in novel-writing had ceased long before he ceased to write novels. He had adopted that work as his calling, and continued it simply because it was his business, and perhaps because it was expected of him. He would probably have preferred other work.

I think a pretty good case is made out by these facts in support of the claim that the little reputations in literature confer the greater amount, and perhaps an equal degree, of happiness. Of course we, "the unknowns," would be quite willing at any time to accept the disadvantages of becoming famous; but that does not change the fact that our present reward is very great, — and there are so many of us that our felicity in the aggregate probably exceeds that of the great writers.

— To mention dreams seems to threaten the Club reader with the garrulous relation of visions more or less common to all experience, and consequently more or less uninteresting to all; but I have no dreams to narrate which I fancy at all remarkable; only an inquiry to make, to which I should be glad of an answer. Whether there be any answer to be given, even by those who have studied the phenomena of dreaming, is, however, quite doubtful. The question is simply, What causes the recurrence of a certain kind of dream during a period, it may be, of some years, to the exclusion of almost every other form of dreaming, more especially when there is nothing in the circumstances of the dreamer's life to impress this particular shape upon his "unconscious cerebration," which I believe is the scientific term for dreaming. I do not know whether this recurrence of a special style of dream for a long time is a common experience or not; I have never heard any one mention it as a familiar one; but it is a noticeable characteristic of my own dreaming habits. I seldom dream pleasantly, and as far as I can remember my bad dreams have been mostly confined to some three or four forms of disagreeability; one form prevailing for a term of years, to be succeeded by another form which seemed to drive out the earlier from possession of

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the brain. The first vision I can recall was not strictly that of dreaming, but the remarkable thing was its continual recurrence. As a child, living in a place where I was subjected to malarial influences, I had occasional attacks of fever and ague, when I was always "light-headed." In that condition I invariably suffered in a way impossible to describe further than by saying that I shrank in horror from the inevitable oncoming of a vast, impalpable something that seemed to be rolling toward me to surround and swallow me up in enormous airy billows. I used to flee to my parents for refuge from this airy nothing, and vainly try to tell them what it was like. I was interested to find, long after, in Kinglake's Eothen an account of an almost precisely similar vision of horror he became familiar with during the delirium of a fever. I doubt if any one not acquainted with the experience would make much out of the author's attempt to describe something too vague to be well describable. But I have sometimes thought my vision and Kinglake's would have been congenial material for De Quincey's imagination to work upon, its very vagueness leaving him free to dilate the theme to the most wondrous and terrific proportions.

In childhood, the dream that nightly disturbed me was a quite commonplace one, — the apparition of a tall, white-clothed figure encountered suddenly at the turning of long corridors, the glimpse of whose shadowy shape at a distance thrilled me with ghostly terror. This figure, having predominated in my dreams for years, finally vanished, and for a long period the tormentors of my repose were the more palpable, but none the less alarming, shapes of armed men, who, sometimes heralded by martial noises, sometimes approaching with awful, silent tread, passed in procession to the house where I was concealed, prone upon the floor or crouched cowering in corners, in the frenzied endeavor to keep out of the range of sight of the windows through which the death shot was to strike me. Since the departure of these threatening personages who for so long had made the night a veritable reign of terror, the troubles I have undergone have been of a more every-day sort, the pressure and perversity of circumstance; but worse than any such practical difficulties could possibly be in actual life, because of the absence of the reasoning faculty, the judgment which with the trouble often points the way of escape. In the dream, too, there is always that mixture of the improbable and unnatural which sometimes relieves, but quite as often complicates, the situation of affairs. I habitually take journeys now o' nights on railroad trains which are so oddly constructed and conducted as to place me in most distressing and perilous positions; they move in extraordinary ways, cause unforeseen and unprovided-for emergencies, and perplex me continually by their behavior. I also go through a great deal in preparing for these journeys, — trunks waiting to be packed, while I search in vain for the contents that should fill them, etc.

These three types of dream have been the prominent ones with me since childhood; and not until one form of distress was become long familiar to me did it pass away for another to take its room. The first two evidently had no relation to experience, and were not suggested by anything in the daily course of events. With regard to the present-prevailing dream, my actual travels have been neither so extensive nor so adventurous as to account for the dream travels.

I am curious to know whether this recurrence of the same dream, or the same class of dream, for long periods is a common experience, or an idiosyncrasy of mine.

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